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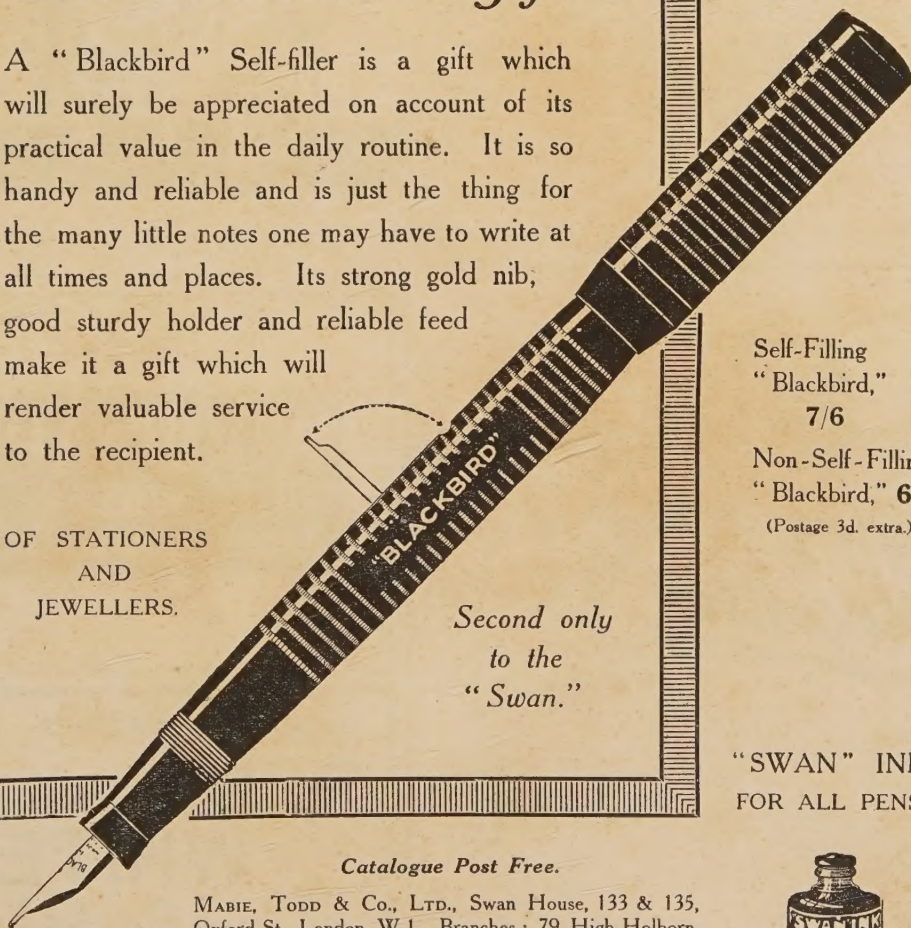


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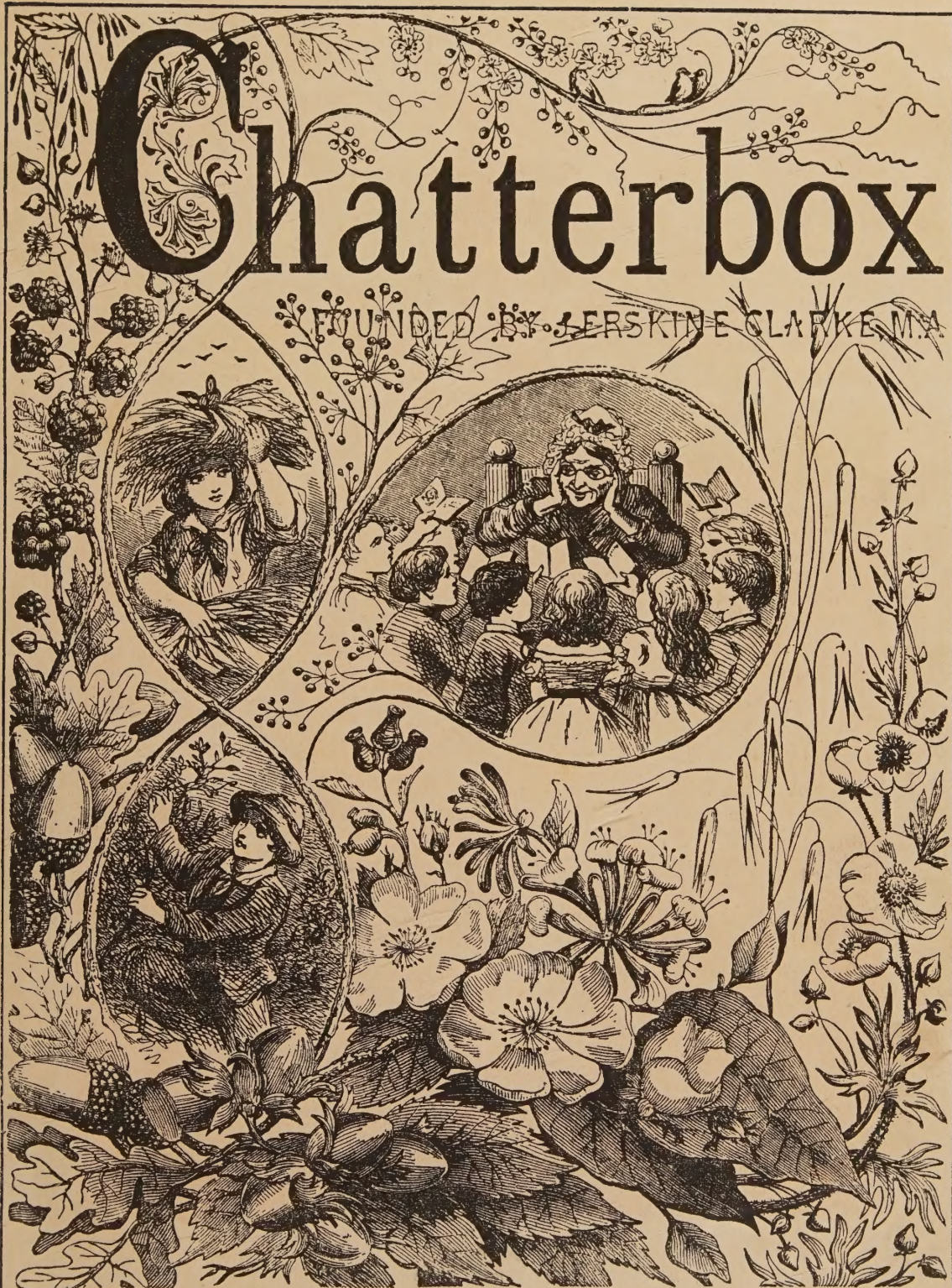
Reenie



THE LAST STAND

Chatterbox

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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COLOURED PLATES.

THE LAST STAND.
THE TANK CORPS.
JUST A CHANCE.
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP
BLUE SEA.

NEWCOMERS IN A NEW WORLD.
THE LAST MATCH.
THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.
O. H. M. S.

CHATTERBOX.



"They found their uncle looking unusually serious."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Island Adventurers,' 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

[NOTE.—Sixteen years ago Mr. G. Belton Cobb was almost a boy himself. At the age of seventeen he had just left a public school and had come to London. He tried his hand at writing, but without success. Then he took advice from an expert novelist, who said: 'You can't expect to write before you've had experience of life.' The moral was obvious: he must write of that of which he, at the age of eighteen, had had experience, and accordingly he settled down to write of boys and their adventures. Since then, his experience has enlarged and he has written of other matters—but he still writes for boys. He is fond of basing stories on his own holidays. Thus, five years ago, while sculling on Ullswater, he discovered an island connected with the shore by a half-submerged 'ridge' of land; and readers of 'Chatterbox' will remember this island in his story, 'Island Adventurers.' A year later, he went to the Highlands of Scotland, and the lonely hotel in which he stayed is the scene of the boys' adventures in 'Twenty Pounds from Uncle Rodney.' Mr. Cobb is the son of the very well-known novelist, Mr. Thomas Cobb, and his sisters are Miss Ruth and Miss Joyce Cobb, who also contribute to 'Chatterbox.' Mr. Cobb's 'Stand to Arms' is based on his experiences during the War.]

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL OF CLIVE.

UNCLE RODNEY had originally invited his three nephews, Godfrey, Clive, and Kenneth Darby, to spend their summer holidays with him in his flat in Edinburgh, promising them trips to the Highlands as well as plenty of sight-seeing in the city itself. It was always excellent fun staying with their bachelor uncle, and this visit seemed particularly promising because it meant travelling to Scotland, whither Uncle Rodney had moved only three months before. But in August the family went into quarantine for mumps and the visit had to be postponed.

When Uncle Rodney renewed the invitation in the Christmas holidays, Clive, to his disappointment, was unable to go, as he was staying with his grandmother at Manchester; but it was decided that Godfrey and Kenneth should go, and then their father and mother, after seeing them off in the Scotch Express at King's Cross, decided to take advantage of the boys' absence, and started on a trip by themselves to Norway.

As luck would have it, the weather in Scotland that January was as bad as it could be, and Uncle Rodney declared that the only thing to do was to make the most of the sight-seeing, and hope that the rain would clear away in time for them to make at least one expedition into the Highlands before the end of Godfrey and Kenneth's visit.

Godfrey was fifteen and near the end of his second year at a public school; while Kenneth was only twelve and went—with Clive who was a year older—to a preparatory school at Birchington. Godfrey invariably took things

pretty easily: he liked to be comfortable, and above all he hated what he called 'a beastly row going on all over the place.' It was always difficult, however, to rouse him to active opposition, although when he did make an effort to put his foot down it was usually against the rowdiness of Clive, who was perpetually full of spirits and spent most of his time ragging with Kenneth, upsetting the furniture in the snuggerly at home, or getting himself scratched and covered with mud in the country.

Luckily for both Godfrey and Clive, Kenneth never gave much trouble. He never wanted to lead, or to do anything more than to be enthusiastic in carrying out other people's plans. In the ordinary way, because Godfrey insisted on bracketing his brothers together as 'noisy young kids,' Kenneth spent most of his time with Clive; but during this holiday in Edinburgh, as Clive was not there, he settled down as happily to taking life lazily with Godfrey as he would otherwise have done to more strenuous amusement with Clive.

On the tenth morning after their arrival, the two boys came down to breakfast and found their uncle reading a letter and looking unusually serious.

'It is extraordinarily unfortunate,' he exclaimed. 'My partner left the office in charge of our managing clerk last Friday and went to Ireland to interview a very important client. This letter says that my partner is now seriously ill, and the client must return to America on Thursday. It is absolutely essential that the negotiations should go through, and as there is no one else to take my partner's place, I ought to go at once to Belfast.'

'That's a bore,' cried Godfrey, sitting down and helping himself to porridge. 'What shall you do?'

Uncle Rodney admitted that he found it difficult to decide. He did not feel that he could leave his partner in the lurch, but on the other hand he was responsible for the boys in the absence of their father and mother.

'A pity we can't go to Manchester,' said Kenneth, 'only Granny never has room for more than one at a time, you know, and now she's got Clive.'

'Why shouldn't we stay here?' suggested Godfrey. 'We should be perfectly all right. We can get our grub in the restaurant downstairs and we can take your guide-books and prowls round the city by ourselves. I'll keep Kenneth out of mischief, you know,' he added.

Uncle Rodney had already thought of that

as a solution of his problem. Godfrey was not the sort of fellow to get into mischief: he wouldn't take the trouble. He would take his responsibility seriously, moreover, and Kenneth was quiet enough to be easily led. If Clive had been with them, the plan would of course have been out of the question: Clive would have got himself and the others into a scrape within the first half-hour. But for Godfrey and Kenneth it should be simple and safe enough, and in fact it seemed the only practicable course.

'Really,' he said, after a moment's silence, 'that seems the only feasible way out of the difficulty. I ought to go by the next train, and if you think, Godfrey, that you will be able to keep not only Kenneth but yourself also out of mischief, Kenneth had better run downstairs at once and fetch me a time-table.'

(Continued on page 11.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

[NOTE.—This series of articles by H. W. Whanslaw, author-artist of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c., &c., deals with the life of travelling musicians, actors, mummers, showmen, &c., who have tried to make their fellow-men merry, and to earn a hard living for themselves, by wandering about from place to place and giving their various entertainments for whatever they could get out of the audience. The articles will be fully illustrated by the author, the well-known writer on Toy Stages and 'The Theatre Royal, Back Drawing-room.']

I.—MINSTRELS.

'The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old.'

Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'

'A Squire minstrel of Middlesex that travelled the country this summer-time.'

HOW long a time it is since Jubal, son of Lamech, instructed his sons and grandsons in the art of handling the harp and the organ, no man can tell. Neither can any say just when it was that it occurred to those who could play a harp to use it as a tool wherewith to earn a living. There *must* have been one man who first received a wage, in money or in kind, for giving music and joy to another, just as at some particular time, there *must* have been an original actor to receive tangible tokens of his hearers' appreciation, in the shape of eggs, poultry and game, or even money. At any rate, ages before real roads were made, or tractors dreamt of, the long, long trail had started, and pedlars of pleasure, with the harp and sackbut, psaltery and flute, tramped along the winding way that led from farm to castle, from town to village, from anywhere to everywhere, so long as it meant a

meal and a bed—with, perhaps, a coin or two thrown in.

It is reasonable to assume that the earliest members of the profession were but few in number, and that their 'turns' were of the simplest kind, each individual living, travelling, and performing entirely alone. The combination of a number of performers into a band or troupe would come as either the result of the dangers and difficulties of the roads, or through the competition that naturally arose as the numbers of these travellers increased.

Of these primitive performers very little is known. That they were much in evidence in the East and among the ancient civilisations is a sure fact. In the Bible one reads of Laban telling Jacob, his uncle, that if he had known of his departure, he would have sent him and his family away 'with music and songs, with tabret and with harp.' Now, the harp and tabret were in use in ancient Egypt, and *there* the performers at social functions were *invariably* professionals, hired musicians, for, although it was considered an accomplishment for the Egyptian nobility to be able to play musical instruments, at the same time it was

thought undignified to do so publicly—unless it was at one of the great religious feasts or funeral ceremonies. So, therefore, the ordinary musicians, and also the dancers, were hired for the occasion (fig. 1) and it is quite reasonable to believe that if Egypt, the greatest empire of her day, had hired musicians for its social functions, the ancient Jews would not be behind their times, and that Laban, rich man



Egyptian Harpist and Singer.

that he was, would have supplied the music for his feast in a like manner, though *his* performers would be more likely to be of an Assyrian type than Egyptian.

Many of the wandering prophets of Israel used music and song as an additional means of delivering their messages. 'Bring me a minstrel,' said Elijah, and, under the spell of the music, 'the Spirit of the Lord came upon him and he prophesied.' David, it will be remembered, played the harp.

To go into details of all the music and its accompaniments of the ancients would fill a large book; and, while a great deal of interest might be said, much of it would be a matter of detail, not useful for our purpose, which is to give a general picture of the life of 'strolling players' and travelling performers. But while we keep to that main idea, it will be necessary sometimes to take a leap across the gulf of Time, to fly by such things as are, more or less, imaginative and visionary, and to come to earth on ground that is reliable and safe.

And now, as a beginning, so far as England is concerned, there opens out a vista of a large, and not particularly clean, hall. Its walls are draped with the skins of beasts, trophies of the chase, and long, coarse curtains, woven by

hand, with crude designs upon their borders. The stone floor is covered with a litter of straw, rushes, and leaves, and bears traces of many a bygone feast. One end of this hall has a raised platform, or dais, and on its open hearth burns a huge fire, the smoke from which fills the room with a distinct haze.

At a bare, roughly-made table sits a Saxon chieftain, lord of the household; his wife and many friends are with him, and they eat, like beasts, the steaming venison and boar's meat placed before them, picking up the bones with their hands and gnawing the meat away like dogs. With the meal there is much drinking of home-brewed ales. Then, when the chieftain thinks the time has come for a little music with the feast, he waves his hand to a personage who has been sitting on a seat by the fire. This man comes forward, harp in hand, and, after a few preliminary twangs of the strings, he launches out into a sort of made-to-measure musical poem, the chief burden of which was very often the might, majesty, power and all-round wonderfulness of the gentleman at the head of the table.

If the meal has been a good one and the



A Juggler and Minstrel of the Middle Ages.

chieftain is in the best of humour, he will smile with pleasure at these songs of praise, and be very kind to the Bard. But, on the contrary, if it has been a bad day at the chase, or the meat is tough, or something else has upset the nobleman, the musical efforts of the man with the harp may bring forth only the same sort of reward that Saul tried to give to David, when the latter was employed in the same occupation before him. But chains of gold, or javelins of

steel, were all part of the day's work with the Bard; he got his living this way, and if his home-made praises did not suit one particular noble, and 'the harp that *once* through Tara's halls' had begun to annoy the chieftain, well, there were plenty more open doors, and warm firesides, further up the road.

But the life of the Bards was by no means a bad one, for they were as welcome as a sunny day wherever they chose to go. So the profession grew in numbers, particularly in the summer months. Sometimes the minstrels travelled alone, sometimes they attached themselves to an 'army,' became its band, as it were, and inspired the troops to deeds of valour by their martial songs. The story of King Alfred, disguised as a musician, going calmly into the Danish camp is too well known to be repeated here. Nor was Alfred the only man to do a little 'intelligence work' in this way.

Sometimes these wanderers would unite and form themselves into little troops. The Saxons called them 'gleemen' or 'merry-makers,' and their band usually had a sort of comedian, a tumbler, or a juggler, who added a little variety to the performance by his comicalities and skill (fig. 2).

(Concluded on page 13.)

MY SHOES.

'FLIPPERTY-FLOP'—that's my left shoe—
Will never act as he should;
'Sat' is the name of my right one,
And *he's* most awfully good:
It's hard to believe, for a moment,
This pair can be brother and twins;
For one is a 'shining example,'
The other an imp full of sins.

Pat has a tread light and cautious;
He doesn't thump down our stairs,
Step into puddles on purpose,
Leave muddy marks on the chairs:
Nor does he cunningly manage
All laces to wriggle untied;
Like Flipperty-Flop, do his utmost,
Whenever he's wanted, to hide.

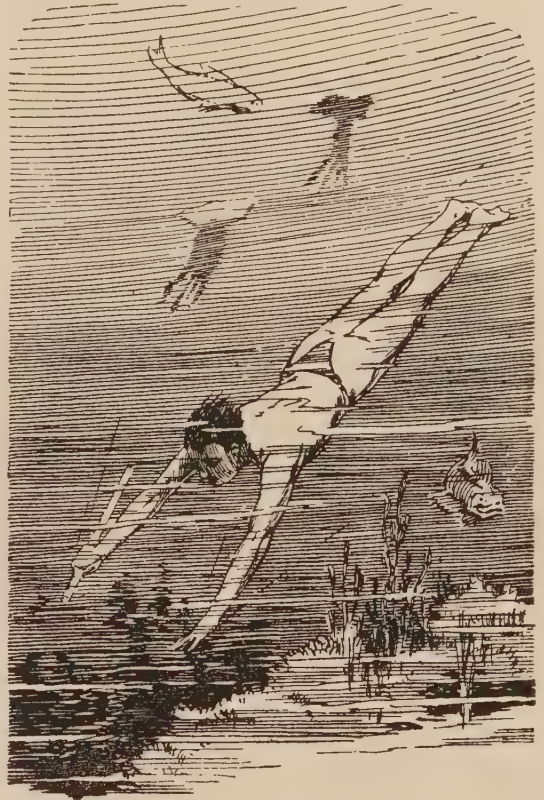
Mamma will hug me and whisper,
'He's quite as perfect as Pat';
Nursie, she says, smiling grimly:
'Some folks know better than that!'
My Daddy, such times as I'm naughty,
Says Flipperty Flop is just *me*;
But (since I am seldom 'real wicked')
It cannot, I'm sure, trully be.

FRANK LIND.

THE PEARL.

THERE is no question as to the beauty of pearls. To many they seem the most beautiful of all gems. A necklace, a brooch, a ring with pearls is a precious gift. Even the warlike Romans seem to have esteemed pearls above all other gems.

One ancient writer even says that Cæsar's motive in coming to Britain in 55 B.C. was to get its pearls, 'which were so large that he used to try the weight of them by his hand.' These,



A Pearl-diver at work.

of course, were fresh-water pearls, found in the mussels that inhabit rivers, though river pearls are commonly held to be inferior in lustre and value to sea pearls.

Yet I came across a quaint confession recently, of one John Spruel, a Scottish pearl-dealer, writing in the year 1705, 'I have dealt in pearls these forty years,' he says; 'and yet I could never sell a necklace of fine Scots pearl in Scotland, nor fine pendants, the generality seeking for Oriental pearls, because farther fetched, and that in spite of the fact that I

could show some of our own Scots pearls as fine, more hard and transparent, than any Oriental.'

These must have been the descendants of the pearls that Cæsar sought.

The ancients found much mystery in pearls. They were at a loss to account for their origin, and had some curious theories. One theory was that they were formed from dew, because, I suppose, they saw some resemblance between dewdrops and pearls in their flashing lights.

The lustre the ancients set down to the effect of the lightning, which flashed at the moment of formation. The pearl caught the 'fiery gleam.'

They credited the jewels with strange virtues. 'Burnt to powder, they worked wondrous cures. In the mouth of the dead,' says Professor Thomson, 'they gave light to the soul; they became emblems of purity and constancy.'

Yet their beauty is fragile. They require changes of air, and very valuable pearls are even sent on sea voyages to other lands, just as we need holidays, lest they lose part of their lustre.

The pearl's secret is not as the ancients thought. It is even more wonderful, just as truth is so often stranger than fiction. The pearl's beauty is born in the darkness. Buried in the sea, hiding in an ugly shell, the pearl begins to be. It comes not of dew, but of irritation. Some tiny parasite or even a grain of sand intrudes itself into the shell. Unable to get rid of the irritant, the shell-dweller fossilizes it, buries it in a tiny house of pearl.

How ingenious and brave an idea, to turn the irritants of life into jewels! To accept the 'thorn in the flesh' and transform it. To turn life's evil into good.

Pearl-diving is full of dangers. The waters where pearls are sought are infested with sharks, and the work is always exhausting. A few seconds, or a few minutes at most, is the limit of a diver's stay beneath the water.

He needs patience and endurance, for thousands of shells have to be caught for even a few pearls, and strangely enough shells that are irregular or in some way stunted or deformed are often most likely to yield pearls.

So does Nature surprise us with her treasures, ever reminding us of Shakespeare's parable of the jewel in the leaden casket.

F. C. HOGGARTH.

SHIPS.

THE butterflies that rove by day
Are sailing ships to me,
And sail to many a flowery port
And anchor by the quay,
And richest cargoes bear abroad
Upon an airy sea.

The moths are ships that from lone wharves
On waters dark take flight,
In mystery they embark upon
Their errands in the night,
And ride the deep blue gloom to find
A harbourage of light. NINA MAUD COOK.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

[NOTE.—Mr. Rainey, the distinguished artist, has contributed to 'Chatterbox' for fifty years—since the days of methods of illustration now almost obsolete. He is fortunate in being able to write well in addition to illustrating his own stories. He has furnished drawings for almost every illustrated magazine or paper in London.]

CHAPTER I. THE STRANGER.

IT was the day of the great storm, the 15th of September, as I well remember. Night had closed in, but there was little abatement in the violence of the hurricane which had blown from the south-west since mid-day. We sat in the front room which was both kitchen and living-room at the sign of the 'Mulberry Tree,' where Josiah Harryott, my grandfather, carried on the business of book-seller and printer, having done so a score of years before I appeared on the scene.

Grandfather was hale and hearty for a man of seventy, as full of work and energy as when, just out of his teens, he was known as a famous boxer. He was no boxer now, you may be sure, save and except the few occasions on which he boxed our ears—that is to say, when Dick and I had gone a bit too far, and he could no longer turn a blind eye on our misdeeds. When greatly tried, and I suppose boys are trying sometimes, he would become somewhat peppery, the habit of his youth would come back to him, and he would forget that he had not the gloves on. Moreover, his hand was

hard from working at the printing press. But on the whole, a kinder-hearted man never breathed, and he was as just as King Solomon.

There we sat recounting the damage done by the storm and the excitements of the day, and in the intervals listening to the moaning of the wind in the chimney and the rattle of the leaded casement. Grandfather was seated in the chimney corner; near him, but drawn to the table, sat Aunt Phil with her everlasting basket of stockings, saying little, but that little always to the point—by the way, a sharp point that generally pricked some one in a tender part. Cousin Jo and the Maid were putting away the supper things, and we two boys—Dick and I—were sitting on the bench in the background thoroughly enjoying the sensation that it was long past our bedtime, but tingling with apprehension lest our elders should suddenly become alive to the fact and order us above stairs.

Master Downer, the Tanner, a middle-aged man well off in this world's goods, had come in an hour before with choice bits of the latest news of damage done, and, though the hour was late, seemed in no hurry to take his departure.

Such a budget of news was not to hand every day. A storm so violent had scarcely been known in our parts; the longest memories found a difficulty in matching it, although they travelled back three-quarters of a century.

Cornstacks were combed out and blown over, and the few stooks that were left uncarried were scattered like thistledown. In the more exposed places tiles had been stripped from house and barn, leaving the bare beams grinning. The shingle spire of the church had taken a list to the north-east, which caused the townsfolk such apprehension that, in spite of the gale, a crowd had gathered in expectation of seeing it fall. Even the sheltered streets were spattered with tiles and the wreck of earthen chimney-pots.

Said Master Downer, as he sat on the corner of the table swinging one leg and enjoying the recital, 'They elms along the road to Wick were bowled over like ninepins, having no root in themselves, as you might say, leastwise no root in the solid earth, being as they are, or were, up on the bank, but now being as flat as the palm of your hand, and the road that littered. I didn't see it myself, but they tell me Harkis, the Hailsham carrier, got fairly trapped. I'd 'a give——'

'Bless me, there's another tile,' interrupted Grandfather as a crash in the street just outside our door made us start and look in one another's faces.

'It's off our roof by the sound of it,' said Aunt Phil, casting her eyes to the ceiling with an anxious expression. 'If the rain comes on again we shall have the boys' room flooded.'

'This 'll make some work for the tilers and joiners, I trow,' commented Master Downer, 'and a pretty penny out of the landlord's pockets, not to mention the farmer's. Lucky I hadn't started,' he added reflectively. 'I was just that moment thinking of starting. If I'd had that on my head it would 'a cracked my brain-pan like an egg-shell.'

'Your brain-pan, as you call it, is not so brittle as all that, my man,' said Aunt Phil. We two boys nudged each other and grinned, for Master Downer was no great favourite.

'Don't know,' said the Tanner, shaking his head gravely. 'It's one of they Horsham slates weighs a couple o' stone if it weighs an ounce. I'd got my hat in my hand just about to start. It's providential, that's what it is—a regular interposition. I wonder what the old lady would say to that, if I'd been carried home on a shutter, eh? I think I'll wait a wee bit longer—see if the wind slackens. What was I saying? Oh, about old Harkis. Yes, he was fairly trapped—eh! eh! He'd got just this side of the cross-roads with nothing worse than the tilt of his cart blown to a rag, when down flopped one of they gert elms in front o' his old mare; down got Sammy in a mighty prespiration as you may guess, turned the mare round to come back, and strike the lower road. He whispered some shocking words in the old mare's ear, climbed into his seat, and laid on the whip when, if you'll believe me, down came another tree a'most grazing the old mare's nose, and he was fairly boxed in fore and aft, and too frightened to swear. I most died o' laughing when I saw—well, I didn't see it, but when they told me in the "George." How I did laugh. Fancy Sammy trembling in every limb getting his old mare out o' the shalves and up the bank into Master Percell's field and leaving his old cart stranded there like Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat, and the ellems dropping about like wooden sojers. How I did laugh. Seventeen of 'em down in that one lane as I'm a living sinner.'

(Continued on page 15.)



"Such a budget of news was not to hand every day."



JOHN E.
WILLIAMS
23

WHO WILL WIN?

WAR IN ROOKLAND.

FIGHTING between individual rooks at nesting time is common enough, but wholesale warfare, when the denizens of one rookery attack, in a body, those of another, as has happened this year about our house, is rare indeed. The woodman's axe was at the root of all the trouble.

From time immemorial there had always been two distinct rookeries in this valley; one by the house, and the other in a wood half a mile distant. During the winter the birds from both have always been in the habit of using for roosting purposes another wood of smaller trees in a distant valley, departing thence (as an aged keeper who has spent his life on the estate tells me) on the same day each year, and returning in the early spring—again on a given day—to nest in their respective rookeries.

The keeper's theory is that sanitation is at the bottom of this winter migration, but whether this is so or not, except for an occasional bird returning, apparently, to carry out repairs to its nest, we hardly see a rook all the winter through.

With the coming of spring, however, the tree-tops once more become black with busy birds, and the air filled with what the old man lovingly calls their 'Heavenly voices.'

This year when the birds returned it was to find that the outlying rookery had disappeared before the unsparing axe of the woodman.

Whilst the birds belonging to the home rookery set to without hesitation to get ahead with their clumsy rowdy domestic preparations, their less fortunate neighbours, apparently too stunned by the loss of their ancient homes to do more, sat about in outlying trees balefully looking on, in huddled-up silent and dejected groups.

Then suddenly there came a morning when we awoke to hear the air filled with such cawings as never before.

Amongst the tree-tops, on the ground, high and low in the air, everywhere—desperate encounters raged. Here, a broken-winged bird was crawling miserably away to die. There, two more who had fought themselves into a state of utter exhaustion, lay temporarily unable to move. Overhead, a cock and his hen heroically defended their ancestral nest against three or four other birds. Away in the distance, a less gallant bird flew with many a

sudden turn and twist, for dear life, half-a-dozen angry pursuers clustering on his tail.

The treeless rooks were invading the house rookery.

For nearly a week the battle raged. The ground beneath the trees became strewn with dead and dying birds. Even after dark the sound of beating wings and hoarse defiant caws could be heard high amongst the branches.

Then came a day when, as if by a given signal, the pandemonium ended as suddenly as it commenced. New nests began everywhere to further clot the already almost over-clotted tops of favoured trees. Sworn enemies of the day before commenced peacefully to build side by side, within a few inches of each other.

The rabbits, whom the din had kept below ground, once more ventured forth to enjoy grass and sun. Wood-pigeons, jackdaws, and smaller birds returned to the vicinity. Lazy, drowsy peace reigns again supreme, but whether by virtue of victory or compromise, I cannot say.

W. LLOYD THOMAS.

THE FAIRY PIPER.

OVER the heather-clad hills he steals,
Down to the moon-lit lake,
And softly plays his fairy lays,
All for the wee folks' sake;
Those rippling, wonderful, frolicking tunes,
Down by that fairy lake.

Then the blades of grass begin to sway,
Out on the green hill-side,
And rabbits play and frisk away,
And little glow-worms glide,
And all the animals merrily dance
Out on that green hill-side.

Then from the trees and out from the flowers
The dainty fairies come,
And dance around on fairy ground
With pixie or with gnome,
Till pearly grey fills the eastern sky,
And then the dawn has come.

Then to their beautiful homes they go,
And hide another day;
Some in the caves, where wee blue waves
Go rippling up the bay;
But when a mortal comes to look,
The fairies fly away.

N. S.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Island Adventurers,' 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 3.)

KENNETH spent as little time away from the flat as possible, because he was afraid lest Uncle Rodney should tell Godfrey to use an amount of authority which would take all the fun out of the next few days. For it was pretty certain that, if only Godfrey would play up decently, there would be all sorts of jolly things to do. So he got the time-table and ran upstairs, reaching the sitting-room thoroughly out of breath, in time to see Uncle Rodney take a note-case from his pocket and count out on to the table four five-pound notes.

'One thing is certain,' he explained. 'You boys are on a holiday, and I'm immensely sorry that it may be spoilt through my absence. But you must make the best of the circumstances and enjoy yourselves as much as possible. So I am going to leave with you the sum of twenty pounds. Of course, you will not want anything like as much as that for amusements, although I don't want you to skimp things. I shan't be surprised if you get through as much as five pounds of this money in the next four days. But the balance, the remaining fifteen pounds, is simply in case of emergencies. I see no prospect of your needing it, but all the same I do not like to leave you unless I can feel confident that you will be in no danger of becoming stranded for want of cash.'

'Now,' he continued, 'I shall give this money into your keeping, Godfrey, and of course I shall expect you to take care that you do not lose it, and you will give the balance back to me on my return. I am afraid I shall only get back just in time to say good-bye and to see you off in the train to London.'

That afternoon, Uncle Rodney left for Glasgow, intending to get a boat from there to Belfast. Godfrey and Kenneth saw him off from the station, and then walked back to the flat, Kenneth feeling that he was at the beginning of an adventure.

There was a break in the rain-clouds on the first afternoon that they were alone together, and Godfrey suggested that they should take the motor-charabanc to Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford. The following morning, undeterred by a sharp shower, they climbed

Arthur's Seat and then stayed in Princes Street for lunch.

Then they returned to the flat. Kenneth ran on ahead and opened the sitting-room door. Standing on the hearthrug, with his hands in his pockets, a suit-case near his feet and his cap still on, was Clive!

'Hullo!' he cried, as Godfrey and Kenneth both stopped in surprise just within the doorway, 'where's Uncle Rodney?'

Kenneth explained excitedly, and Clive gave a long whistle. 'My aunt!' he exclaimed. 'That's a lark. What fun we'll have!'

'Look here,' cried Godfrey, 'suppose you tell us what you are doing here, anyhow. Why aren't you still in Manchester?'

Clive looked rather sheepish. 'As a matter of fact,' he explained, 'there's been no end of a row.'

'Usually is, when you are about,' said Godfrey.

'Oh, shut up,' said Clive. 'I don't mean that kind of row. Only Granny kicked up an awful shindy because I got out of my bedroom window last night and climbed on to the roof. Awful fun, you know! And I let down a bolster on a bit of cord and let it bang against her window. Of course, she looked out and—my word! She just shrieked. Thought it was a ghost, you know. Awful lark, wasn't it? Only the cook heard her and came to fetch me, and got into my room just as I was climbing back through the window, bolster and all. So it all came out, you know. Granny raised no end of a dust, and said she wouldn't let me stay there another night. Of course I said that was no earthly use, because of the Pater and Mater being abroad; but she didn't care about that, said she wasn't going to let me stay, anyhow, and I should have to come up here to Uncle Rodney. She sent off a telegram to him directly after breakfast and made me catch the eleven o'clock train. Here's the wire. I found it waiting here on the doormat.'

'I say, you know,' he added, 'I don't think I mind about Uncle Rodney being away. I'll write and tell Granny I'm sorry and all that, and then I expect she'll hush it up to prevent his getting me into a scrape.'



"Standing on the hearthrug was Clive!"

'You are a young dust-blower,' said Godfrey. 'I don't wonder Granny kicked up a row.'

'That's all right,' said Clive. 'You aren't

Uncle Rodney, you know. And we can have no end of a good time here. Jolly good thing he's left us some brass!'

(Continued on page 18.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

I.—MINSTRELS.

(Concluded from page 5.)

WITH the coming of the Normans into England the gleemen and bards changed their name and became 'minstrels' or (in Norman) 'minstraulx.' Famous among them was Tallifer, the fighting songster, who rode at the head of William the Conqueror's troops at the Battle of Hastings, singing his songs of war, and thus encouraging his fellow-warriors on to victory. It is said that there were nine kinds of minstrels—the rhymers, singers, story-tellers, jugglers, relaters of heroic actions, buffoons and poets, but 'minstrel' was the one name which they held in common. They were



FIG. 3.—The Beverley Minstrels.

of various grades of society, some were men of good position and possessed of considerable wealth, who took to the life for the love of it, and the fascination of the road, and who were well mounted on good horses, and had a servant riding behind to carry their harp. This was minstrelsie-de-luxe, but there were others also who were by no means wealthy, crowds of them, many of whom were genuine professors of their art, and many more who were pure frauds, who had taken to the life because of the popularity of the thing, and the welcome the minstrels generally received wherever they went.

It seems that there must have been quite a lot of these fraudulent minstrels, and, as they grew in numbers, so they increased in 'cheek,' and began to demand fees and to set an



A

FIGS. 4A and 4B.

A wandering Fiddler and a Hurdy-gurdy player.

exorbitant scale of prices. They became, in a good many cases, pests of society, so Edward II., in 1315, issued a special ordinance against these impostors. Then the real minstrels formed



FIG. 5.

An Italian Bagpipe player and a 'One-man-band.'

themselves into guilds—or unions—by way of protection and to keep out the frauds. They wore special dress. During the reign of Henry VI. one of the most famous of such guilds was the Fraternity of Beverley Minstrels. This

guild contributed a pillar, when the Church of St. Mary at Beverley was being built, and on this pillar they had their own portraits carved, so that all men might know them, and remember their generosity (fig. 3).

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth minstrelsy began to decline. It seems that the unworthy element in it had begun to preponderate, so that in the thirty-ninth year of her reign she issued an edict against vagrants, and the minstrels were specially mentioned among the vagabonds and beggars, and a writer of that day speaks of 'blind harpers, or such-like taverne minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat.' Later still Oliver Cromwell dealt with these pedlars of pleasure and, in 1656, *he* issued an ordinance against 'fiddlers and minstrells,' evidently believing in the old saying, 'Give a dog a bad name, and then hang him.'

So the minstrels of old, for all their guilds and fraternities, came at long last to the open road again, and the chances it might bring them. We have little glimpses of them in pictures and quaint old engravings. Hogarth, who painted the people of his day and generation—the eighteenth century—with unerring accuracy, gives more than one type of the itinerant musician (fig. 4A), and there are many prints which show the ballad singers of the good old days. There was often one regularly resident in a village: in a famous trial for perjury in Dorset, we read of a blacksmith who 'played on the music' (a fiddle) at a merry village party.

With the passing of time the harp gave place to the hurdy-gurdy (Fig. 4B) which, in turn, was superseded by the old-time stick organ of the 'Christy's old organ' variety, seldom complete without a monkey on a chain. Then came the mechanical pipe and trumpet organs, which, even to-day, one can sometimes hear, splitting the air with 'bubbles and squeaks.' Last of all came the street piano or piano-organ, the slum child's dance band, which gives to all and sundry the very latest things in popular music.

In the Victorian days there were, in addition to the general varieties of instrumentalists, at least two popular types of street musicians, who from the point of quaintness and originality should never have been allowed to pass into obscurity. These were the picturesque Italian bagpipe players—'pifferari,' and the

wonderful 'one-man-band' (fig. 5). These Italians were often whimsically dressed in a costume that sent one longing for the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, although their music was not of a particularly entrancing nature; and why they have ceased from among us remains a mystery. But the 'one-man-band' was a joy for ever, an absolute 'star turn,' and once seen could not possibly be forgotten. The musician who could bang a drum and clash cymbals, tinkle a triangle and jingle a helmet of bells, play a tune on a set of Pan's pipes or a clarinet all at the same time, was a sure 'hit,' and never failed to have a string of youngsters in his wake as long as the Pied Piper of Hamelin could have ever hoped to get.

There were also the 'German Band' with their eternal 'pom-pom-pom,' and the troupes of Nigger minstrels, of whom but few remain. To-day we still have our bands in the streets, and often get some really beautiful music. We have, too, many original forms of music-making that almost vie with the one-man-band for cleverness. There is the man who plays tunes on a tray of glasses with the palms of his hands. There is the sprightly chap who brings forth music of a kind from two spoons, to say nothing of the sad-faced gentleman who strains a tune through a gramophone horn attached to a one-stringed fiddle.

The streets to-day are full of music and, as there is at least one coffee stall that has a wireless attachment with a loud speaker, the man-on-the-street will be able to vie with the patrons of the great hotel, and have *his* supper to the very same tune that they themselves are listening to.

H. W. WHANSLAW.

GARDEN FOLK.

WITHIN my little garden are the nicest folk
to see,
And they stay there all the long, long summer
through;
Tall sun-bonnet ladies are nid-nodding in a row,
And dancing girls with crimson skirts sway gently
to and fro,
And the sweetest little babies play within my
garden too.

The sun-bonnet ladies to each other secrets tell,
Their bonnets gaily nodding as I walk along the
grass;
They speak so very softly that nothing I can hear,
The dancing girls so joyously are dancing very near,
And the soft-eyed little babies look so sweetly as I
pass.

So if you really cannot guess who all these nice folk are,
I'll tell you all about it just as quickly as may be;
The gaysun-bonnet ladies are the sweetpeas in a row,

The crimson-skirted dancing girls are fuchsias,
you must know,
And the babies are the pansies that so sweetly
look at me. NINA MAUD COOK.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 7.)

IT seemed that we were fated to experience nothing but alarms that day, for Master Downer had scarcely finished chuckling and was fidgeting his hat preparatory to sallying forth, Aunt Phil the while lighting a bedroom candle as a hint to him to go, when a scuffling noise in the street and a man's voice shouting for help, followed by a smothered scream, caused us to look at one another in affright. Grandfather stumbled out of the chimney corner and made for the door, crying, 'Some one hurt. Bring a light, Roger,' and before I could unhook the lantern from the beam above my head, had disappeared into the street.

Scarce a minute elapsed before I too was outside, shielding the lighted lantern with my coat-lappet, and struggling against the wind with Dick at my elbow. Master Downer had made no movement to follow. We left him in the doorway peering into the darkness with a helpless expression on his features, muttering, 'I told you so.'

Fighting our way down the street to within a few yards of the corner that turns into the High Street, we found Grandfather bending over a man who lay, or rather was seated, on the footway with his back against the wall, his feet, which were shod in heavy riding-boots, stretched out before him. Grandfather had been trying to raise the injured man to his feet, but, seeing that the man was heavy and cumbered with a long riding-coat and, if not unconscious, quite unable to help himself, his efforts were unavailing. He now gripped the helpless man at the armpits and bade us lift his legs, but even then we could do no more than move him a few feet along the pavement. To add to our dilemma, a gust of wind from round the corner blew out the light of the lantern, but not before I had seen to my horror blood on the stranger's forehead and on Grandfather's hand.

'Where's Master Downer?' growled Grandfather, panting to regain his breath. 'Fetch him and light the lantern.'

I darted back to the house, the wind giving me a lift behind that almost took me off my feet, and found the Tanner still within the doorway, and there he would have remained I firmly believe in spite of our plight and that of the wounded man, had not Aunt Phil called him by a name that would make any man jump, and fairly hustled him into the street.

Though faint-hearted and mightily afraid for his own skin, Master Downer was strong in the arms, so between us we got the injured man into the house and laid on the settle, and a pitiable sight enough he presented in his helpless condition. He was a gentleman to all appearance, for though his clothing was of stout material as if for rough wear and travel, the frill at his throat and wrists was of fine lace, his hands long and white with a ring on one finger that glistened in the candle-light; but the pallor of his face was painful to look upon, appearing the more ghastly from the smear of blood on his brow, and the locks of jet-black hair that lay on his forehead and his cheek-bone.

To our surprise Master Downer, who appeared a trifle ashamed of the part he had played, now offered to fetch the doctor. Possibly he was anxious to reinstate himself in the good opinion of Aunt Phil, for it was well known that he was an admirer of Aunt, though standing somewhat in awe of her. So under her eye, the storm having slackened, he boldly volunteered to rouse the doctor and conduct him to the sign of the 'Mulberry Tree' without delay.

As far as Dick and I were concerned here ended the night's adventure. Aunt Phil pointed to the clock and motioned us above stairs without so much as wishing us good-night. We lay in bed listening to the muffled sound of voices below. We heard the arrival of the doctor and the slam of the door, then after a period of silence the shuffle of feet and moving of furniture. Gradually sleep drew a veil over our senses.

(Continued on page 22.)



"Between us we got the injured man into the house."



“ ‘There’s a splodge of green on the map and that means there’s a forest there!’ ”

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Island Adventurers,' 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 12.)

CHAPTER II.

CLIVE PLANS AN EXPEDITION.

THE next morning the sun shone brilliantly, for the first time since their arrival. Clive declared at breakfast that after twelve days in Manchester he jolly well wasn't going to spend a decent day like that in the town, and he suggested that they might as well go into the country.

'You know the lie of the land,' he declared. 'Aren't there some woods or hills or something round here?'

'You might have a look at the map,' answered Godfrey. Left to himself, he would have strolled up to Princes Street in the morning, had lunch at a restaurant, walked along to the new Picture House for the afternoon, and so have spent an enjoyable day without a great deal of exertion. All the same, if Clive was going to work out a plan for a trip into the country, he would be just as willing to climb into a charabanc and have tea wherever it might land them.

'I jolly well wish Uncle Rodney was here,' suddenly exclaimed Kenneth.

'Pretty sure I don't,' said Clive.

'Then,' persisted Kenneth, 'we should be able to get away on a really decent trip. You know he always said that if there was decent weather in these last few days, he'd take us into the Highlands.'

'That sounds like the goods,' said Clive. 'Which way do we go?'

'Couldn't be done,' said Godfrey, putting his feet up on the fender as he picked up a magazine. 'They are miles away. Uncle Rodney said we should have to make a day's trip of it and get a feed at some hotel.'

'All right,' said Clive. 'Why not?'

'I say,' said Kenneth, 'it would be most awfully good fun. And Uncle Rodney said we were to make expeditions.'

'You don't imagine that I'm going to take you youngsters on a jaunt like that, do you?' asked Godfrey. 'You'd probably get lost, or sprain your ankles, or something.'

'The question is,' said Clive, 'which part of the country are we going to? Pass over the

map, Kenneth, and see if you can rake out a time-table.'

'Look here, kid,' said Godfrey, 'you seem to forget that I've got to look after you. I promised Uncle Rodney, you know.'

'You jolly well didn't, then,' said Clive, 'because he didn't know I was going to be here.'

'Well,' said Godfrey, 'I said I'd look after Kenneth anyway. And that includes you, of course, now you are here.'

'No jolly fear,' said Clive. 'I'm outside that arrangement. Of course, if Kenneth wants to hang on to Nurse's skirts, it's none of my business. But I'm going to catch a train to the Highlands.' He ran his finger down the list in the time-table. 'There's one at 10.37. Plenty of time to catch that.'

'Where does it go to?' asked Kenneth.

'Aberguthrie,' answered Clive. 'There's a splodge of green on the map quite close to it, and that means that there's a forest there. And there are hills all round it, Ben Guthrie, Ben Stoor, Ben Foyle, and lots of others. It's bound to be a ripping sort of place. So, anyway, I'm going by the 10.37, change at Stirling. Pity you and Kenneth can't come, Godfrey. You'll have to spend the day in the Museum or a Picture Gallery instead.'

'I don't see why we shouldn't go!' said Kenneth. 'We went to Abbotsford the day before yesterday, and that must be nearly as far. Uncle Rodney said we could spend five pounds, so we've plenty of money, anyhow.'

Godfrey took his feet off the sofa and sat up. 'How about that, anyway, Clive? I've got all Uncle Rodney's money, you know, and you needn't imagine that I'm going to hand any of it over to you.'

Clive laughed. 'That's all right,' he said. 'The fare's only 15s. 8d. return, and I've got eighteen bob. I shall get some lunch at an hotel, you know,' he added; and Kenneth felt more anxious than ever to go on the expedition.

Godfrey also was beginning to see that there wasn't much reason after all for standing out of it. There was really nothing very wrong with going to Aberguthrie, and it was perfectly true that the expedition would be on a

level with the previous one to Abbotsford. Kenneth would be all right; he would have to keep a watch on Clive, but he could make him pay for his own fare, and even Clive couldn't get into much of a mess while he had no more cash than two shillings and fourpence!

'Look here,' he said, 'I'll bring you and young Kenneth to Aberguthrie, but we'll all have to keep together, and I'll be Captain of the Ship: what I say goes, you know, and all that. And as for expenses, Uncle Rodney's money was meant for us two, and you can't expect him to stand for you just because you've been ragging the Granny. You've got your eighteen bob, and you'll have to take your own ticket: we'll have returns, of course.'

'Right-oh!' said Clive. 'I'm on.'

'But what about all that money?' asked Kenneth. 'Are you going to lock it up?'

'Rather not,' said Godfrey. 'Can't leave all that in an empty flat, so that any one could come in here while we are away and pinch the lot. I've got it stowed away here,' he added, and from an inner breast-pocket he produced a leather pocket-book.

'Much better split it into three lots,' suggested Clive. 'We could each carry one, and then if you lost yours there would still be my share and Kenneth's.'

'No jolly fear,' cried Godfrey. 'I'm not going to trust you with seven pounds—'

'Six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence,' corrected Kenneth.

'All right,' Godfrey retorted. 'We all know you got three prizes in your kids' school last year, but we don't want your help now. The point is,' he went on, turning again to Clive, 'that I'm going to stick to that money.'

'Right you are,' said Clive. 'You can be Captain of the Ship and keep the cash, and I'll be Pilot and keep the Map. Kenneth can carry the grub.'

(Continued on page 30.)

JACK TAR.

JACK says he'd like some day to be a sailor:
We don't believe he means it, Nan and I!
He'd never dare to clamber up the rigging,
Or climb the masts that nearly reach the sky.

Besides, he mustn't sail upon the ocean—

He might get drowned—how dreadful that
would be!

And then he'd feel so awfully ill and sea-sick
If he should ever really go to sea.

This morning Mother took him with her shopping,
And brought him back dressed like a real Jack
Tar.

Oh, Nan and I were ever so delighted!

We're waiting now to show him to Papa.

He has a man-o'-war's cap and a whistle,

And on his sleeve a golden anchor, too.

He's such a jolly, roguish little sailor—

He looks a darling dressed in navy blue.

It doesn't matter if he spoils his clothes now—

Mother says she will get him plenty more,

And buy him every single thing he asks for,

If he'll but promise her to stay on shore.

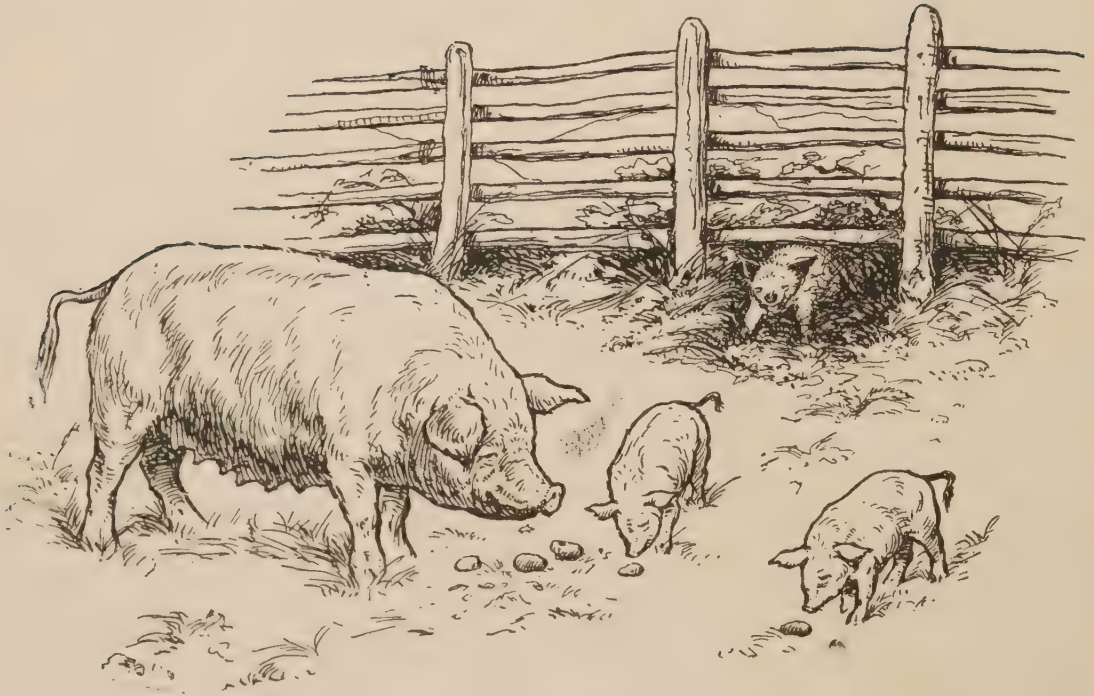
CONCERNING PIGS AND DONKEYS.

MANY people regard the pig as a lazy, dirty, greedy and stupid animal. These counts may be true of the pigs that are forced by man to live under unnatural conditions, but where pigs run wild and have to forage for themselves, they are courageous, quick, intelligent and resourceful. The young ones are as playful and alert as a litter of young puppies, and a sow will give her life in defence of her young. She adopts many strange artifices to obtain food for them when supplies are scarce.

A potato pit was placed near the outer boundary fence of a field. Some time later the owner noticed that his potatoes were disappearing very rapidly, and he came to the conclusion that some one was stealing them. The pit was watched continually, but though no one entered the enclosure the potatoes still vanished. One morning the man's wife saw a sow with her litter come out of the woods and cross the clearing.

The woman watched them go straight to the fence by the side of the potato pit. There the mother pig stood still and one by one the young ones disappeared under the fence. A few minutes later they came back and each one carried a potato; they laid the spoil before their mother and then went back for more.

The pigs were too small to chew the potatoes and the mother ground them up between her jaws and then put the pulp out for her hungry children. When their meal was finished, the sow led her family back to the wood. Investigation showed that the pig had burrowed a hole under the fence and through the side of the pit. The fence prevented her making a hole large enough for her to enter and she had trained her little ones to carry the potatoes outside.



"They laid the spoil before their mother."

On another occasion a man found a litter of pigs unguarded. The pigs were old enough to be fed, and thinking that two of them would make a nice addition to his stock, the man carried them off and put them in a pig-pen. It was not long before a terrific squealing announced the arrival of the mother. She ran round the fence searching for a weak spot, and then lunged at the gate with such force that she broke the latch.

Mad with rage and mother-love, she tore across the garden and up to the door of the house. She squealed and gnashed her jaws in anger and in her ferocity she would have killed any one who came near. Then she heard the squeals of her young ones in the pen, and she rushed off to liberate them. She banged against the side of the pen and repeated the onslaught until the side gave way. Any one who thinks a pig stupid should have seen the victorious air of that sow as she went through the gate with her offspring.

The thistle-eating, slow-going donkey is seldom given the character which he deserves. In many ways he is more intelligent than a

horse. The donkey has a retentive memory and he responds quickly to kindness.

A number of donkeys were travelling along the country roads from one fair to another. On the outskirts of a village was a row of nine houses, all alike. In the middle house lived a woman who was very fond of animals. This woman saw the donkeys approaching, and she brought out some crusts of bread and fed the tired beasts.

A month later the donkeys returned along the same road. When this row of houses was reached, the animals went straight to the middle house and hee-hawed for more crusts.

The donkeys went to the seaside and travelled round the country until it was time to come that way again. Though eleven months had elapsed since their last visit, the donkeys remembered their friend. The house door stood open and two of them went inside. The woman was hanging her washing out on the line in the back garden, and her astonishment, when she turned and saw the donkeys at the back door, may be imagined.

E. V. PEARSON.



"The animals hee-hawed for more crusts."

A 'CHATTERBOX' ARTIST.

THE Editor of *Chatterbox* very greatly regrets to announce, while these words are going to the printer, the sudden death of Mr. W. H. Holloway, F.R.G.S. Mr. Holloway was a constant contributor to *Chatterbox* and other magazines issued by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd. From the Editor's point of view he was perfect. He always came up to time, was willing to receive suggestions, and *knew his job*.

That last point is one worth the attention of *Chatterbox* readers. *Know your job*. Do it well. Learn it. Don't play at it. Mr. Holloway was a workman as well as an artist: a man who knew his craft. Take this for an instance. Have you ever tried to write two thousand words—the right sort of words, not words which would only make the readers say 'This man is a fool who knows nothing about the subject—*really* knows: he has only mugged it up.' Two thousand words means a lot of ink and paper—but it means much more knowledge, and a skill which you can only win by knowing your job. A writer the Editor knows did it in one afternoon—two thousand words that satisfied greater experts.

To the Publishers and Editor of *Chatterbox*, The

Prize, and other magazines, Mr. Holloway was supreme in skill. He also knew—*knew*—a very great deal about Africa, and he was a first-class lawn tennis player, able to meet even the champions and show them that he played the game not only well but honourably. He died suddenly in the middle of a game.

He always played the game. There was never a man I have dealt with in my twenty-five years out of *Chatterbox's* nearly sixty years of life whom I could either trust or respect more certainly. And I could trust his art, his knowledge, and his faithfulness to time all equally, and also, I hope, his honest friendship. THE EDITOR OF 'CHATTERBOX.'

NOT MUCH FUN!

LITTLE Miss Sparrow went hop, hop, hop. She'd spied a crumb, so she dared not stop, For Master Sparrow had seen it, too, And after his sister he quickly flew.

'There's one for you and here's one for me,
But what a pity there are not three!'

'A dreadful pity, without a doubt:

We'd have liked another—to quarrel about!'

H. B.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of '*The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus*,' &c.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER FOR LORD HENRY.

'NOW then, you boys, we don't want you loitering about the house. Work has to be done, and we're all at sixes and sevens, and I warn you not to go meddling with Grandad—he's like a roaring lion this morning. The rain has come into his office and spoilt some of his papers, so if you'll take my advice you'll keep out of his way. He won't want you pretending to help him.'

This from Cousin Jo, who drives us about as if she were a woman of forty, instead of a slip of a girl barely fourteen.

'Awful wind!' says she, taking the words out of our mouths. 'Fine sort of boys to be afraid of a puff of wind. Can't you find something useful to do for once in a way? Clear up that mess outside the front door where the tiles fell. At any rate, get right away out of this. I've an extra breakfast to get for the stranger. The doctor is coming, and I don't want him to find everything upside down.'

Jo had been clearing the breakfast-table,

making a fine clatter with the plates and dishes as was her wont. Now, stretching her arms to their full extent, she proceeded to fold the table-cloth.

'Be a good fellow and tell us all about it,' said Dick, seizing one end and detaining it.

'Let go!' cried Jo, giving an impatient jerk.

'Not till you tell us all about it,' Dick declared.

'I don't know what in the world you mean. Let go the cloth, Dick Farnell, or I'll box your long ears for you.'

'Is he awfully bad?' I inquired.

'How should I know?' Jo replied. 'The doctor shook his head like a milky cocoanut, so I expect he's pretty bad.'

'Did a brick fall on his head, or what?' Dick asked.

'They don't tell me everything. Now let go.'

'No, but you very soon find out. He's a fine gentleman, judging by his dress. What's his name? Does he belong to these parts?'

'There are spurs on his boots,' I said. 'I wonder what has become of his horse.'

Said Jo, relenting: 'Did you see his thin

white hands, as if he had never done a day's work in his life?'

'Yes,' we both exclaimed.

'And long tapering fingers like a lady's?'

'Yes.'

'And his fine cambric ruffles?'

'Yes.'

'And did you see the fine gold ring on his finger with a diamond stone that sparkled like a dewdrop on a leaf?'

'Yes,' we again exclaimed, closing up to Jo and listening eagerly. She looked over her shoulder to see that no one was approaching, then in a mysterious voice said, 'Let go and I'll whisper.' She stretched forward her lips to our ears and whispered, 'Ask no questions and you'll hear no fibs,' then, with the cloth under her arm, bounded out of the room.

Dick and I kept out of Grandfather's way as we had been advised; but an hour later, whilst the day was still young, we received a summons to go to his office. This office was a small room communicating with the press-room. Here Grandfather carried on his literary work, for he was Editor as well as proprietor and printer of the *Sussex Mercury*, a weekly newspaper which devoted itself to politics, local news, and advertisements, with a leading article by the Editor which was generally political, sundry literary curiosities from the same pen, and usually a poem on some current topic by a local poet.

We found Grandfather, far from being the roaring lion he had been described, seated at the table writing, very mild and a trifle absent-minded. After a few moments, however, he roused himself, and turning round on his seat, addressed us: 'Boys,' said he, 'an unusual occurrence has taken place, as you are well aware.' It had been remarked that when engaged in his literary pursuits Grandfather's conversation, even on trivial subjects, underwent a change, becoming precise and literary in form. Even we boys had noticed it. 'A stranger of distinction has been cast at our very doors under circumstances peculiar and sinister. I may at once tell you that the deplorable condition in which this gentleman was found was not due, as at first supposed, to the violence of the storm which swept our coast yesterday and far into the night. He had received no injury from falling tiles or the debris of chimney stacks, but from the hands of violent and lawless men—in fact, he had been fallen upon by footpads. He has un-

fortunately received a severe sword-thrust, happily not in a vital part. Dr. Adams is at present scarcely able to express a decided opinion, but says that he must on no account be moved for some days. Naturally the gentleman is anxious that his friends should be informed of his condition. To this end he has written a letter acquainting them with the facts of the case, and is desirous that the packet, which contains something beyond the written communication, should be delivered by hand to the person to whom it is addressed. As I am unable to undertake this myself owing to pressure of business—Thursday being my publishing day, as you know—I think I may trust the commission to you two boys. The gentleman of noble birth to whom this packet is addressed, is at present staying at the Royal George, a fashionable inn and place of entertainment at Brighthelmstone. It is a considerable journey on foot, but not excessive—some nine miles each way—but the road is not difficult to find, being by the turnpike for the greater distance. By using all dispatch you should be home again before sundown. The gentleman requests that you do not make known the object of your journey to any one on the way, and particularly that you give the packet to none of his lordship's servants, but place it in the hands of the nobleman himself. Now, boys, can I trust you to do this with credit and dispatch? You, Richard, are the elder by three months and shall take charge of the packet. Do not forget your manners in the presence of the nobleman—doff your caps, touch your forelocks, and say 'Yes, my lord,' and 'No, my lord,' for a Peer of the Realm is to be treated with respect by the Commonalty. Put on your Sunday clothes and spruce yourselves before you start. Your Aunt Philadelphia will give you a parcel of bread and cheese to take with you, and here are two shillings which you can spend should occasion require, for a trifle of money in the pocket is an agreeable adjunct to travel.'

Grandfather handed Dick the letter, which bore the address:

To Lord Henry Gordon,

At the Royal George Inn,

Near the Town Hall,

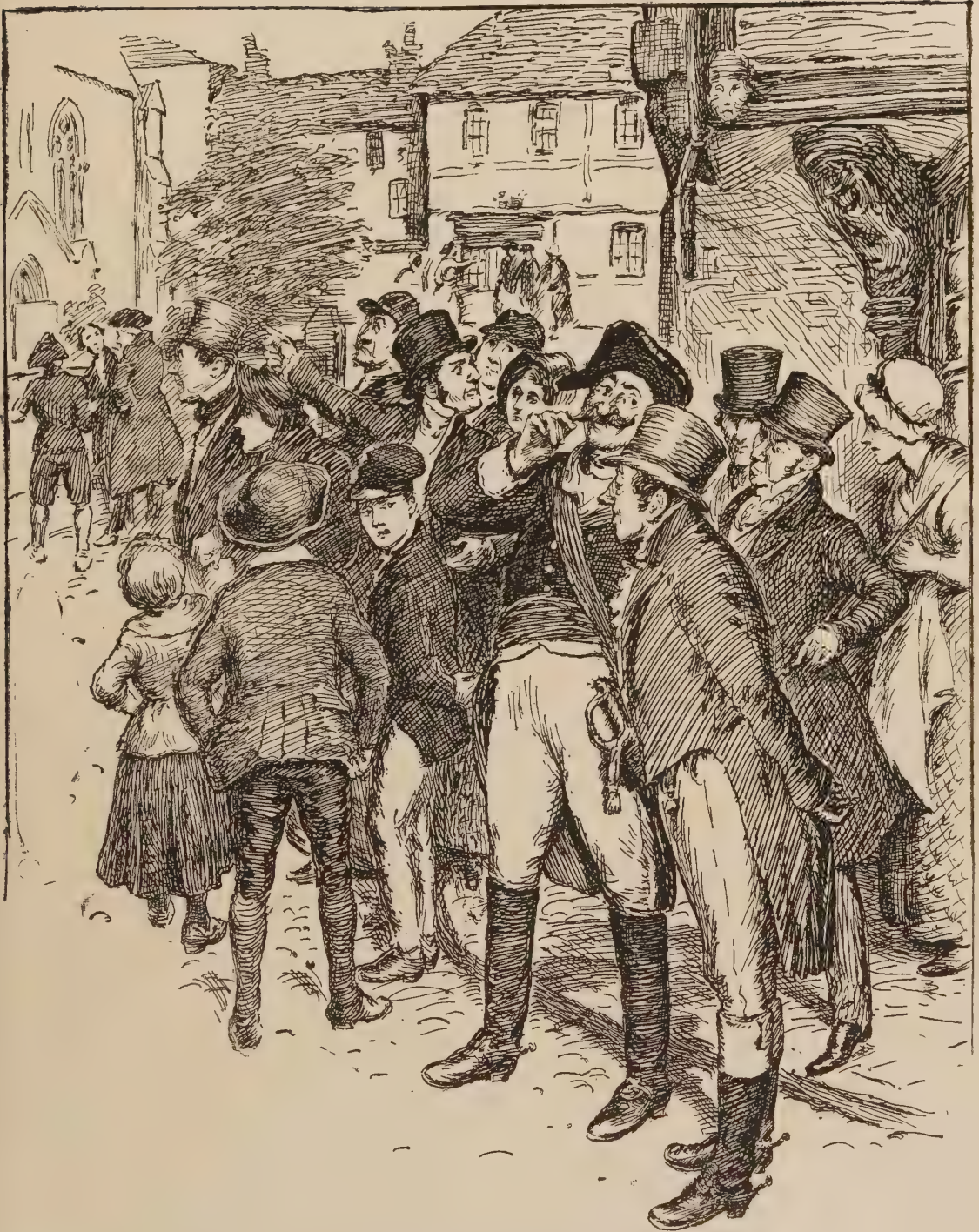
Brighthelmstone.

'Now, be off with you,' he said, relaxing, 'and don't get up to any monkey tricks.'

(Continued on page 26.)



“Did you see the fine gold ring on his finger with a diamond stone?”



"We thought it best to leave them to it."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of the Lost Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER III.

THE LETTER CHANGES HANDS.

BEHOLD us starting on our adventure in our Sunday best, with well-soaped faces and white chokers at our throats, Dick's pocket bulging with a great parcel of bread and cheese, and mine with a meat pasty. Jo waved us a farewell, though almost ready to cry with envy. 'Boys get the pick of everything,' she wailed, 'and girl is only another name for slave. I'll alter all that when I grow up,' she declared, adding, 'I should like to go with you if it were only to keep you out of mischief.'

This tickled us finely, for when Dick and I are by ourselves we are as quiet as two parsons, but when she is with us—goodness! She's always setting us by the ears or provoking us to get into scrapes.

Fortunately for our expedition the wind had blown itself out in the night, and the morning was tolerably fine. We marched down the High Street like a brace of young lords, feeling a pity for the folk who were getting about their usual daily business. We could not, however, do other than pause to take note of the effects of the storm—broken windows, sign boards all awry, some hanging by one claw like poll-parrots, head downwards. Streets littered with tiles and broken glass, branches of trees and eddies of leaves, and the street scavenger with his broom, scratching his head as if he did not know where to begin. Nor could we refrain from joining the group gazing up at the shingle spire of St. Margaret's Church. There was no doubt of its being out of the perpendicular, and the vane on top was crooked. Some of the bystanders were of opinion that it would not last out the day, and pitied the owners of the shops opposite, whilst others took a more hopeful view. There were some who grinned at its odd appearance, and displayed their wit in a vulgar sort of parable. Two such stood behind us: the one a small, lean, sharp-faced man; the other a big man in faded military uniform, carrying a hanger at his side—a coarse-voiced, self-assertive man, whose laugh was not pleasant to hear.

This worthy informed those who cared to listen that he had seen in the Low Countries buildings much more crooked, and they had lasted for centuries; he went on to declare that he was for the Church and King himself, but he liked a Church that could keep itself straight, and not be blown about by every wind. Whereat his companion remarked in a wheezy voice, 'What can you expect?' This met with disapproval. Seeing that there was an appearance of an angry dispute ensuing, we thought it best to leave them to it and get on our way.

The road gradually ascended to the full height of the Downs, and having reached this elevation, we paused to take breath and look down on the town, with its grim old castle lifting its battered keep above the red roofs, and the shining river. It is worth the climb, that scene from the top of Cliff Hill, just before the road takes a turn shutting it from view—the spreading Weald, the lines of the Downs, and the glint of the distant sea.

As we turned our backs on the town, rounding the bend of the road, a scene as pleasant but quite different presented itself—a great extent of upland country, hill rising beyond hill till lost in the haze where earth and sky met. I like to be up on the Downs in a brisk breeze, when the big white clouds are rolling across the face of the sky, their shadows chasing one another over hillside and cultivated field, and playing hide-and-seek among the clumps of trees and farmsteads in the hollows. All the world seems bursting with life, and one feels moved to roll on one's back and kick like a young colt, or make silly bounds into the air as the lambs do in spring.

But Dick and I had other matters to discuss beside fine views. Naturally our thoughts turned on the events of the previous night, and we had much to say to each other concerning the crime that had been committed, and the person of the mysterious stranger whose arrival had fluttered our household. One point among others which we could not settle to our satisfaction was this: If the stranger had been set upon by thieves and footpads, as Grandfather

said, how came it that he had not been robbed of the valuable ring?

The explanation was simple, but did not satisfy us. Said Dick, 'It was scarcely three minutes from the time we heard the shouting before Grandfather was on the spot. No doubt the thieves made off in alarm without rifling his pockets, or otherwise easing him of his property.'

It was, as I say, a simple-enough explanation, but I could not conceive that such desperate ruffians, if their minds were set on plunder, having gone the length of stabbing a man near to death, should have made off empty-handed at the appearance of one man, not even taking so valuable a thing as the ring on his finger, which could not have escaped observation. They must have fled instantly on committing the deed, for Grandfather saw no sign of them.

This is what I said, or words to the same effect, although I might not have put it so neatly as I now set it down.

I will not deny that, though we were greatly shocked at the event, Dick and I felt a sense of importance at being mixed up in such a grave occurrence, particularly in the mission entrusted to us. The idea of standing in the presence of a great nobleman and exchanging words with him, almost, as you might say, on a level of equality, was intoxicating. We felt we should never be quite the same boys again after taking this plunge into the great world. How soon our sense of importance was humbled in the dust I will now go on to tell.

But I must first remind you of the state of the country at this time, or my story will not be plain.

(Continued on page 34.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

I.—ATLANTIS.

THERE is a strange fascination to every one in the unknown and a desire in many to discover what the world is like beyond the little place that they themselves inhabit.

This not only happens now, but was the same in ages long gone by. Men speculated just as much then, perhaps more, when so little was known as to the actual extent of the world. Many stories and legends that belong to early times are concerned with other lands that they believed to exist. One story, of a mysterious land and a great civilisation that suddenly sank into the sea, is found in many lands.

Like so many legends, it has a foundation of truth, for we know, through studying physical geography and geology, that the surface of the earth has gone through many changes. Some geologists have thought that the rocky surface of the earth may have been completely covered by water at one time; but now it has been found, after examination of some very ancient rocks of a kind that are seen in South America, that those have never been below water, although it has washed their base. It is known that the British Isles have been submerged more than once in the past ages. The alteration in the earth's crust which causes subsidence of large areas is due to the contraction of the earth's interior, which leaves the outside crust without support, and results in the folding and contortion of rocks along certain parts. In effect, ground is left standing in the same way as the piers of a bridge when the arch has fallen in.

In this way ocean beds have been formed. Many legends are concerned with islands. There are two different kinds of islands: *Oceanic* Islands, which are formed far from continents, and which are really peaks of submerged islands showing above the water; and *Continental* Islands, such as England. These are only separated from neighbouring continents by shallow seas, and have been formed by a river dividing into several branches, which afterwards unite again. The British Isles are believed to have been separated from the mainland only in comparatively recent geological times, but even that is, of course, many thousands of years ago.

The ancient Greek philosophers, who thought much about the causes of things, believed that the earth was round. The people who lived in the time of Homer thought the world was a flat disc, divided into two parts, Asia and Europe, by the Mediterranean Sea, being surrounded by a great river called the Ocean.

The great philosopher, Plato, who lived in the year 429 B.C., knew of a wonderful and mysterious island in the Atlantic Ocean. He tells of it, in some of the famous dialogues which he wrote, as a story of past times. These dialogues are supposed to take place between Socrates, who had been Plato's teacher, and various imaginary characters. It is one of these, named Critias, who tells the others about this island, calling it 'an old-world story.' He describes how in past days the Atlantic



The Lost City under the Sea.

Ocean had been navigated, and that in the middle of it was an island called Atlantis, and it was beyond the Straits called the Pillars of Hercules. These 'pillars' that Critias mentions were the rocks at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea—the one in Africa, the other in Spain, forming what we know to-day as the Straits of Gibraltar. The legend is that Hercules, the Greek hero, who was possessed of unusual strength, tore them asunder when he wanted to journey that way to Cadiz.

Critias describes the island of Atlantis as being larger than Libya and Asia put together, and says that there were other islands beyond which led to an opposite continent, which surrounded the true ocean. This description sounds as if the Greeks had already dreamt of the western land beyond, that was to be discovered, after many hundreds of years had passed, by Christopher Columbus.



"Nearly overwhelmed by the sudden rush of the water."



An Early Map of the World.

Critias goes on to say that on the island of Atlantis was a wonderful empire that ruled over that island and several others. It also by conquest made subject other kingdoms within the Pillars of Hercules, including Egypt, and after that even attempted to subdue the Greeks. They, no longer supported by their neighbours, had to stand alone. After going through a period of much danger, the Greeks defeated and drove away the army of Atlantis and liberated the other countries.

Not long after this there occurred violent earthquakes and floods. All the warriors sank

into the earth, and at the same moment the Island of Atlantis disappeared and sank below the sea. Critias goes on to say that that is the reason why the sea in those parts is impassable, the subsidence of the island having caused a quantity of thick mud to collect.

This story of a lost civilisation now buried below the sea has a fascination for many people. Something similar is told of the lost Land of Lyonesse, the position of which was near our own shore, off the coast of Cornwall. In the cottages on the cliffs they still tell of the strange things that are brought up in the fishermen's nets, windows and doors of houses of an old pattern. Many an old boatman will declare that on a still night not far from the shore, they have looked over the sides of their boats into the clear sea below, and down in the depths of the transparent water have seen towers and houses, and seaweed caught in the church steeples. They say they have heard the church bells ringing with the motion of the water, for no man was living down below who could ring them.

It does seem to be a fact that a change did actually occur in that part of the country. That there was land beyond the part now called Land's End within the memory of man, but that a sudden rush of the sea overcame it, and it disappeared from sight. So large was it that there were one hundred and forty churches on it. The Scilly Isles are said to be the peaks of its high land showing above the water—all that is left of the vanished country.

The Saxon Chronicle mentions two violent inundations from the sea in the eleventh century. The sea came in so quickly that a man who was riding along near the shore on a white horse was nearly overwhelmed by the sudden rush of the water. It became a race between his horse and the incoming tide. But the horse managed to swim through and keep above the water, and to reach a cave, where he and his rider stood on dry land, and looked back on the fast-drowning fields and towns. There are undoubtedly submerged forests round Cornwall: beech-nuts that have long been under the sea can be seen cast up on the shore in Mount's Bay.

If the water should ever again subside, or islands rise again to the surface, what wondrous things would be seen, and what tales would be told of the long-lost city of Atlantis.

RUTH COBB.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

'WHEN I grow old,' says Molly,
 'I'll build a palace white;
 Go riding on a big, tall horse,
 And set up late each night;
 I'll put on silks and satins,
 On my fingers rings of gold:
 I'll buy a motor-car, and drive—
 When I grow old.'

'When I was young,' says Grandma,
 'What gladness crowned each day!
 I frolicked in the sunshine bright,
 A butterfly at play;
 Or bird-like, in some tree-top,
 Blithely sang the leaves among:
 Ah me! that was a happy time—
 When I was young.'

FRANK LIND.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Island Adventurers,' 'Stand to Arms,' &c.

(Continued from page 19.)

CHAPTER III. ABERGUTHRIE.

THE boys arrived at the Caledonian Station at the end of Princes Street twenty minutes before their train was due to start, and Kenneth insisted on laying in a store of chocolate to eat on the journey. The train started punctually, and soon they were moving westwards, following the line of the Firth of Forth, which lay on their right. They were still

THE ESKIMO.

THERE are many widespread misconceptions about the Eskimo. Contrary to the belief of most people, he is neither small nor swarthy of countenance. He is of at least middle stature and his skin is a good deal lighter than that of many natives of Southern Europe.

He is an active fellow with a moonlike face, with high cheekbones and eyes like slits. The shape of his eyes is due, no doubt, to the fact that for generations his forefathers have screwed up their eyes against the dazzling glare of the snow. Both male and female dress practically alike, the only distinguishing mark being the little tail that the woman wears on her coat.

The Eskimo lives in a snow-house, called an 'igloo,' which has no windows and which is reached by a long tunnel curtained at intervals with skins, which serve to keep out the icy blasts. The main idea of the house is warmth, and no regard is paid to ventilation. The dogs sleep in the tunnel, and the Eskimo family on a raised platform in the igloo.

When the weather permits, the Eskimo is a very busy person. Often he may spend hours over a seal-hole in the ice, waiting patiently for a seal to come to the surface for a breather. Frequently he must venture out for food, when no European, however hardy, would dream of braving the fury of the elements.

Eskimos are notoriously improvident. When a seal is caught the whole village feasts, and no one dreams of saving any meat, although starvation is an ever-present spectre. Nothing, however, is wasted. The flesh is all eaten, the oil used in the lamps, the wicks being dried mosses, and the skins either chewed supple by the womenfolk until suitable for making into garments, or else given to the Europeans in exchange for cloth, when the settlements are visited in the whaling season.

GEORGE MELL.

many miles from the Highlands, and the only hills in sight were a low range on the further shore of the Forth, which Clive declared to be in Fifeshire. He spent most of the journey studying the map, although he insisted on refusing to allow Kenneth to look over his shoulder.

'You'll see the places yourself soon,' he declared. 'We ought to reach Stirling in another ten minutes. I say!' he added suddenly, 'did you see the name of that station?'

'Rather,' cried Kenneth. 'Plain as daylight. That's Bannockburn.'

'Thought so,' said Clive. 'Wasn't there a battle fought there, or some old thing?'

'Rather,' said Kenneth. "'In the year 1314 the Scots won the day at Bannockburn, thereby establishing——'"

'All right,' Clive interrupted. 'You can stow all that. Beastly shame that a fellow can't have a holiday without meeting half the history book.'

'And look here, young Kenneth,' Godfrey put in, looking up from a magazine which he had bought in Princes Street, 'the sooner you stop swanking about dates and maths. and all that stuff, the better. If we come to any more battlefields, you can jolly well let them rest.'

'Here's one, anyway,' said Kenneth. 'Stirling, you know. Ever so many sieges.'

'You dry up,' cried Godfrey and Clive together, and Godfrey stood up to take his coat from the rack.

They had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the train for Aberguthrie, but it started at last, and five minutes later they had passed Bridge of Allan, the first station on the line, and were heading northwards.

Soon the railway track changed to a single line, and then the country gradually became wilder, with a few clusters of cottages very far apart, many woods, and a number of small mountain streams foaming over rocks and stones in miniature rapids. Directly ahead lay a range of high hills, with the peak of a mountain, capped with snow, rising out of the distance above them.

'I'm sure that's Ben Stoor,' cried Clive, as he leant out of the window, map in hand. 'It's well over three thousand feet high.'

'Higher than anything in England!' cried Kenneth, at the opposite window.

'Now, then, youngster,' cried Godfrey, 'let's have a look out of that window. I say,' he added a moment later, 'that's a bit better than old Edinburgh. Chuck over the map, Clive. I want to see how far we are going.'

But Clive held firmly to the map, answering with his head still out of the window. 'Aberguthrie is about ten miles up the range,' he said. 'And Ben Guthrie and Ben Cairn are a bit farther. The map says that there's an hotel just under Ben Cairn, so I vote we get some lunch in Aberguthrie and then go to the hotel for tea.'

'How far is it?' Godfrey demanded.

'Oh, just a walk, you know,' answered Clive, vaguely, and then he drew his brother's attention to a roaring stream in a wood below them.

Aberguthrie proved to be a small village, with only an inn that seemed very second-rate in quality. Godfrey was certain that it would be impossible to get a decent meal, and suggested that they should buy plenty of grub in the village and have a picnic. It was now a brilliant January day, with the sun shining brightly, so that the others readily agreed, and at a small shop just outside the station they bought a good portion of ham, a loaf of bread, half a pound of butter, several cakes, and six bottles of ginger-beer.

Clive also bought himself a walking-stick, choosing a stout piece of ash, and Kenneth followed suit with a cherry stick, Godfrey keeping the malacca cane which he always carried in the holidays.

'Which way?' demanded Godfrey, as they came out of the shop. 'Hadn't we better ask some one?'

'That's all right,' said Clive, confidently. 'It's clear enough from the map. Straight out of the town to the North, and then turn to the left over a bridge and keep straight along, with Ben Foyle on our right.'

'Much better ask some one,' Godfrey insisted. 'And anyway, how are we to know which is the North?'

Kenneth suggested that as they had come from the South they had only to follow the direction of the railway lines after they passed through the station, and as this test was confirmed by the position of the sun, Godfrey allowed himself to be persuaded that they were starting by the right road. And a few minutes later, as they reached a stone bridge over a stream to the left, Clive pointed triumphantly to a sign-post: 'TO BEN GUTHRIE.'

After they crossed the bridge, the country soon became wilder. No houses were in sight, and an open moor lay on either side of the road. Heather was thick on it, and here and there were patches of dried bracken and clumps of gorse. To the left it was flat for a considerable distance, then rising slowly to the sky-line; while on the right it went gradually upward until the moorland merged into the slopes of a mountain of which they could see the crest in the far distance.

(Continued on page 39.)



"Clive pointed triumphantly to a sign-post."



"I did not want his strong drink."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.*

(Continued from page 27.)

THE closing years of the long reign of King George III. were full of trouble. The wars with France, though ending in victory, had left this country exhausted, burdened with taxation and unsettled. There was lack of employment, misery and turbulence throughout the land, which an unsympathetic Government, with the fear of revolution ever before its eyes, made worse by methods of force and repression.

The failure of trade in the manufacturing towns owing to the war, and the inability of the exhausted peoples of Europe to purchase our manufactures, threw thousands out of employ. In the agricultural districts, bad seasons, and the Corn Laws, which prohibited the importation of foreign corn, brought the poor to the verge of starvation. A state of disaffection and desperation was the result.

Those who criticised the actions of the Government by speech or in the newspapers, which at this time were becoming cheap and popular, were intimidated or cast into prison. In the towns and throughout the country Political Clubs were instituted bearing many names, but all demanding Reform and more humane laws. As might be expected, some of these Clubs and Associations were wild and revolutionary in character and aim. Among such were the Luddites, who ascribed the prevailing misery to the increasing use of machinery, and who in the towns destroyed mills and machinery of all descriptions, and marched through the country smashing the threshing machines and other agricultural implements, and venting their spite on the farmers by burning farmhouses and corn-stacks, and committing other depredations.

It must be remembered that the people were deplorably ignorant as well as desperate, there being few schools in the country except for the rich. They were easily led to acts of violence by their leaders, some of whom were paid agents of the Government sent to gain intelligence. Worming themselves into the confidence of the disaffected parties by pretending to the extremest views, these men incited to open revolt, and then turned informers.

It must also be remembered that at this

period there was no police worthy the name—no force to maintain order and protect life and property but the Sheriff's officers in the Metropolis and large towns, elsewhere nothing more efficient than the Parish Constable.

We had travelled some five or six miles, passing very few habitations, and had reached the top of a hill, when I, for one, began to feel uncommonly hungry. I may say it is astonishing what effect the air of the Downs has on one. I had made a hearty breakfast, and it was now barely twelve o'clock, yet I felt so ravenous I could have eaten a raw turnip. By-the-bye, a raw turnip is not at all bad. Now, Dick is different—he can go any length of time without its troubling him. However, we decided to eat our bread and cheese, keeping the meat pasty till later in the day. So, seating ourselves on the fallen branch of a tree, as the grass was wet from the recent rain, we set about enjoying the meal Aunt Phil had provided.

Dick drew from his pocket the parcel of food, and with it the important letter we were to deliver to his lordship. Dick had foolishly placed them in the same pocket, and we were mortified to see a stain on the letter as if the grease of the cheese had penetrated the parcel. I say we were annoyed, for nothing looks meaner than a dirty envelope. Dick maintained that it was not grease but damp, and carefully placed the letter in the sun to dry. This little incident clouded our enjoyment, but did not prevent us making a hearty meal.

Whilst thus engaged we observed two travellers ascending the hill, leading their horses by the bridles. On nearing us we saw they were the two men who had joined the group at St. Margaret's Church, and had made themselves disagreeable. He of military appearance led a big black horse, the other a sturdy brown cob. On reaching the crown of the hill they stood to breathe their horses, the big man taking off his hat and mopping his forehead with his handkerchief the while, as if warm from the exertion of climbing the hill. Although they were almost immediately opposite, and within a score feet, they took little notice of us, and we expected to see them mount

at once and be gone; but the big man seemed in no such hurry, for after mopping his brow and rubbing his fat neck, he drew from his pocket a flask which he placed to his lips, taking a long draught, and then passed to his companion. On seeing our eyes fixed upon him he offered it to us.

'Have a drink, my young cockerels,' he said. 'It will wash down your bread and cheese; it's poor fare enough when you take it dry.'

'No, thank you,' I replied; 'I'm not thirsty,' which was not strictly true. I did not like the man, and the words slipped out of themselves—that is to say, without thinking—besides, I did not want his strong drink.

'Just as you please,' said he. 'You'll change your tune before you're much older, and you'll know better than refuse a good offer.'

(Continued on page 46.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW.

II.—STREET ENTERTAINERS.

BESIDES the tin-whistlers, the concertina players, the mouth-organ minstrels, and the whole host of people who fill the streets with music and song, and in addition to the shivering souls standing in the gutter, who make us sad with wails of 'Wandering Boys,' and 'Home, sweet Home,' there is also another class of street entertainer who can claim a pedigree 'half as old as time.' These are the performers, the specialists, the strong men, the conjurors, the man who twists himself into knots on a little mat, or tears a newspaper into wonderful patterns, or does some other marvelous thing to turn an honest penny. The next time you see them doing their little bit outside a gallery door, or at the boat-race, or down some side street off a busy road, it will be a good thing to pause for a moment and think to what a very old profession these roadside entertainers really belong.

In ancient Greece there were these professional tumblers, who were hired to perform at rich men's feasts and banquets, and one of their favourite tricks was that of somersaulting over upturned daggers and swords. They were popular, too, when Rome was master of the world, and though the Romans were like the ancient Egyptians, in that they considered it indecent for freemen to dance in public, except at religious festivals, they were quick to employ the professional entertainer at their social affairs.

In early English and Saxon times they were as much an establishment as the bards themselves, and all the best companies of gleemen had their dancers and tumblers and jugglers. The Normans called these people 'joculators,' a name which corresponds to the modern 'juggler,' who does much the same thing as

his ancient namesake. In addition to the jocular, there was another class of performer called the 'tregetour'; this gentleman was the direct ancestor of the modern sleight-of-hand expert who asks the crowd to see that he has 'nothing up his sleeve,' and then proceeds to extract hard-boiled eggs and watches and guinea-pigs from the pockets of the people around. So that the street conjuror can claim to be one of the very oldest of itinerant performers, and, when he puts up his three-legged table at a street corner to-day, and, after telling the crowd that he only wants another 'leven-pence-'apenny' to make the collection a shilling, proceeds to give his magnificent exhibition of prestidigitation, he is amusing his audience in just the same way as his forefathers under William the Norman (fig. 1).

The old-time chronicles tell of the weird and wonderful doings of some of these tregetours. Chaucer wrote of some of the things these 'subtle tregetours perform at feasts,' such as making the banqueting-hall look like a lake, and producing 'water with boats rowed up and down upon it.' He says, 'Sometimes they will bring in the similitude of a grim lion, or make flowers spring up in a meadow.' Sometimes they would bring forth a hunting party or a dancing scene, but, when the conjuror considered that he wanted a change 'he clapped his hands together' and, hey presto! 'all was gone in an instante.' Small wonder that with 'goings on' like this, the superstitious onlookers put it down to enchantment and occasionally regarded the 'professor' as a sorcerer, and one who was assisted in his conjuring by supernatural aid of the wrong sort. In later years even King James I. believed that the tricks of these tregetours could never have been



FIG. 1.—“Nothing up my sleeve!”
(A street conjuror or “tregetour” of to-day.)

performed without the help of the Devil, ‘who will learne them many juglarie tricks . . . to deceive men’s senses thereby.’

In mediæval days these jugglers and conjurors were important people, and received much encouragement. They travelled the country in troupes, with a great deal of machinery, and many ‘properties,’ sometimes performing their tricks upon a specially constructed scaffold fitted with trap-doors and other appliances.

In addition to the jocolator and the tragetour there were experts in tumbling and balancing. Often these tumblers were girls and women, known as ‘tomblesteres’ (fig. 2). In the Saxon version of St. Mark’s Gospel, the daughter of Herodias is said to have ‘tumbled’ before Herod, not danced, as in modern versions.

Tumbling as an art is as old as dancing and music, and in Homer’s *Odyssey* mention is made of two tumblers who stood upon their heads, and moved about to the accompaniment of music. The Saxon chieftains were ever ready to welcome these acrobatic experts, and they vied with the jocolators and conjurors in Norman times for a place in the esteem of the fierce barons and their retainers, who delighted in witnessing this sort of thing. Right through the Middle Ages and into Tudor times these tumblers, and another class known as ‘vaulters,’ had especial popularity. There is a record of King Edward II. being amused by an acrobat who did his falls from the back of a horse, and Henry VIII. was moved to merriment by another such performance, and heaped rewards upon a man who pleased him so much.

The vaulters were men who specialised in

mighty jumps and in springing through loops and barrels, or over the backs of horses or other great obstacles.

Another form of entertainment the crowds delighted in was that of feats of balancing, in which a performer did all kinds of tricks with many sorts of objects. The manuscript illustrations of the fourteenth century give examples of some of these clever balancing feats with daggers and spears (fig. 2), and a favourite trick of the ‘tymbestere,’ who sometimes played a tambour, or tambourine, was to throw the instrument high into the air and catch it, as it fell, upon the tip of a finger, there spinning round and perfectly balanced. John Strutt, the author of ‘The Sports and Pastimes of the



FIG. 2.
A Tumbler and a Juggler of the Middle Ages.

People of England,’ tells how he saw a man doing this trick in the streets of London in 1799.

There is not space to tell of *all* the wandering performers of other days, the posture-masters, the fire-eaters, and mountebanks of all descriptions. After the Elizabethan period, with its laws against rogues and vagabonds, had passed, and the edicts of Cromwell had been almost forgotten, these vagrant performers came out of hiding again, and began to fill the streets once more, being very much in evidence at fairs and wakes, and any other place where a crowd might get together. In the days of Queen Anne there were many of these entertaining gentry wandering the countryside, and occasionally portraits of them may be met with engraved into the composition of some old print, such as Hogarth’s ‘Southwark Fair,’ and the etchings of Eighteenth Century London by



"'Really truly, pigs have flown,' she cried."

J. Smith, who was especially fond of introducing portraits of celebrated street characters in his engravings.

(Concluded on page 52.)

FLYING PIGS.

CICELY wanted a bicycle; she wanted one ever so much. She had begged, pleaded, coaxed—almost wept, but all her daddy said

was, 'Good gracious! You're too little. Why, you're only a baby.'

'I'm getting quite a big girl, Daddy. Do let me have one.'

'You shall have one some day.'

'But when, Daddy? Some day is so far off.'

Now Daddy was just a bit tired of her worrying; besides, she was really small, so he said, 'I'll buy one for you when pigs can fly. Will that do?'

'Really truly?' Cicely asked.

'Really truly,' answered Daddy, and she was content, for Daddy's 'really truly' promises could always be relied upon.

On her way to school she asked her friend the policeman, who always saw her safely across the road, if he knew of any place where pigs could fly.

'I don't, Missie,' he said. 'I never heard of any such place. You'll have to go to the country to see a pig at all, for we've none in town.'

Cicely felt disappointed, for she had never been in the country; they always went to the sea for holidays. But the fairies must have been working on her behalf, for a few days afterwards her mother said, 'We are going to stay on a farm this year, instead of going to the seaside. It will be a nice change.'

Cicely clapped her hands with glee. The country, and the farm! That was the very place to see pigs, and, perhaps, there might be *one* that could fly.

'Have you any pigs?' she asked the farmer directly they arrived.

'Why, yes, Missie, quite a lot.'

'Can they fly?'

'I'm afraid they haven't learned yet!' the farmer replied with a big hearty laugh.

Cicely visited the pig-styes every day and examined the pigs to see if they had any signs of wings growing out of their shoulders. The big ones she gave up as hopeless, but in one sty there were eleven baby pigs, very pink and clean, and these she watched carefully.

She saw lots of other things flying about the farm—pigeons, sparrows, insects, ducks, geese, and once even a fat old hen flew squawking across the yard; but days went by and there seemed no chance that the baby pigs would ever learn to fly.

One morning, as she was watching them,

the farmer came up. 'Why do you like the pigs so much?' he asked. 'I should have thought the calves and lambs would please you better.'

'I don't *really* like them,' Cicely confessed. 'I'm watching to see their wings grow.'

'Wings on pigs?' the farmer cried. 'What do you mean?'

So she told him about the bicycle and Daddy's promise.

He looked at her with a smile, rubbing his rough chin, then said, very mysteriously, 'Take your daddy into the water-meadow about four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and you'll see something. Perhaps pigs flying,' he said, with a chuckle.

It was quite easy to persuade her father to go to the water-meadow, and they hadn't been there very long before a loud droning was heard in the sky.

'An aeroplane! Look!' said Daddy.

They watched the 'plane getting nearer and lower.

'I believe it is going to land in this field,' said Daddy. 'I wonder where it has come from.'

Sure enough the 'plane dropped gently in the field and taxied across until it was quite near to them.

They ran up to see what it was all about, when from the 'plane there came such gruntings and squealings that Cicely and her father stared in astonishment.

'Is this Winnat's Farm?' asked the airman, as he pulled off his leather gloves.

'Yes,' said Daddy, 'it is. But what is all this noise?'

'It's young pigs I've brought from Buckingham for the farmer. They'll be glad to get out, I'm sure.'

Daddy walked up to the 'plane, but Cicely danced first on one foot, then the other. She was so excited.

'Flying pigs, Daddy—flying pigs! Really truly, pigs have flown,' she cried.

'This isn't *quite* what I meant,' her father said with a laugh, 'but I suppose I'll have to buy the bicycle now.'

And, when the holiday was over and Cicely returned home, she went with her father to the Stores, and came proudly back pushing a lovely bicycle, small enough even for such a little girl.

EARTH-WORMS.

IT is said that one day the late Charles Kingsley's little daughter, returning from the garden, brought in her hand a worm which she had just found, and exclaimed: 'See, Daddy, what a delightful worm!' And the little girl was right.

Though worms live in the earth, coming only now and then to the surface, they are beautifully formed for the life they live. A layer of sand is all they require; but the soil must be moist, or they will die.

They make little burrows or tunnels by pushing away the soil, and now and again they swallow some of it. So the worm has not much trouble to get its food. Sometimes it comes across a decayed leaf, which it drags into its burrow, partly because it likes the taste of the leaf, and partly to protect itself.

When they have the chance, worms will change their diet. They will eat meat, and, though it does not appear nice to say it, they will even eat the dead bodies of their friends! Perhaps you ask: How can worms digest such food as earth? Well, they are able to make a kind of fluid within their bodies, which enables them to digest their food quite as well as we digest ours, or perhaps even better.

How many worms do you think there are on every acre of land? It has been calculated that the number is over fifty thousand, and if you were to watch their movements, and see what they do year by year, as Mr. Charles Darwin did, you would be astonished how greatly they change the nature of the soil. It is said that in the course of time all the mould in a field passes through the bodies of worms.

Of what use, then, are worms? You will now be able to answer the question when you remember that the soil—by being constantly turned over—is prepared for the growth of seedlings and young plants. So we see the little girl was not far wrong when she called this crawling, slimy animal, 'a delightful worm.'

J. C. WRIGHT.

CHING CHONG.

A FUNNY little Chinaman was gazing at the moon,
And, people wondering what he saw, a crowd
collected soon;
From far and near the townsfolk came and stared
up at the sky—
Each thought that something wonderful was bound
to meet his eye.

But nothing strange appeared above, so, having
gazed their fill,
They looked around, to find Ching Chong was
peering upwards still.

'I want to make quite sure,' said he, 'so don't
disturb me, please!
If the moon is made of Stilton or of Gorgonzola
cheese!'

SOME ITALIAN CATS.

PUSS must be fed in Italy as well as elsewhere, and in the country districts has plenty of excitements connected with her dinner: I have seen her run down a lizard on a sunny morning, seize it by the tail, which she proceeded to consume while the bereaved reptile ran cheerfully away without its tail, and was seen for days afterwards disporting itself in the sunshine, curtailed but content.

One anecdote of an Italian cat, vouched for by the relater, displays much intellect. Puss—she was a Roman lady—had noticed that cakes of a nature peculiarly grateful to her were kept in a certain cupboard, which was usually locked. One day, however, she espied the key lying on the table, and hastily possessed herself of it, carrying it in her mouth to the cupboard, and glancing in a distressed manner at the keyhole, into which she could not, of course, fit it. It is needless to say that her plainly expressed wishes were gratified, and that Puss was given the cake she had so fairly earned.

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 31.)

THE road itself was barely wide enough for two motor-cars to pass. Here and there it was worn into holes and ruts, as if its surface had not been relaid for years. For some way the boys followed it straight across the moor; then suddenly it dipped downhill, and they saw

it disappear into the darkness of a pine-wood. Here, as before, the country was open to the road, with no sign of a fence or a wall, and after another five minutes' walking they were out of sight of the moorland, with the forest on every side shut in except for the narrowing

road which wound among the trees ahead and behind them.

They walked on for some distance, interested in the strange quietness of the forest, and stopping now and then to ascertain whether a small patch of brown was a dried leaf of bracken or the back of a rabbit. Suddenly Godfrey looked at his watch.

'Two o'clock,' he declared. 'We might as well have a slack about here and get outside some of this grub. Then we can stroll on to the hotel for tea and then get back to the station.'

'Right you are,' cried Clive, and he clambered on to a fallen tree-trunk. Here they started the meal with ham and bread and butter, with frequent drinks of ginger-beer, and then they finished the cakes, deciding to keep the rest of the food in case they wanted a snack in the train going home. They sat on the tree-trunk for some minutes longer, and then Kenneth, after jumping up twice to follow rabbits to their holes, suggested that they should start once more along the road.

'I don't see the hurry,' said Godfrey, who by this time had stretched himself at full length along the trunk, with his arm, for support, round a projecting branch. 'I suppose we are pretty near the hotel now, aren't we?'

Clive jumped suddenly to the ground and ran some yards under the trees. Then he came back, muttering something about 'an awfully fine rabbit.' 'There's plenty of time,' he declared. 'No hurry, you know. I vote we wait here for another hour or so, anyhow.'

It was unusual for Clive to suggest sitting still in preference to hurrying forward, but Godfrey was perfectly ready to agree. He was comfortable enough, anyway, and now he was even prepared to admit that it had been quite a decent idea of Clive's to come on the expedition instead of staying all day in Edinburgh. They might just as well loll about for another hour, then stroll along to that hotel for tea, and so get back to Aberguthrie to catch a train.

Clive too, for once, seemed perfectly contented as he sat astride the tree-trunk, discussing one thing after another with Godfrey: the direction of Edinburgh from where they sat, why rabbits have white tails, the weight of the tree on which they sat, the difference between heather and heath, and a great variety of other things.

It was only Kenneth who was restless. It was so unlike Clive to do all that gassing and

to be content to sit down for half the afternoon. Besides, the fellow seemed so bent on playing up to Godfrey! Even when they started in the direction of the hotel an hour and a quarter later, Clive persisted in involving Godfrey in argument after argument, until Kenneth began to see that there must be a method in it all, and that Clive was jolly well up to one of his games. Only the question was, what? Apparently it was all-important to Clive to keep Godfrey interested in all sorts of silly things—so that he wouldn't notice something else that was happening!

But if that was the scheme, what *was* happening? They were still plodding on through the forest, which was now considerably wilder and thicker than anything they had seen before. The road was now barely wide enough for a single cart, although for that matter they had not met a vehicle of any kind or a single person the whole afternoon. On either hand the trees grew close together, with thick undergrowth and withered bracken covering their roots.

The place was as lonely as it could be, and Kenneth began to wonder where was the hotel that Clive had talked about. A cup of tea wouldn't be any too bad! And if it came to that, perhaps the hotel had something to do with Clive's scheme. Perhaps the hotel didn't exist, and Clive had simply pretended about it in order to persuade Godfrey to come right into the forest! If it did exist, surely they ought to have reached it a long time ago. This was much more than the stroll that they had meant to have, and for that matter perhaps Clive was doing all that gassing simply to prevent Godfrey from realising what a jolly long way they were coming.

Of course that would be all very fine, only they'd have to get back to catch the train, and as they must already have covered five or six miles, that would mean a pretty decent stretch before they get back to Aberguthrie.

After all, Clive was the only fellow who had seen the map, and Kenneth decided that it was time some one else had a look to find out where they were really making for. Besides, the sun would set pretty soon, and it wouldn't be too much fun being in the middle of that forest in the dark. Of course he didn't want to spoil Clive's sport, but all the same there wasn't much sense in going on like this. The sooner they called a halt and started back the better.

(Continued on page 42.)



"Godfrey turned, and began to walk down the road."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 40.)

'I'VE had about enough of this,' said Kenneth at last. 'Do stop jawing, Godfrey. The question is, how much farther are we going, and where's this beastly hotel?'

Clive looked fiercely at Kenneth and turned to dig him in the ribs. But it was now too late, for Godfrey was looking at his watch.

'By Jove!' he cried. 'It's nearly half-past four. It will be getting dark in another minute. I'd forgotten all about that hotel of yours, Clive. We ought to have reached it ages ago.'

'I believe we are on the wrong road,' suggested Kenneth.

'That would be a nice sort of mess at this time of day,' said Godfrey. 'We'd better make sure of that, anyway. Where's the map? Hand it over, Clive.'

Clive put his hand slowly into his pocket, but did not withdraw it. 'It's certain to be all right,' he said.

'Anyhow,' Godfrey insisted, 'just fish out that map and we'll make sure.'

Slowly Clive held out the map. 'I know we are on the right road,' he said, 'and another two miles or so will bring us to the hotel.'

Kenneth whistled, but Godfrey turned angrily to his brother. 'How do you know that?' he demanded. 'Do you mean to say that you knew all the time that the hotel was about seven miles from the town?'

Clive shifted his feet uncomfortably. 'It's not so very far,' he muttered.

'But,' Godfrey began again, do you mean to say—— Look here!' he suddenly exclaimed, 'what's the game, anyhow? You told us at Aberguthrie that it wasn't any sort of distance. And now you say that you knew all along that it was seven miles!'

'I said it was just a walk,' answered Clive. 'I didn't say how far.'

'Pretty stiff walk by the time we've got back,' exclaimed Godfrey indignantly.

'I know I don't want to do another ten miles, anyway,' cried Kenneth.

'No need to,' said Clive.

'We'll have to do another five or six, though,' said Godfrey, 'even if we go without tea and turn round at once.'

'I tell you what,' said Clive. 'Why shouldn't we spend the night at the hotel and go back to-morrow?'

'No jolly fear!' said Godfrey.

'Still,' Clive insisted, 'I don't see why we shouldn't. And anyhow, we're pretty well up a tree, you know. It's five o'clock and getting a bit dark. Pretty poor fun tramping back in the dark through all this forest, and we shouldn't get a train till about eight, even if we were lucky enough to catch one at once. We shouldn't get home till about midnight, and then there'd be the question of whether we shouldn't find ourselves locked out of the flat! Whereas if we sleep at the hotel——'

But Godfrey cut him short. 'What I want to know,' he said, 'is *when* you thought out all that?'

'When?' repeated Clive.

'Look here,' said Godfrey. 'You suggested coming here in the first place. You're the only fellow that has seen the map, and you must have known all along how far it was to the hotel. But you've clung tight to that map, and taken jolly good care that we shouldn't see it. Then you made us waste no end of time over our grub, and prevented us from getting here till it's about too late to get back. It looks to me as if you planned it all like this from the beginning.'

'Oh, well——' Clive began, but Godfrey cut him short.

'And,' he declared indignantly, 'you must have counted on Uncle Rodney's money to pay the bill!'

'Anyway,' answered Clive, 'you said we couldn't do anything decent with it unless there was an emergency. Well, then, here you are! Here's the emergency. We are hung up here for the night, so it will be perfectly all right to use a bit of that cash in getting out of the mess.'

But Godfrey would not admit the excuse for a minute. He felt that Clive had treated him pretty shabbily, and that the game had been a pretty rotten one. 'You might just as well have told us what you meant before we started,' he declared.

'Then,' Clive retorted, 'you'd have brought

out some rotten old excuse and have refused to come. Anybody else would have jumped at a decent plan like coming away for the night, but you are such an old grandmother you were certain to kick up no end of a dust and dish the whole scheme. So the only thing to do was to

get as far as we could before you got wind of it.'

For a second Godfrey stared at his brother, too indignant to speak; then without a word he turned, and began to walk down the road in the way from which they had come.

(Continued on page 54.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

By RUTH COBB, *Author of 'The Magnificent and his Times.'*

II.—THE WANDER-SPIRIT.

THE love of travelling is felt by most people. It is to this feeling, this love of adventure and eagerness for discovery, that we owe our knowledge of the world. Civilisation existed in countries bordering the end of the Mediterranean Sea many hundreds of years before it was known in the western side of Europe. The people, as they gained in knowledge, began to realise that there must be other countries and peoples besides those known to them. A country like Greece, divided into several kingdoms and nearly surrounded by sea, had fleets of galleys. These were for defence from raiders across the seas and also from neighbours at home. The sailors were adventurous men; they went far across the seas to the West.

The love of adventure was rife throughout Greece. The minstrels sang of heroes who had wonderful exploits in their search for distant lands. A favourite story was of an earthly Paradise which they believed lay beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, and of Hercules and his search for the Garden of the Hesperides.

Hercules was one of the ideal heroes, half god, half man, of the ancient Greeks. He was famous for his immense strength. Even in his babyhood he was said to have strangled two serpents that were placed near him by an enemy. When he was older he did the same to a great lion and afterwards took its skin, which he wore as a trophy. He went through the world having many wonderful adventures. Our knowledge of these stories comes from the poets, especially Homer. Of Homer himself we know nothing for certain. Seven different places in Greece lay claim to being his birthplace. He is said to have lived nine hundred years before the time of Christ and when old and blind to have wandered from city to city, reciting his verses. But some modern critics think that no such man ever existed and that Homer is only a name given to a collection of early Greek poems. Samuel

Butler, who in our own day himself wrote a romance of an imaginary land called Erewhon (Nowhere), had a theory, which he based on the fact of the intimate description of a Princess called Nausicaa, that Homer must have been written by a woman, as no man would have been interested in such details that are told of her. William Morris, a poet of the nineteenth century, wrote a book which he called *The Earthly Paradise*. In it he describes how a party of men living in a Northern country fled from it when their home was stricken by the plague, to search for this earthly Paradise. Each place that they came to they thought in turn was the place of their desire. In course of time they grew disillusioned and set forth on their wanderings again. At last, when the wanderers are old and grey and worn out, they reach a land where they are treated kindly and taken care of. In repayment they undertake to tell a tale each month to entertain their hosts.

One of these is the story of Hercules' quest. It tells how a ship belonging to Tyre was on the point of setting forth on a long voyage when two strangers came on board and asked to be allowed to join them. One was an old man, who, though the crew were unable to recognise him, was the god of the sea, Poseidon, or Neptune, as he was called. The other was a younger man:

'A man large of limb,
Grey-eyed, with crisp curled hair 'twixt
black and brown,
Who had a lion's skin cast over him.'

This, unknown to them, was Hercules.

After a voyage of twenty days, when the two strangers won the admiration of the crew by their conduct in the storm they encountered, they reached a strange land. The two men left the ship, and the crew, who were curious about them, followed at a distance. Reaching a brass wall, Hercules broke down a

THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES



Where the Golden Apples grew.

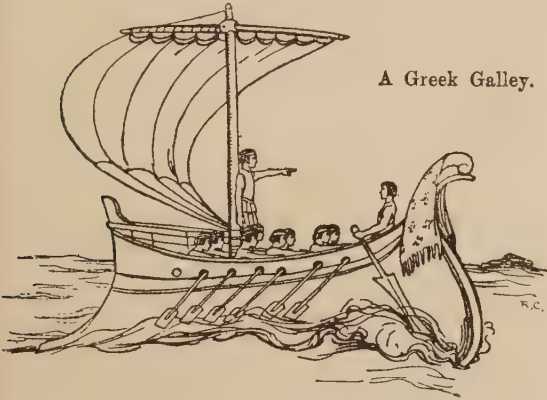
door with his club and entered alone. Beyond was a wood and in a clearing a marble basin. Beside it grew a tree. From a branch over the clear water hung three apples of gleaming gold. To gain these was the object of the journey of Hercules.

About the tree stood its guardians: the

beautiful Hesperides, the daughters of the god Atlas. Among them and entwined round the branches of the tree was a great serpent. The maidens paid no heed to Hercules. He killed the serpent; then, 'He drew down the wind-stirred bough and took the apples thence.'

The garden of the Hesperides was said to be

on the western border of the Ocean, the sea that the Greeks thought to be the boundary of the world and was at the point of heaven where the sun sets. The sun was thought of as a man



A Greek Galley.

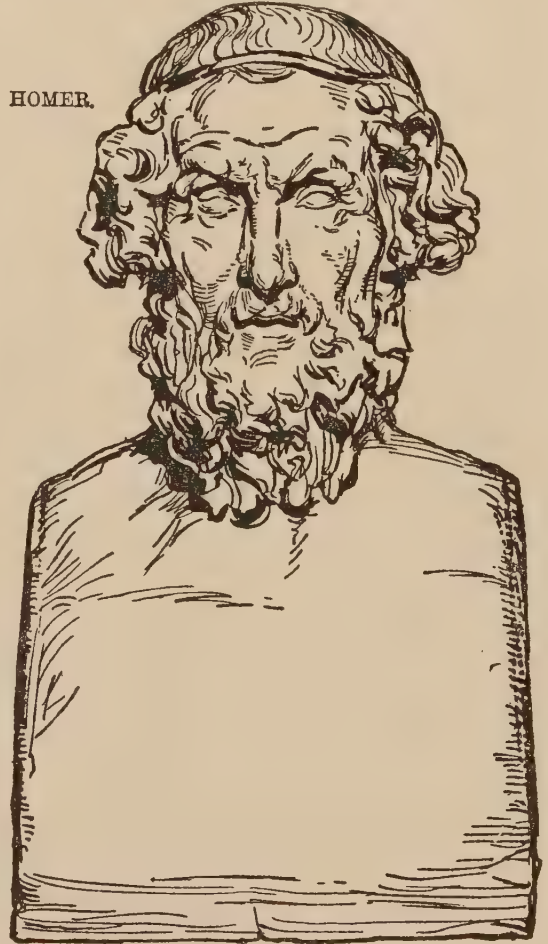
So we picture him sailing away to find happiness:

'To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

Much knowledge of the rest of the world in ancient times was gained by the Phœnicians, a colonising adventurous people who lived at the furthest end of the Mediterranean, above Palestine. Their ships sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar and made a settlement on the western side of Spain at a very early date, soon after the Trojan War.

Eventually they reached the Scilly Isles and

HOMER.



who was believed to sail in a golden boat to the land from which he was to rise at the next dawn.

Of the two great Homeric poems, the *Iliad* tells of the siege of Troy by the Greeks, and the *Odyssey*, the voyages and adventures of Odysseus, or Ulysses, on his way home from Troy. Ulysses was king of a small island called Ithaca. He was persuaded against his will to take part in the expedition against the Trojans. He greatly distinguished himself during the siege. After the fall of Troy, he and his men set sail for home. On the way he had many strange experiences and visited many places in the unknown seas. Altogether he was away from home for twenty years. To the singing bards of Greece, Ulysses was the typical hero of the old sailor race with its love of discovery.

Many who have the great love of adventure and who have spent much of their lives in far-off places find it difficult to settle down again in the ordered life of their own homes, even if they love it intensely. Alfred Tennyson, in his poem 'Ulysses,' gives a picture of how Ulysses, as an old man, feels an intense longing to be again on the seas. 'I cannot rest from travel,' he says. He knows that his son, Telemachus, can rule the people. The sailors have grown old with him, but he hears that there is a vessel in the port that they could sail in. He said:

'Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.'

the coast of Cornwall. They are believed to have left some of their men behind to work the tin which they discovered to be there, to exchange it for merchandise in other countries. But these Phœnician sailors were a wild people. We learn much about them from a Greek historian named Herodotus, who was born in B.C. 484. He describes what excitement was

caused by the arrival of a Phœnician ship at a country, Argos, which had not been visited before. The Argives, finding that it had come with peaceable intent, gave the traders an eager welcome and were clamorous to exchange their gold for the wonderful merchandise that the visitors had brought with them. The vessel was beached on the shore and the treasures displayed under the stern, while a crowd gathered round them, and the king's daughter and her ladies came down to visit the ship. The Phœnicians were amazed at their beauty, and were seized with the idea of carrying off the princess. They managed to entice her with some of her attendants on board the ship, and in spite of the efforts of the Argives to prevent it, pushed their vessel out to sea and before long had rowed away out of sight.

It is to this 'Wander-spirit,' this reckless seeking for the unknown which has been found in man through all the ages, that we had our first knowledge of the ways of other men, their habits and their lands. It is to such men, the great sailors and explorers of Elizabethan times, that we owe our great possessions, our Colonies in all parts of the globe. Our knowledge of the Arctic regions, the North and South poles, has come through this spirit. It is in our airmen to-day.

THE TRUE TALE OF A STRANGE PET.

ONE wintry morning little Margery was practicing a new dance in the nursery, when she saw a lovely brown leaf on the floor.

'How nice that will be to put in my leaf book,' she exclaimed, stooping down to pick it up. But much to her surprise she found it wasn't a leaf at all, but something soft and furry. 'Mummy, do look! What is this? It looks like a tiny mouse, only mice don't have funny little wings, do they?' she said.

'Why, it's a bat, Margery,' said her Mummy. 'The wind must have blown him here last night. But I'm afraid he's frozen.'

'Please, Mummy, do you think we might try

and keep him alive? I would so love to have him as a pet.'

'I'm afraid he is almost dead now, dear, but we can wrap him up in my warm muffler, and put him before the fire. He might live.'

'And then,' added Margery, 'perhaps we might give him some warm milk after he has thawed out.'

She carried the little brown fellow carefully to the fireplace, and stroked him gently while Mummy went to fetch her muffler. Together they watched him for a long time, but as he showed no signs of moving, even before the lovely warm fire, Margery sighed.

'I expect he's really dead, Mummy. O-o-oh, no, he isn't. He moved, and now he is opening his eyes.'

Then they fed him with warm milk from a tiny spoon, and Margery named him Billy. Mummy found the loveliest box which she filled with cotton wool, and this was to be his home. And Margery was told that bats always like the night-time much better than the day, so she was to be allowed to play with him every evening just before she went to bed. In the daytime the lid of the box, in which were punched holes to let in the air, was kept tightly shut.

After a week or two Billy began to grow quite strong and wriggle and make a great fuss when he heard Margery coming to play with him just before her bedtime. And as he became bigger and bigger he was allowed to come out on to the floor.

At last he grew so tame that he would run up Margery's leg and sit on her knee, looking at her out of his shiny little eyes as much as to say, 'Don't you think I am a quaint little fellow?'

Then the summer came and the lid of the box was left off. And one night when Margery came to play with him, she found her little pet gone.

She was very sad indeed, and tears were in her eyes when she heard a whirr, and there was Billy flying in at the window. He was, by this time, quite grown up, and he was only following the habits of all bats.

He could not be coaxed to live in his box any more, but made a home in the attic, though every evening, just before Mummy comes to tuck Margery in bed, Billy flies in at the window to tell her good-night.

LORYN PARKER.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.

(Continued from page 35.)

THE little man, who had a tired look on his thin features, sat down beside us on the log, leaving his cob to nibble the grass at the roadside.

'Where are you bound for, my lads?' he

said, looking down and tapping his boots with his riding-whip.

'Brighthelmstone,' I replied.

'That's a long walk from Lewes, isn't it?' said he without looking up.

'How do you know we came from Lewes?' I said.

'You've seen us before, haven't you?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'Then don't you think other people have eyes as well as you?'

On seeing the little man making himself comfortable, his companion proceeded to do likewise; and, seated on the log, with his long legs outstretched before him, drew from his pocket a pipe, which with great deliberation he charged with dust of tobacco from the corners of his waistcoat pockets, and lighting it with flint and steel, blew a cloud of smoke, apparently much to his enjoyment.

'What are you going to Brighthelmstone for?' queried the little man, still without looking up.

I was getting angry at the man's cool cross-examination—as much at his manner as his words—and could not refrain from replying, 'That's our business.'

At this he gave a slight chuckle, and said: 'Don't you know that young gentlemen should speak politely to their elders? I was about to inquire if I could render you any assistance. For instance, I might save you a long walk by giving you a lift on my horse as far as Brighthelmstone, but you snap me up so sharp.'

'Thank you,' I said more politely. 'But we shall enjoy the walk.'

'Just as you please,' said the man. 'Truly a walk on a fine day like this is no hardship. That is to say if one has no pressing business and there's no need for haste.' He looked up, and running his eye over the landscape, continued: 'I have travelled this road many times, and in all weather, on horseback and afoot, and more than once I should have been glad of a lift on the way.'

His eyes, glancing sideways to note the effect of his words on me, caught sight of the letter which, with the remainder of our lunch, still lay on the log. With a quick movement he leaned across my knees, picked it up, and disregarding my outstretched hand, glanced at the inscription, and coolly passed it on to his companion.

'Ho! ho!' cried the big man boisterously as he surveyed it. "'To my Lord Henry Gordon"—ho! ho! we keep good company—"At the Royal George Inn, near the Town Hall, Brighthelmstone."—Ho! ho! A most remark-

able coincidence. I am his lordship's humble servant and most devoted follower; in fact, he is so condescending as to call me his friend.'

He drew himself up, expanding his chest with self-importance, and laughed till the upturned points of his moustache almost reached his eyes and his fat chin shook.

'Yes, a curious coincidence, Captain,' said the little man; and turning to us he added: 'Would you believe it, young gentlemen, the very nobleman with whom we have business and on whom we were about to call—most remarkable.'

'It will afford me great pleasure to deliver this into the hand of his lordship without delay,' cried the military man, waving the letter dramatically.

I was aghast. 'Give it to me,' cried Dick, white with anger. 'Give it to me. It is no business of yours. We are charged with the delivery of it,' and he sprang to his feet threateningly. The big man took no notice of Dick's outburst.

'Great pleasure,' he repeated, puffing out his cheeks. 'It will give me the greatest pleasure to deliver this into his lordship's hands—on my honour—the honour of a soldier who has served his King with distinction, both here and on foreign soil.' Whereon he proceeded to place the letter in his breast pocket. This was too much for Dick, who has a sharp temper when roused; he sprang at the Captain like a ferret at a rabbit, to snatch the letter from his hand. He tore at the lappels of the big man's coat, disordering his neck-cloth and knocking his hat from his head, but to no purpose. The Captain shook Dick off and rose to his feet. 'You young rat,' he cried in some heat, 'I've a mind to trounce you.' The little man interposed, but Dick continued to vociferate: 'Give it to me, I say—you bully, give it to me.'

'This is strange conduct,' said the little man. 'Unquestionably the Captain is in the right. Doubtless this letter is of importance to the State and should be in safe hands.'

I raised my voice in entreaty and Dick stormed, calling them 'thieves' and 'highwaymen.' But it was to no purpose—the men mounted their horses and rode away in the direction of Brighthelmstone, Dick pelting them with stones in his impotent fury.

(Continued on page 50.)



"Dick sprang at the Captain like a ferret at a rabbit."



"Dick buried his face in the wet grass and howled."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.*

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER IV.

AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

WAS there ever a pair of such miserable boys crawling on this earth as Dick and I? I was sick with dejection at the thought of returning home and facing Grandfather, and telling the wretched story of how we had failed in our trust. As for Dick, he threw himself on the ground, buried his face in the wet grass, dug his fingers into the sod, and howled. There he lay for well-nigh half-an-hour, writhing and violently repelling all my efforts to comfort him and bring him to reason. His passion exhausting itself, he sat up, his face smeared with tears and dirt, his neckerchief all awry, his body limp, but his fists still clenched.

'It was no fault of ours, Dick,' I said. 'We did our best. Grandfather will know we did our best.'

'I'll never go home again,' said Dick.

'It's no good taking on like that,' I pleaded. 'We're not to blame. Let's think what's the best thing to do.'

'I'll never go home again,' Dick repeated doggedly. 'I'll run away and go to sea.'

'That would only make worse of it,' I said, miserably. 'What about Grandfather and Aunt Phil and Jo?' The tears began to course down his cheeks again, and I was nearly as bad.

'You can do as you like,' continued Dick. 'I won't go home till I've dogged that man down and got the letter from him. I'll go to the magistrate and set the thief-takers after him. He's no more a friend of Lord Henry What's-his-name than he's an angel. Didn't you see what he was like when his hat fell off, showing his head? He's a jail-bird, that's what he is, and I'll be even with him yet. I would have had the letter out of his pocket if he hadn't knocked me under the nose with his elbow, the cowardly hound, but I'll be even with him yet.'

'There I agree with you,' I said. 'He is no friend of Lord Henry Gordon, nor is the cunning-faced man, but our best way to proceed —'

'Oh, yes!' interrupted Dick, who was again working himself into a passion. 'You can proceed and proceed as much as you like, but I'm going to follow that man to Brighthelmstone.'

'That is the very thing I was going to suggest,' I said. 'We'll go on to Brighthelmstone and wait on Lord Henry Gordon and tell him all that has happened. Of course we don't know the contents of the letter nor the name of the wounded man at home, but we can tell all that has happened to him, and we can describe him, and no doubt his lordship will know who he is, then we can tell about the letter and what has happened to us and give a full description of the two men. Lord Henry Gordon is a magistrate, I should imagine, and a great deal more beside, and if he can't put the Bow Street Police Officers on their track I don't know who can. What do you think of that, Dick? Don't you think it the best plan?'

Dick soon saw that this was reasonable and likely to meet with success, especially if the two men intended remaining in Brighthelmstone and were travelling no further; so, having pocketed the remainder of our lunch, we turned very soberly toward the town, full of unpleasant thoughts and speaking little. It seemed a dreary length of road, but could not have been more than three miles, when a turn opened to us a view of the town and the sea.

We were not greatly impressed with the aspect of the town, although we had heard a great deal of its attractions, and were looking on it for the first time. It is but a small place, though of late it has become of some importance owing to Royalty having taken to patronising it. It has no interesting features, and there are no really fine buildings. It cannot compare with our town for beauty of situation and historical interest, but it has the sea, which is of course an attraction, and is said to be very healthy.

Perhaps I am not doing justice to Brighthelmstone. Dick and I were in no mood that day to find pleasure in the appearance of any

town. A very tame place, I should say, though there are some new buildings rising which are extensive and showy. Such a goodly number of people fashionably attired I had never seen, though I cannot say I admire the latest modes, especially of the ladies; their tight skirts and waists high up under the arms give them a very awkward appearance. I think Aunt Phil in her walking-out dress, with the long waist and hanging sleeves, far more attractive.

There were also many equestrians—both ladies and gentlemen—on the broad way by the sea, but no glimpse did we get of the military-looking man on the black horse and his associate.

(Continued on page 62.)

OUR ANCIENT ALPHABET.

WHICH of us ever stop and think how we came by our alphabet?

We learn our letters in childhood, soon after we are able to speak, and afterwards most of us make use of them every day of our lives. So familiar are they to us from our earliest days that we are apt to take them for granted and never question why certain signs stand for certain sounds, or pause to consider how easily we are able to represent the spoken word or the unuttered thought in writing.

As a matter of fact, our alphabet is a legacy from the past, and has been handed down to us from the dim ages of antiquity. We cannot speak with certainty of its exact origin.

The English alphabet can be traced back for twenty-three centuries to its home in Central Italy. But it did not originate there. It was merely borrowed from the Latin alphabet, which in its turn had been taken from the Grecian.

Although the Greeks were not the inventors of their alphabet, the letters of most modern European languages are derived from the Greek, and the English word 'alphabet' is made up from 'alpha' and 'beta,' the names of the first two letters in the Greek system.

To begin with, all letters had their origin in pictures. At the dawn of history men were wont to make rude sketches by means of a sharp flint or stone on bark, or some other suitable substance, just as primitive tribes do to-day. These are known as pictographs, and many Chinese letters and words are complete pictures—miniatures, as it were—even to this present time, although they are not easily recognised.

For example, a mouth, which was at one time depicted as a mouth-shaped hole, is now for the sake of ease and quickness squared. A wriggle and a cross are deemed sufficient to indicate a child, formerly illustrated by a neat mannikin.

To some extent we still make use of these pictographs even to-day. For instance, in international time-tables in Europe, a little black cup serves to show at which railway station one may expect to find a buffet for light refreshments. A crossed knife and fork indicate a restaurant, and a postillion's horn marks the stations where a 'diligence' or coach meets the train.

Similar signs are also used in automobile guides, where an envelope indicate a post-office, and a telephone receiver a place from which one can telephone, and so on.

In the course of time, these pictographs were simplified and eventually combined, so that presently we get what is known as an ideogram. As an example, the sign for word and the sign for tongue, when combined, gives us the sign for speech. In early Chinese writing the sign for roof and the sign for pig together meant home, the pig being an indispensable creature in every Chinese dwelling.

But as time went on, it was seen that these pictographs and ideograms could be used to express other ideas not so easily portrayed, but having the same sound. These characters are called phonograms, and mark a great advance in the art of writing.

What is meant by a phonogram is clearly illustrated by the picture puzzles that appear in many of our modern magazines. The puzzle is called a 'rebus,' and represents words, generally names of places or famous people, by means of pictures of other objects having a similar sound. The town Axmouth would thus be depicted by the drawing of an axe and a mouth.

These phonograms eventually developed into a sign-for-a-sound writing, and it was this kind of script that prevailed for long ages in many Eastern countries. It was a syllable-writing, and naturally a different style of characters developed among the various nations, and many of the very early ones are now lost to us.

One script, which became the medium of intercourse between all the races of Western Asia, and continued in use until Christian times, is known as the Cuneiform script.

Cuneiform means wedge-shaped, and this

particular script originated among the Sumerians, a people that flourished many thousand years B.C., and inhabited the plain of the river Euphrates.

These Sumerians were no artists, and the pictographs they formed in humid clay by means of a bone or metal stylus soon degenerated into wedge-shaped impressions. These impressions were later chiselled on stone and metal in vertical, horizontal, and diagonal positions, and eventually we find these wedge-shaped characters in use among the Persians, the Babylonians, the Hittites, and the Egyptian Pharaohs.

Before the ancient Egyptians had acquired the art of writing, they used to express their ideas and record their deeds by means of pictographs or hieroglyphs, as they are called. Now that we have discovered the key to their hieroglyphic script, we can read about events which took place thousands of years ago as plainly as if they were written in our own language.

The Egyptians carved their hieroglyphs on stone, or else sketched them on dried pieces of reed-stem, called papyrus, which, owing to the dryness of the Egyptian climate, have remained in an excellent state of preservation. Some of these hieroglyphs date back very many centuries, and others equally ancient have been discovered in Babylon, Assyria, Crete, and Cyprus.

But the Egyptians had no alphabet, and it used to be thought that the Phœnicians were the first people to use one.

The Phœnicians were a seafaring folk, who lived on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and traded with many lands. We know they were one of the earliest races to possess an alphabet, and we have evidence of its existence as early as 1000 B.C.

However, they probably adapted systems

already in use, very possibly from Crete, which boasted a high civilisation long before the Greeks rose to power. The Phœnicians used their alphabet, not so much for writing as for signing initial letters in their business tallies and accounts.

The Greeks either borrowed their alphabet from the Cretans or else made use of the earliest Phœnician system, and we have authority for the names of their letters as far back as the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., while the names of Hebrew letters can be traced to 700 B.C.

Naturally the Greeks remodelled the Phœnician alphabet to suit all sounds of their own beautiful language. They supplied the vowels and added more consonants.

In the fifth century B.C. their alphabet was taken by Greek colonists to Southern Italy, and eventually brought to our shores, and English-printed letters are still called Roman type. Saint Patrick is said to have been responsible for introducing it into Ireland.

Naturally the Latin letters had to be adapted somewhat to suit English sounds, and our Saxon forefathers added two letters, *i.e.*, Wen and Thorn, the latter being the equivalent of TH. It was represented by a figure not unlike our own Y, and therein lies the explanation of the quaint sign 'Ye Old Shoppe,' which in present-day parlance signifies 'The Old Shop.'

There is now a movement afoot to reform the English alphabet, which is getting out-of-date and inadequate to express the needs of our modern civilisation. There are some letters, such as C, with which we could easily dispense, as it differs little in sound from S or K. On the other hand, it is becoming more and more imperative to add at least six new letters, in order to represent fully all the sounds in our world-spoken and time-honoured language.

DOROTHY HARRIS.

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW.

II.—STREET ENTERTAINERS.

(Concluded from page 37.)

OF the puppet showmen, the peep-shows, and performing animals, more will be said at a later date, and in passing on to a glance at the street entertainments of modern times, the first thing to notice will be the similarity between the 'turns' of to-day and those of a thousand years ago. The street conjurer, the modern

tregetour, has already been mentioned, but the tumbler has his representatives still, some of whom are very clever; one in particular, seen by the writer quite lately, took a running somersault over the head of a standing boy, and, at the same time, picked a penny off each of the boy's shoulders with his hands as he

flew over, and yet never touched or disturbed the boy in the least. He also picked up a handkerchief from the ground with his teeth as he went over again.



FIG. 3.
A Street Fire-eater.

The Posture-masters are still amongst us in the shape of street contortionists, and shades of the Fire-eaters ought to be very proud of a gentleman who, a few years ago, specialised in filling his mouth with paraffin oil and then blowing it out on to a lump of lighted tow at the end of a long wire, the startling result of which act was a mighty great sheet of flame which shot into the air like a flash of lightning, and made the crowd jump back a yard or more in fright (fig. 3).

There are, however, many types of street entertainer that seem to have passed out of existence, and one of these was the Stilt-walker. One particular exponent of this art deserves immortality, his name and fame should be told in the inglenook for generations to come. He made a point of appearing at boat-races and other great public events, and was always dressed as a clown. He commenced his show by climbing a lamp-post, sitting on the cross-bar, and strapping a very long pair of stilts to his legs. These stilts were about eight or nine feet in length, and, when he stood upright on them and let down the legs of a particularly long pair of trousers, he was a fearful and



FIG. 4.
A Street Stilt-walking Clown of To-day.

wonderful sight. His show consisted of dancing and posturing, of many seven-leagued strides and cleverly imitated stumbles; one expected him to come crashing down every minute, but he never did, and when he made his collection by catching pennies in an old

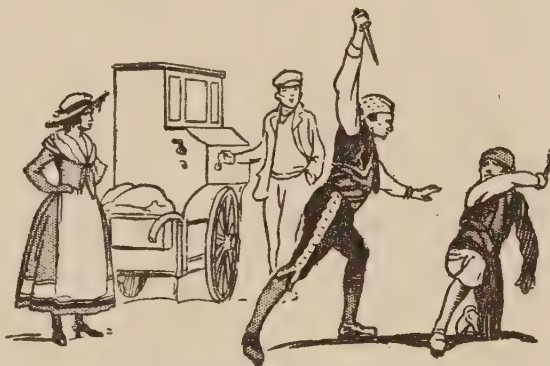


FIG. 5.
An Organ Melodrama of a generation ago.

top-hat, his trips and stumbles were even more wonderful still. The very sight of him towering high above the heads of the crowd drew the people as iron filings are drawn to a magnet (fig. 4).

Apart from the acrobatic performance, there was to be seen in Victorian days a form of musical and dramatic entertainment that, like the stilt-walker, seems to be now but a thing of the past. There was a street piano-organ and a troupe consisting of two or three young men and girls. They were dressed in costumes

which seemed to suggest characters in the 'Corsican Brothers,' or a melodrama of that description. The organ played a short piece and the actors danced, but immediately the organ stopped they ceased to dance and posed themselves, very rapidly, into a sort of tableau representing a scene in the play. Then the organ went on again with more dancing, to be followed by another tableau of the next scene, and so right through the story of the play. One can still see men dressed in ridiculous clothing dancing and capering to a street organ, but this kind of show stood quite alone as a really clever thing, and never failed to draw a huge crowd (fig. 5).

In passing, one cannot forget the old gentleman who allowed any stranger in the audience to tie him up with ropes from which he guaranteed to wriggle free in a given short space of time, and always did. Nor his modern counterpart who does the same with handcuffs and chains. Nor the weight-lifters and strong men, who perform prodigious feats of strength for a few pence. More than one of these clever people has found a more remunerative living, by being 'picked up' by some manager of a variety show, and given a real lift on the way to fortune and prosperity. Others have gone the backward way and, with old age creeping on, have passed into the limbo of obscurity, but still they come, and the years to be will see them tramping the road that never ends.

ORIGIN OF ARITHMETICAL SIGNS.

ALL the well-known arithmetical signs are results of attempts at saving time. The sign of equality (=) was first introduced in 1577, by a mathematician who used it to avoid constant repetition of 'equal to.'

The origin of the addition sign may be traced to carelessness in writing P, the first letter of the Latin word 'plus,' meaning 'more,' which was used as an abbreviation. When writing hurriedly

the top part of the letter was placed nearer the centre, and thus the addition sign (+) was evolved. As the multiplication sign is merely a shorter form of addition, another form of the 'plus' sign was adopted, and so we got the multiplication sign ($\times$).

At one time division was shown by placing the dividend above and the divisor below a horizontal line. To save space in printing, the dividend was placed to the left and the divisor to the right with a dash between, a dot indicating either dividend or divisor.

The subtraction sign (-) is derived from a former abbreviation of 'minus,' a Latin word which means 'less.' This word was employed to indicate subtraction, and later was shortened into 'mns,' a long horizontal line, showing that a contraction had taken place. Finally the letters were omitted, leaving the line only. GEORGE MELL.

FAIRYLAND.

AWAY! Away! to the land of Fay!
Where elvins dance till the dawn of day,
Where the moonlight gleams on the rippling
streams

And the baby elves with the fairies play!

Where the Fairy Queen, with her gracious mien,
In the midst of her dainty court is seen,

While each gauzy wing in the fairy ring
In the moonlight glints with a silv'ry sheen.

Where the Goblin King with his band of gnomes
On a hunting quest through the woodlands roams,

And a goodly spoil repays their toil
When they turn them back to their mountain
homes.

Where the whip-poor-wills with the fireflies vie,
And the dear little glow-worms vainly try

To shine as bright on the earth at night
As the twinkling stars in the distant sky.

The fairies are bidding us join their band,
The Fairy Queen raises a beckoning hand,

Then little ones all, let us heed their call,
And follow the fairies to FAIRYLAND.

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 43.)

CLIVE stood his ground, his hands in his pockets and his head in the air, as if it didn't matter in the least to him what happened

next. Kenneth looked anxiously first at him and then at Godfrey. Things seemed to be getting into an awful sort of mess! Of course

it had been a rotten trick to play on old Godfrey, but anyway there wasn't any use in their having a row out here. And for that matter, of course Godfrey had the whip hand all the time, because he had all the cash, and Clive couldn't possibly raise enough to pay a bill at the hotel. So that if Godfrey insisted on going back to Aberguthrie, Clive would have to give in and come too. Only it would be a rotten job going all that way back now, and after all they were in a mess, as Clive had said, and as the hotel was jolly close it seemed a pity not to make use of it and put off the tramp back till the next day.

Suddenly making up his mind, Kenneth ran after Godfrey and caught hold of his sleeve. 'I say,' he whispered, 'don't let's walk all that way back to-night. It would be an awful fag, you know, and beastly in the dark.'

Godfrey hesitated. As a matter of fact, he was even more anxious than Kenneth to avoid the tramp to Aberguthrie; but all the same he jolly well wasn't going to let Clive score off him. It had been a rotten trick, and he'd be in no end of a hole if he let Clive win and the youngster got cocky about it. He wasn't going to strike any sort of bargain with Clive: the only thing to do was to give the kid a thorough squashing. And the only way to do that seemed to be to insist on them all tramping back that night, beastly as the job would be.

A pity the place was so jolly lonely, he thought. If only they could get a lift in some kind of a trap! And suddenly an idea came to him, and he turned triumphantly to Kenneth. 'I'll see what we can do,' he said. 'Just tell young Clive to come here.'

Kenneth took the message and Clive came forward at once, willingly enough. Of course it was just like Godfrey to take a high and mighty tone and start giving orders now that he was jolly well beaten. It pleased a fellow like him to think he was running the show, although of course his hand was being forced all the time. Clive felt pretty certain now that they would put up at the hotel, and in that case he didn't care about much else.

'What's up?' he demanded casually.

But Godfrey was not out for conversation. He knew now how to deal with the youngster, and he wasn't going to stand any more nonsense.

'Just you hand over that map,' he demanded.

'Oh, rather,' said Clive. 'Shall I light a match while you have a look at it?'

'Kenneth can do that,' said Godfrey, and a minute later they were all kneeling in the roadway, with the map spread on the ground.

Clive produced a pencil, and with its point he showed them Aberguthrie and the long road along which they had tramped, and then the word 'Hotel' printed in small characters, which could hardly be read by the light of the match. Godfrey took out his handkerchief, marking the distance from the town to the hotel on its hem, and then comparing this with the scale in the bottom left-hand corner of the map.

'About seven and a half miles,' he declared, getting to his feet. 'The question is, where are we now?'

'I should say the hotel might be just round the next corner,' Clive suggested.

'You can dry up, anyhow,' retorted Godfrey, in a tone which he usually reserved for Kenneth.

Clive flushed angrily for a second, but he said nothing. After all, it didn't much matter. Of course old Godfrey had to pretend to keep his end up, and once they got to the hotel and had a bath and a meal, he would soon cheer up again.

'We'll walk on now,' said Godfrey, 'for ten minutes by my watch. If we find the hotel in that time, well and good. Only I shan't go on looking for it indefinitely. If we don't reach it in the ten minutes, we shall have to turn round and leg it back to the station after all. Only,' he added, 'we've got to know where we stand, first thing. Are you kids going to play any more tricks?'

'Oh, I say!' cried Kenneth. 'I didn't know where the hotel was!'

'All right,' answered Godfrey. 'I dare say you didn't, this time. But what about you, Clive? I want to know where we stand.'

'Oh, rather,' said Clive, pleasantly enough. 'That's all right, you know. You'll be paying the piper, so you'll call the tune. You give the word, and we'll march.'

'Without any more tricks?' Godfrey insisted.

'Oh, sure thing,' answered Clive.

'Not in any case, whatever happens?' persisted Godfrey.

'Hand of honour,' said Clive.

'Right you are,' said Godfrey. 'Then we can get ahead.'

(Continued on page 58.)



"They were all kneeling in the roadway, with the map spread on the ground."



"'This Hotel is closed.'"

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 55.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE LONELY HOTEL.

KENNETH led the way forward at a good pace, determined to cover as much ground in the ten minutes as possible, so as to have a greater chance of reaching the hotel. By this time the sun had set and it was impossible to see more than a few yards into the forest on either side of the road; in the half-darkness the trees seemed lost in a grey mist, while the road ahead looked unusually white.

Suddenly the road bent sharply, and as they turned the corner they saw that while the forest continued unbroken on the left, a space was cleared on the right. Instead of the weedy grass and dead bracken that had hitherto lined the road, the grass was here smooth as a well-trimmed lawn for several yards. Behind it was a gravel path, beyond which was a turreted building of grey stone—the Ben Guthrie Hotel, without a doubt. Farther down the road, the boys could see the forest continuing as thickly as before, the trees growing close to the further wall of the hotel, so that only the smallest possible amount of ground seemed to have been cleared of trees when it was built.

'Here we are,' cried Kenneth, and Clive ran forward towards the big stone porch in the centre of the front of the hotel.

'Stop a minute,' cried Godfrey. 'Just stand there, Clive. You fellows have got to listen to me now. You're under my orders, you know, and I've got your word that you won't play any tricks. Here's the hotel that you've been wanting to see, Clive, but that is as far as you are going to get. You seem to have imagined you could run this show how you liked, but you jolly well can't. I'm not going to spend Uncle Rodney's money on staying in that hotel just because you tried to trick me into it.'

'But,' cried Clive, 'you said we could come to the hotel!'

'I said we'd look for it,' retorted Godfrey, 'but I didn't say what we should do when we found it. As a matter of fact, we aren't going into it at all. We are simply going round to the garage or stables or whatever they've got,

and then we'll hire a car or a trap of some sort and get a lift back to Aberguthrie.'

Godfrey, as he spoke, looked at Clive triumphantly. He was certainly turning the tables with a vengeance! This would show the youngster not to think he could do anything he liked.

Clive's face fell. 'I say, that's rotten,' he said.

'Serves you right, anyway,' retorted Godfrey. 'Do you mean to say you're not even going inside?' asked Clive.

'Not an inch,' said Godfrey. 'We will go straight round to the garage.'

'Might as well just see what the place is like,' grumbled Clive, but Godfrey had no intention of giving up his advantage. 'You dry up,' he said, 'and follow me.'

He led the way without another word to the further side of the hotel, where an archway led to a covered courtyard. In the further wall of this was a large wooden door which obviously belonged to a stable. In the darkness he could not find a handle, and although Kenneth pointed out that stable doors usually slide back instead of opening in the ordinary way, they could see nothing to take hold of to move it.

Godfrey rapped loudly on the door with his stick and waited for an answer. But all was silent, while the courtyard was completely deserted. He rapped again, while Clive, now thoroughly disgusted at the turn things had taken, wandered to the other side of the yard in search of another door.

'Don't you get too far away,' called Godfrey, knocking once more.

'They can't be asleep at this hour,' said Kenneth.

'Jolly funny thing,' muttered Godfrey, and at that moment Clive returned. 'There's a window along there,' he said, 'and it's open. Only I can't see a light anywhere.'

'I say,' cried Kenneth suddenly, 'I wonder why there weren't lights in any of the windows at the front! Awful sell if the whole place is shut up!'

Godfrey turned at once and led the way to

the gravel path, and then they realised that the whole building was in complete darkness.

'Better have a look at the porch,' suggested Godfrey, and there, when Kenneth struck a match, they saw that the door was tightly shuttered and secured by a stout padlock.

Godfrey took hold of the handle and shook it without result. 'Jolly funny thing,' he said. 'Just light another match.'

By its light they examined the door, and then turned to the porch itself. Against the stonework, beside the door, was fastened a printed notice; and, as Kenneth struck a third match, Godfrey read it aloud:

THE BEN GUTHRIE HOTEL.

NOTICE.

This Hotel is closed annually from October till April.

It will reopen on Friday, April 6th.

By order of the Management.

(Continued on page 70.)

BIDDY'S PICNIC.

BIDDY danced down the path to meet the postman.

'Only one this morning, Missie,' he smiled, 'and that's for you.'

Holding the letter high in her hand she raced to the house.

'For me, Mums,' she cried, 'for me! Who can have sent me a letter?'

'Open it,' said her mother, 'then you will know.'

Biddy fetched a paper-knife and carefully cut open the precious letter, and there in big writing she saw:

Acacia Cottage, Chesterton.

Dear Biddy,

Will you come to my picnic this afternoon? We are going to the wood. Jim and Peter are going and Polly Doo will carry the things for tea. Come at two o'clock.

Your loving cousin,

MARJORIE.

'Won't it be lovely!' Biddy cried. 'I must get ready at once. I'll wear my silk frock and new patent slippers.'

'But it's a picnic, Biddy, not a party,' said her mother. 'That holland frock you have on and your sandals are the proper things to wear.'

'Oh, Mother! I want to look nice, and these are the clothes I play in,' Biddy pouted.

Mrs. Foster thought for a moment. Biddy

was one of those little girls who like to wear their prettiest clothes on every occasion, so her mother decided to humour her to-day, believing she would have received a much-needed lesson before she came home. Therefore, at two o'clock, a radiant Biddy, in silk frock, large shady hat, and shining shoes, greeted her cousin and friends.

'How shabby they look in those old garden things!' thought Biddy, as she lovingly stroked a crease out of her pretty frock.

They set off in high glee with Polly Doo the donkey. The tea-things and cakes were packed in baskets on Polly Doo's back, and she seemed to be as pleased as the children as she frisked gently along the road.

It was a lovely afternoon, but a rather strong wind was blowing. Long before the wood was reached Biddy wished she had not worn her big hat; her arms were tired out with holding it on, and she looked enviously at Marjorie's cap, which did not give any trouble.

The children ran and danced along the road, jumping over every tuft of grass and stone, chasing each other merrily. Biddy had to walk sedately beside her aunt and Polly Doo; she was so afraid of spoiling her new shoes. And by-and-by those same shoes began to hurt her feet so much that she could scarcely walk. They grew tighter and tighter; they rubbed her heels until they were blistered, and Biddy began to limp with pain. Auntie looked down once or twice and smiled to herself.

When they reached the wood Biddy threw herself on the grass and wept.

'Whatever is wrong, my dear?' asked Auntie Nell. 'Are you hurt?'

'My feet are,' sobbed Biddy. 'Oh, how silly I was to come in these slippers! and now I shan't enjoy the picnic a bit, for I cannot walk any further.'

'Take the shoes off while we get tea ready,' her aunt replied. 'Perhaps they will be better after a bit.'

So Biddy did, and watched the others having all the fun. Jim ran to the stream to fill the kettle, Marjorie spread the cloth on the smooth grass, and Auntie unpacked the cakes.

She felt a little better when tea was over, but it was impossible to join in the games. Her feet had swollen so much that she could not get the slippers on again. She sat with tears in her eyes looking longingly where the others were paddling in the stream, thinking sadly that even if her feet had not been sore



"Those same shoes began to hurt her feet so much."

she could not have joined them because of her silk frock.

Therefore she did not notice that Auntie, with a smile on her face, had opened another parcel and taken from it the despised garden frock and sandals. Mother had sent these over with a message to Auntie, asking her to give them to Biddy when she had been sufficiently punished.

A shame-faced Biddy quickly took off the silk frock, then limped down to the stream, and soon was the merriest of them all. But she had learned her lesson, for her feet were still too sore for walking, and she had to ride home on Polly Doo, as if she had been a baby instead of a big girl of ten.

ELEANOR ROSS.

HOW THEY GOT THEIR NAMES.

EVERYBODY knows, or ought to know, that the tar macadam road owes its name to the fact that the inventor's name was McAdam. The

mackintosh waterproof coat has a similar history, and there are other words similarly made up that are not so obvious and well known.

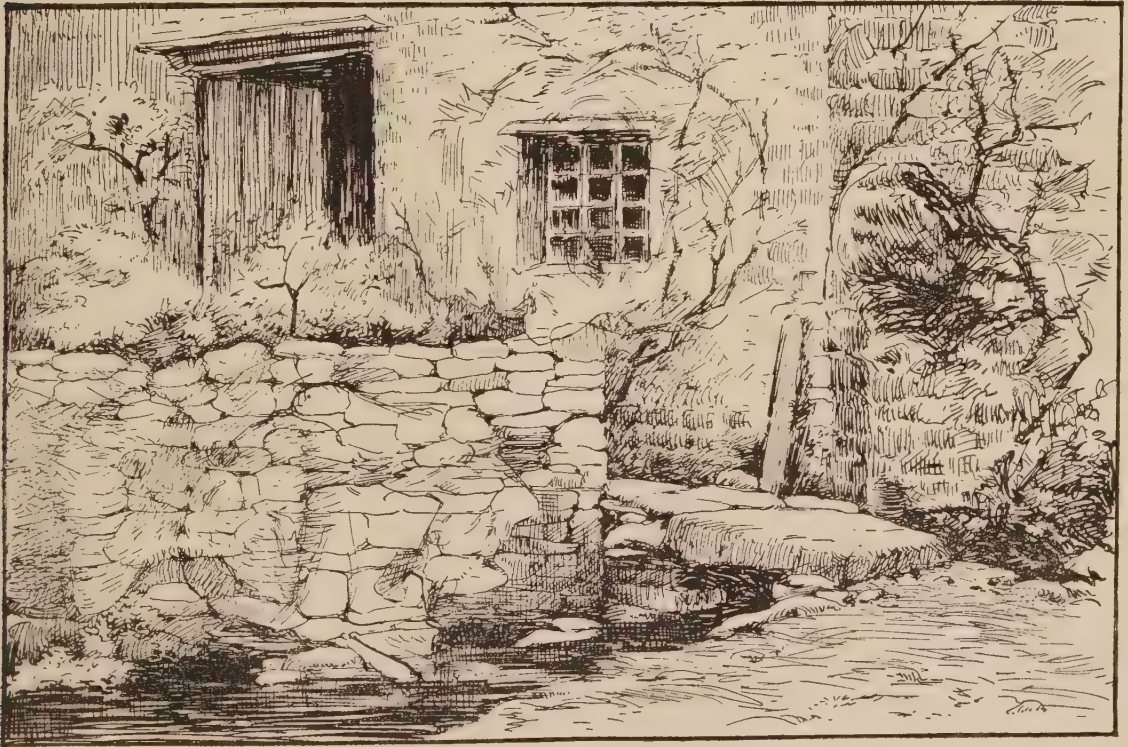
For instance, who knows how the blanket got its name? Well, in the year 1740, a Bristol gentleman named Thomas Blanket opened a bedding factory, the product of which was the article which bore his name. Previous to this an ordinary sheepskin had sufficed as a bed-covering.

The cloth known as worsted gets its name from the place where it was first manufactured—namely, the Flemish settlement of Worstead, in Norfolk. At one time Worstead was a place of some importance, but now it does not even figure on a map.

The word 'gauze' is similarly derived, it being first made at Gaza, in Syria. There are several other fabrics that got their names in this manner. Cambric comes from the French town of Cambray, muslin from Moussol, in Turkey, and fustian from Fostal, a suburb of Cairo.

The most interesting of names derived in this manner is probably the bonnet, that was first manufactured at Bonnetstoun, a village in County Kilkenny, Ireland.

GEORGE MELL.



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Find the Old Lady, the Old Man, and their Cat and Dog in their Cottage.

THE GLOWWORM.

WORDSWORTH has a poem in which a Pilgrim dreams about a star and a glow-worm. The star 'with unbecoming pride,' taunts the humble light in the grass, and wonders how a worm,

'A very reptile, could presume,
To show her taper in the gloom.'

The glowworm rebukes the star. She reminds him that stars are seen shrouded in mist and cloud, whilst she continues to shine, her light uninjured even by thickest cloud.

Often I have cycled through the New Forest on dark nights when no stars were out, and have been grateful for the myriads of glow-worms in the grass by the wayside. Humble as the light is, it is one of the prettiest sights of nature.

The glowworms have been unfortunately named, like many other things in nature. Strictly speaking, they are not worms but beetles. Their family may seem one of the poorest in nature; yet they have their place and service. Beetles befriend man in many ways. Some of them are the scavengers of the earth, the undertakers of the animal world.

They are small in size, but little things do much of the world's work, and create much of its wealth. Coral islands and chalk cliffs are built by nature's little people. To the bees and wasps we owe the varied and beautiful colours of flowers. The tiny blades of grass, like millions of sentinels, keep back the desert just as the sand keeps back the waves.

The glowworms shine. They do not burn. The light is a phosphorescence. Without burning up anything, it glows.

Fireflies have the same power. So have many fish in the depths of the sea. There it is

very dark, and so fishes carry their own lanterns, and, like the glowworm, switch the light on or off at will. It is a wonderful gift, around which gathers no little romance.

For only the female has the power thus to shine. She also is 'the lady with the lamp,' as Florence Nightingale was called. It is her secret of attraction. She draws the male by her light. He, though he cannot shine, or only with a feeble light, has a compensation in the shape of wings. He can fly. In their little world, when the sun sets, and most birds and flowers and children are asleep, romance begins.

The world has need of little wayside lights, human glowworms who bring brightness and friendliness into places that are lonely and dark.

A SEAFARING DOG.

FAN was the property of a gentleman in the same office with me, but from some cause he gave her to the owner of one of the far-famed Yarmouth smacks. Fan, however, retains a strong affection for her late master, and shows it thus: she goes to sea in the smack whenever it sails, but the moment its prow again touches the landing-stage after a fishing voyage, Fan quickly gets on shore, and trots off to her late owner's residence. There she taps at the door and barks as much as to say, 'Here I am safe and sound once more; let me in;' and if the return happens to be early in the morning, she always tries to go up to the bedroom to see her friend.

No sooner, however, is the smack ready for sea again, than the sailors (who would not like to lose her) see her well-known form coming aboard, just as if she were one of the regular crew; which, in fact, she is.

She always barks at the approach of any other craft in the dark, being able to detect the fact some time before even the fishermen themselves

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.L., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.

(Continued from page 51.)

WE had no difficulty in finding the 'Royal George' Inn, though I should never have taken that palatial building for an inn had there not been a sign in gilt letters to that effect. Its spacious entrance in the Grecian style and broad flight of steps ascending to it was so imposing that Dick and I felt very small indeed. But, straightening our backs

and reminding ourselves of the importance of our mission, we mounted the steps and entered, the great doors swinging to behind us without a sound. We found ourselves standing on soft rugs in a lofty hall, the walls of which were white, decorated with painted panels and adorned with mirrors. Curtains hung at one end, through the parting of which we could

see a richly carpeted staircase and much brass-work and gilding.

We were so impressed by the spacious grandeur and the dazzling mirrors, that we did not at first distinguish the figure of a tall footman who stood beside the curtain.

'Well!' he said. Just that word, and nothing more.

I was so taken aback that I quite forgot the little speech I had prepared. You see, Dick always expects me to be the spokesman, though he is the elder.

'We wish to see Lord Henry Gordon,' I said, recovering myself and speaking boldly.

'Um! Have you an appointment with his lordship?' he inquired, looking at us critically.

'No,' I replied.

'Any letter to deliver?'

'No.'

'His lordship does not see any one without an appointment. What is your business?'

'I am sorry I cannot tell you; I am forbidden to tell any one but his lordship,' I replied. 'I come from Master Josiah Harryott, publisher and printer and editor of the *Sussex Mercury* at the sign of the "Mulberry Tree," Lewes.'

I thought this information might impress the man, but he seemed to regard it with disfavour.

'Oh, newspaper man!' he said. 'His lordship is greatly troubled with men of that class. Don't want to get any money out of him, eh?'

'I must see his lordship,' I said, getting desperate. 'It is most important; it is almost a matter of life and death. At any rate, I am sent by a gentleman, a friend of his lordship, who has been attacked by highwaymen and nearly killed and who lies at our house.'

'Um! It's a strange story, certainly. But, anyway, you can't see his lordship. He went up to London this very morning by the early coach. I'm remaining to pack the luggage, with instructions to follow him to-night.'

I cannot say how disconcerted I was at this unexpected turn of events. I remained silent for some time, looking blankly at Dick, and he reflected my look with an expression equally hopeless.

At last a faint gleam of hope dawned on my mind. I said: 'Will you give me his lordship's address in London, and I will write, telling him all about it?'

'Well, you see, I'm his lordship's confidential servant,' replied the footman, hesitatingly, 'and I don't think I am justified in giving his address to strangers.'

The gleam of hope vanished.

Here Dick, unable to contain himself any longer, burst forth: 'We had a letter for his lordship, but we've been robbed of it by the way by two scoundrels. They came on to Brighthelmstone. We could see nothing of them in the town, but I'll hunt them down yet. A big bully of a soldier-looking man on a big black horse, and a little man on a brown cob. They stole our letter and rode off, and must have reached Brighthelmstone about an hour and a half ago. There was something else in the envelope beside the letter; you could feel it in the corner with your thumb and finger.'

'Oh!' exclaimed the footman. 'What sort of men did you say they were—I mean, in appearance?'

'The one is a big man dressed in a shabby soldier's uniform, with a sword at his side. He has a turned-up moustache and a fat neck, and his hair cropped short, and he speaks in a loud, bullying voice, and he rides a big black horse, with white on the fetlocks of his hind legs. If you'd once seen him, you'd know him in a thousand. The other is a little thin man who can't look you straight in the face. He rides a brown cob. I'll hunt them down and put the thief-takers on their track. I won't go home like a whipped dog, that I won't.'

The footman rubbed his chin, and again ejaculated 'Hum!' and proceeded to say: 'You seem honest young gentlemen, and I'd help you if I could.' Then, after a moment's reflection: 'Stay here a few minutes,' said he, 'and I'll make some inquiries.'

He then disappeared by a small door into the back parts of the inn, and had scarcely been away five minutes when he returned with a mysterious smile on his face, and beckoned us. Said he: 'You go round to the back premises—down the steps and first to the left and through the gateway into the stable-yard and ask for Teddy the Ostler. He will have something to say to you. If you don't have any luck, I'll tell you what I'll do. You write a short note to his lordship, telling him all about it, and I'll deliver it to him as soon as I reach London; but, mind you, the coach leaves here at seven o'clock precisely. Wait a minute; I don't see why I shouldn't give you his lordship's address now; it's No. 4 South Audley Street, London.'

(Continued on page 66.)



“‘We had a letter for his lordship, but we’ve been robbed of it.’”



THE TANK CORPS



"He took us into the stable and, with a knowing smile, pointed into the far corner."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by the Author.*

(Continued from page 63.)

WE found Teddy the Ostler. He was undersized and lean, and, from his general appearance, might be either boy or middle-aged man. He had small, alert eyes and a good-tempered mouth, was quick in his movements and staccato in his speech.

He greeted us with a wink and a grin. 'I know all about it,' said he, as we were about to explain ourselves. 'Mr. William told me all about it. Big, blustering man, ain't he? Calls himself Captain, eh? Big-boned, black 'oss—white stockings on his hind legs—looks as if he hadn't been groomed for a fortnight. I know him; he's up to no good. No more's the lawyer-looking chap what rides with him. I knows 'em well enough. They puts up at the "Rose and Crown" in Green Street. Jemmy Lintott's the Ostler. 'Taint much of a place—no tips to speak of. Wonder he stops there. Nice, quiet, obliging cove, Jemmy. We're bosom friends. All us grooms in the town know each other like brothers. I shouldn't wonder if them two weren't there this very minit. I see 'em go by an hour ago. If you wait till I've rubbed down these two 'osses and give 'em a feed of oats, I'll pop round with you and introjuice you to Jemmy. No, I don't want your sixpence; it's hard lines if you can't do a kindness once in a way without being paid for it.'

Teddy was as good as his word; he led us through two or three back streets to the 'Rose and Crown'—a not very reputable inn—and presented us to his friend Jemmy. After drawing that worthy aside, and discoursing in his ear, with sundry jerkings of the thumb and much shrugging of the shoulders, which Jemmy received with winks and nodding of the head, Teddy treated us to one final wink and took his departure. As far as appearances went, Jemmy was 'own brother' to Teddy, though somewhat younger, the same sharp face, meagre figure and thin legs, and the same jerky way of speaking, and what was more to our purpose, he had the same good temper and readiness to help us to the best of his abilities. In the first place, he took us into the stables and, with a knowing smile, pointed into the far corner. The place was dark, being lit by one window only, and

that a very cobwebby and dirty one. On our eyes becoming used to the gloom, we both at once exclaimed, for there, munching their oats, stood the big black horse and the brown cob.

Jemmy smiled broadly at our surprise. 'The captain and his friend are here right enough, that is to say, their 'osses are,' he said. 'The gentlemen are off into the town, but there's to be a meeting of the Club in the long room this evening, and they'll be back for that.'

Dick was rubbing his hands with glee, which I thought a trifle premature, for, though we had tracked them down, to get the letter from the big man was another matter, as Dick might well know, seeing he had had one try already.

'What club is it that meets here? I asked.

'Why, the "Hampden Club and Friends of Freedom," to discuss Parliament Reform and that sort of thing.'

'One of those secret clubs that Grandfather speaks of,' says Dick.

'There ain't much secret about it at the "Rose and Crown," I can tell you,' said Jemmy. 'Everybody knows about it. Why, the old town's full of it. Anybody can go into the club-room and hear the political speeches, some fine rousing speeches too, I can tell you, 'cepting when there's a private meeting of the Committee, as they call it.'

'What sort of people are they?' asked Dick.

'Oh, some of 'em are decent enough,' said Jemmy, 'some of 'em are crack-brained, and some of them are wily—takes all sorts to make a club, same as it does to make a world. Whatever their diversity of opinion is, they all take something to drink for the good of the house. Why, I've known more than one member of Parliament down here holding forth, but the club-room wasn't big enough then; we had to hold the meeting in the brick-fields, and there was a brass band and a big banner with "Freedom" written on it as large as life.'

At the word 'Freedom,' which was uttered in a rather loud voice accompanied by a mock-heroic wave of the arm, there was a rustling sound in a stall close by, and a man rose to his feet shaking the straw from himself and dusting his knees—a strange figure, tall and gaunt,

carrying a blanket rolled up like a soldier's overcoat slung over his shoulder and a leathern wallet at the other side, his waist girded with a belt or strap from which hung a tin mug, and to complete his odd appearance his legs below the knee bound round with hay-bands, and his shoes tied on with string.

This strange creature, before he was well on his feet, took up the word—'Freedom!' he cried; 'yes, freedom to shed our blood for King and Country, and after the victory, when the great ones are shouting their Glory-Hallelu-lahs, freedom to starve. We want freedom to work—freedom to earn an honest living. Let the high and mighty ones beware. "He has cast down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble and meek." The day has come when all the Bastilles shall be torn down and the tyrants swept away. The downtrod of the earth are on the march—yes, they are on the march in their thousands. The King has a good heart, but he is surrounded by evil

advisers who throw dust in his eyes, but his eyes shall be opened and his ears unstopped, he shall hear the truth, and the truth shall make him free—make all of us free. I should be glad of a bit of something to eat,' he added, relaxing and dropping his voice to a dull monotone. He seemed on the verge of fainting.

'Sit down, old covey, and I'll get you a bit o' something to eat,' said Jemmy. 'You've had a nice long sleep you have, and ought to feel better. Why didn't you say as you was hungry before?'

This poor man was one of those known by the name of Blanketeers, men—out of employment and half-starved from the stagnation of trade produced by the long wars—who attributed their misery to political causes and the introduction of machinery, and marched through the country commonly with a blanket strapped round them to wrap themselves in at night, and thus they were called Blanketeers.

(Continued on page 78.)

THE STEAM ENGINE.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I. Mech. E.

Illustrated by T. E. HAYWOOD and BERNARD WAY.

[Mr. Baker had a great deal to do with winning the War. He was a Professor of Engineering in India, but found he was more useful in the Ministry of Munitions, and afterwards as an Instructional Director in the Ministry of Labour. His experience as an engineer is very wide.]

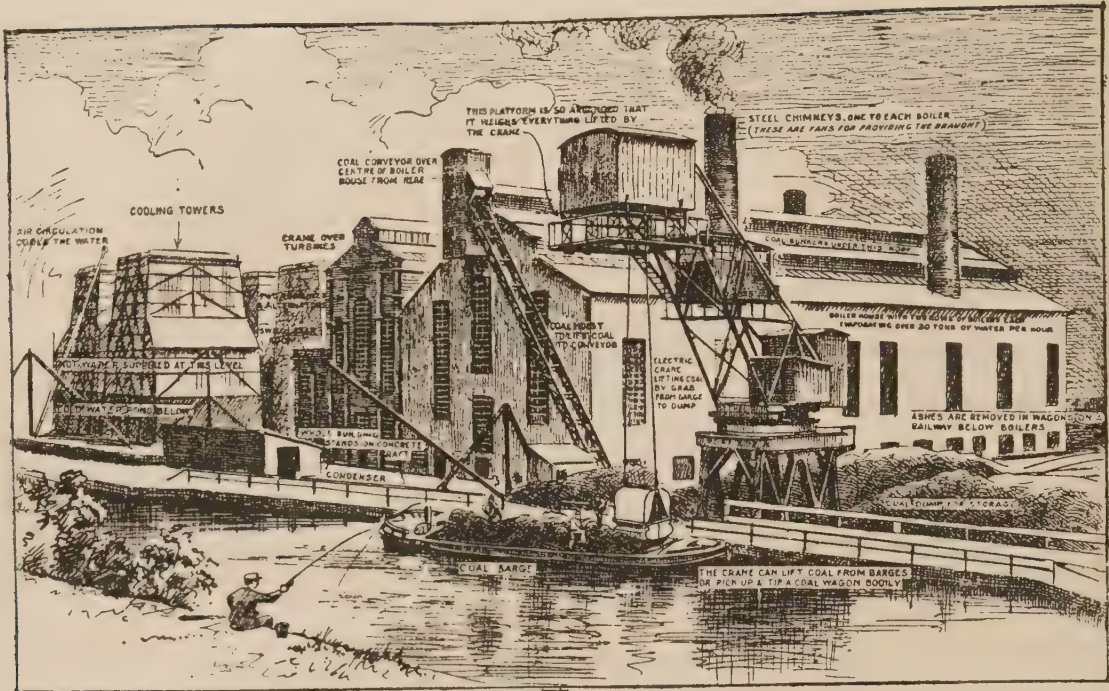
PRACTICALLY every one knows something about the steam engine and the majority of us are aware that the steam engine derives its power from the coal, or sometimes oil, which is burnt in the furnaces of its boilers.

When we have seen engines at work and know something about their mechanical construction, we naturally begin to wonder whether it is possible to find out where they waste the heat units generated and whether this can be avoided. One serious source of loss is that the steam, in escaping from the cylinder into the atmosphere, has to force its way out against the pressure of the air. The atmosphere, as we know, exerts a pressure of about fifteen pounds per square inch on all objects at or near sea-level (it varies with weather conditions, and depends on altitude above sea-level), and this pressure tends to prevent the escape of the steam, and thus retards the movement of the piston. It is, therefore, a source of waste of therms. To overcome this, the steam from the engine is passed into a chamber called a 'condenser,' which is kept cool by a system

of cold-water pipes. It is there converted into water, except a very small quantity which remains as vapour, so that an almost complete vacuum is produced in the condenser. This water (i.e. the condensate, or condensed steam), which is hot, can be pumped back again into the boilers, thus saving still more therms. The vapour and any air which may have got in are removed from the condenser by an 'air pump.'

The condenser and its auxiliaries form the third of our divisions—viz., that which gets rid of the steam when we have finished with it. It is well known that, in order that an engine shall utilise its therms as well as possible, the difference of temperature, and therefore pressure between the inlet and exhaust steam, must be made as great as possible, and this can only be done by using a condenser.

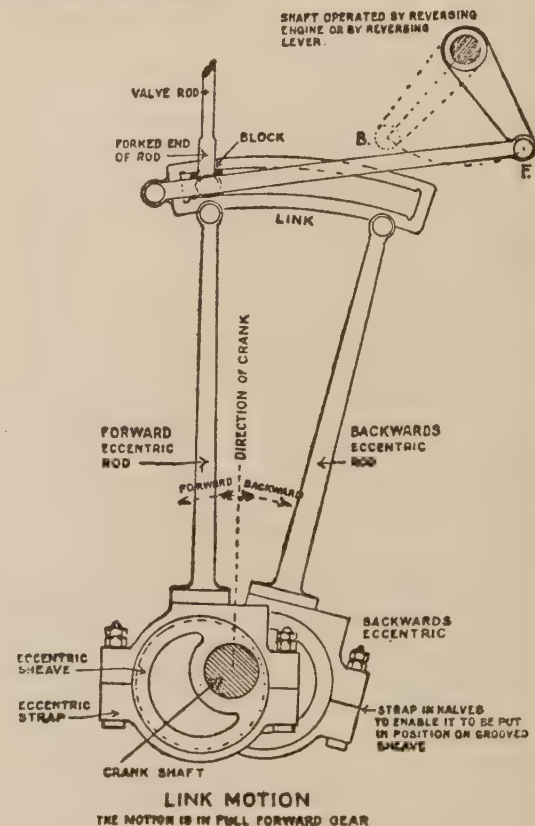
Another use of the condenser, which is to some extent of secondary importance, is that we can use the same water over and over again. In the case of ships, water free from salt is necessary for the boilers, and it would be impossible for the ship to carry sufficient fresh water unless the steam were condensed and used



GENERAL VIEW OF A MODERN GENERATING STATION
 SKETCH PREPARED FROM INFORMATION — SUPPLIED BY MESSRS THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CO.

continuously. Salt water cannot be used in modern boilers, as it was in the low-pressure boilers of our grandfathers' times, as the salt remains behind when the water is converted into steam, and would therefore cause the plates to be burnt. Sea water is quite good for circulating purposes; you may have seen it issuing from the side of a steamer near the water-line as she steams past you.

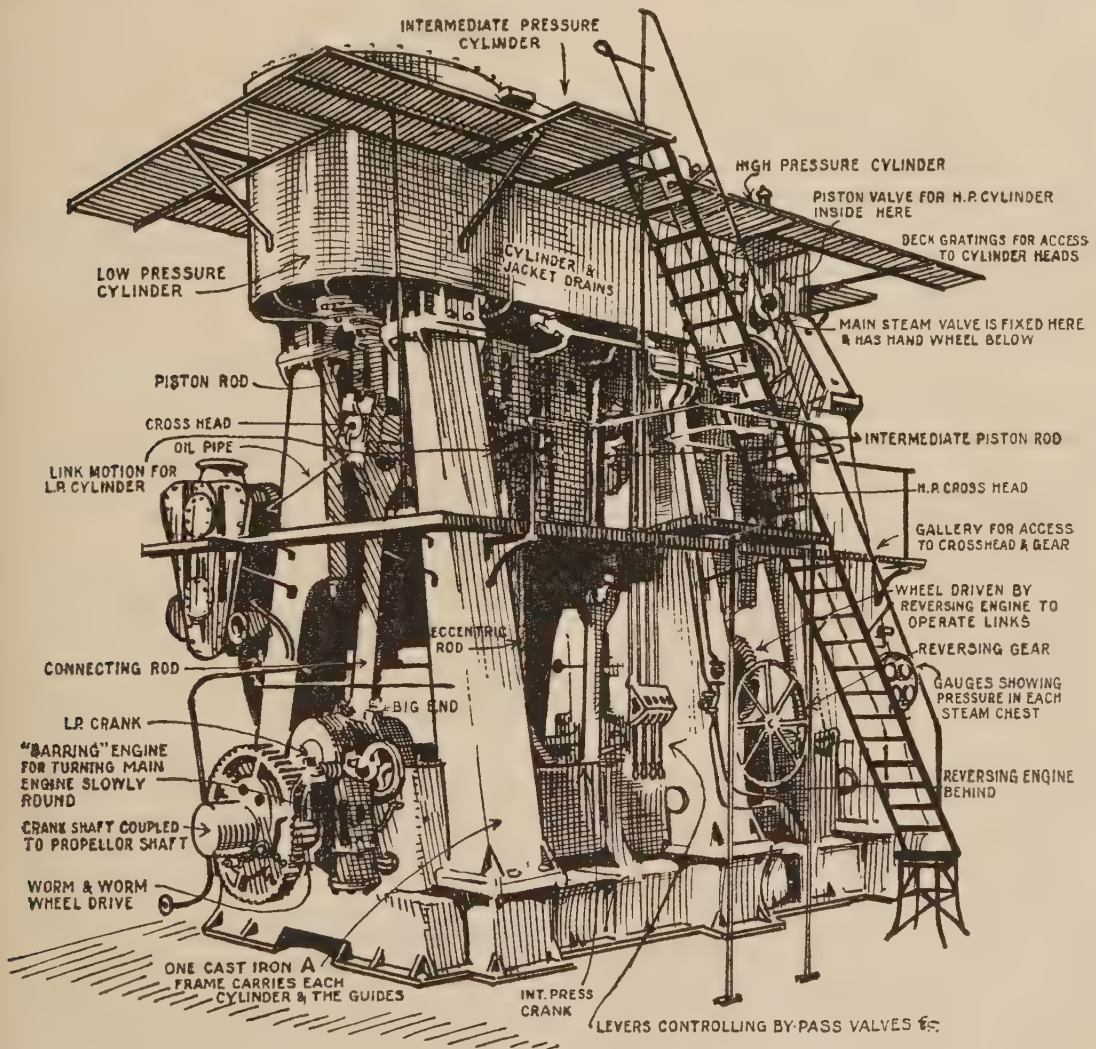
Land stations, particularly those in which electric light is produced, are usually placed alongside a canal, river, or other water supply, in order that cooling water may be readily obtained; but, even so, for big stations the amount required is so great that cooling-towers, in which the circulating water can be exposed to the air, in order to recool it, are used. If you inspect an electric generating-station, you may observe that it consists of a boiler-house and an engine-house, near to which is placed a series of tall black erections, usually made of creosoted timber. These are the cooling-towers, in which the circulating water is allowed to fall, like a continuous shower of heavy rain, on its way from the condensers to the bottom tank, from which it is again pumped back for use. In one station, where no cooling-towers were at one time used, the temperature of the canal



water, which was used for circulating purposes, was so much raised by the heat which it extracted from the exhaust steam that it became a favourite place for the small boys of the neighbourhood to bathe. This warming of the canal water will doubtless strike the reader as being a waste of therms, as indeed it is; but we know of no method at present for recovering any more of them; the number lost in this way is much less than when non-condensing engines are used, and so we have to regard the loss as unavoidable at present, and make it as small as possible. Ships' engines have a plentiful supply of circulating water from the sea itself.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

Many other features will be found on modern engines besides those mentioned in the brief description of the simple engine at the commencement of the chapter. Some engines have to be capable of running forwards or backwards; thus, locomotive and marine engines have to be capable of 'reversing.' This is done by providing for each cylinder two eccentrics, one suitably placed for running forward, and the other for running backwards, and connecting their rods with a 'link,' in which is a block attached to the valve-rod. By moving the link, we can cause either eccentric to operate the



TRIPLE EXPANSION MARINE ENGINE

valve. Ships' engineers usually start, stop, or reverse their engines by moving the 'link motion,' only opening and closing the steam valve before the start and after the finish of the whole trip. It is usual to have a small separate steam engine to move the links of marine engines, as they are very large and heavy, and rapid movement is sometimes required. The position of the reversing engine can be seen in the drawing of the marine engine on page 69. There are many other kinds of reversing gear in use. Many locomotives, for instance, use what is known as Joy's gear or Walschaert's gear, so that you may not always find eccentrics and links when you inspect an engine; but all such gears are intended to produce results similar to those of the link motion.

An interesting point which has not yet been mentioned is that by using the reversing gear at some point between its centre and one of its extreme ends we can cause the steam to be 'cut off' early in the stroke, and thus economise it, so that it may expand as completely as possible. This, which is called 'notching up,' is almost always resorted to by drivers of locomotives and in steamships.

(Continued on page 91.)

THE LOST CASTLE.

IT had taken Elsie all the morning building her castle in the sands, but it was a beauty when it was done.

She had dug a deep round pit first, and raised high walls round it, all nicely capped with little towers turned out of her tin pail. She had made a moat and bridges. The castle was so large, when she jumped inside, only the top of her head could be seen. Of course, her brothers had given her good help at first, with the digging of the pit.

The sea had gone so far back, it seemed

just a ring of cornflower blue round the tawny sands, and now it was coming in very quickly. Elsie waited on, though every one on the beach, donkey-boys and all, were going home to dinner, and Nurse was calling from afar.

Splash! a long low wave filled the moat, and a company of tiny shrimps swam gaily round it. The big fort then brimmed up, and in its pool flipped a shining tail.

'Oh, what a big fish is capering in my castle!' cried Elsie.

'No, only a little water-baby,' lisped a voice, as softly as the murmur in a shell.

On the edge of the crumbling walls the small mermaid put her hands and looked at Elsie. Her hair fell round her in silvery waves, and it was crowned with crimson starfishes, and twined with ribbon seaweed.

'Earth-child, you have built a beautiful home,' said the mer-baby. 'May it be mine when the tide flows over it? I should love to sit inside it when the sea-horses race above.'

'Of course you can have it,' said Elsie.

'I cannot promise to give it back,' said the mer-baby. 'The sea-horses do trample over everything so. But come here to-morrow if you can, and you will find a present from me instead.'

She put her hand into Elsie's, who quite jumped to feel how cold it was, with webs between the little fingers.

Just then Nurse's calling grew louder, the waves came closer, and the sand castle disappeared beneath the water.

The Grown-ups said Elsie had had a day-dream.

But next morning at low tide, when she tried to find her lost castle in the sands, though it was not to be seen again, in the place where it ought to be lay a big dark-blue mussel-shell, open, with a real round pearl shining inside.

c.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 59.)

CHAPTER V.—LODGING FOR THE NIGHT.

'MY word!' cried Clive, as the match flickered out and left them in darkness. 'My word, that's fairly cooked it!'

'It knocks your little plot on the head, anyhow,' said Godfrey.

'Well,' retorted Clive, 'if it comes to that, how about the car you were going back to Aberguthrie in?'

Godfrey shrugged his shoulders. 'Anyhow,' he said, 'the sooner we start tramping back the better.'

'I jolly well don't want to walk,' cried Kenneth.

'Don't suppose you do,' said Godfrey. 'None too keen myself. But there's nothing else to do, and, what's more, we shall have to make a good pace. We'd better make a start at once.'

'I tell you what,' suggested Clive, 'if this place is shut up for the winter and is going to open again next summer, all the furniture must be there and everything. And if that's so, there'd be somebody here to look after it. A caretaker, you know. I vote we make a good old row and see if we can't make him hear us.'

'It doesn't follow that there is anybody,' said Godfrey. 'Of course, hotels that are right away from all the world like this often close down for the winter. I know Pater wrote to one for Christmas the year before last and could not get an answer, so that we had to go to Bournemouth instead. If you'd had any sense, Clive, you'd have guessed that there wouldn't be any one right out here.'

'Well, you didn't, anyway,' retorted his brother.

'That's different,' said Godfrey. 'I was only coming to get some grub, and if we'd missed our tea it wouldn't have mattered much. But if you were planning to sleep here, you ought to have made jolly sure there'd be a bed.'

'Oh, there's a bed all right,' said Clive. 'I'm going to knock up the old caretaker,' and he began at once knocking on the door with his stick, while Kenneth pulled the bell at the side of the porch. But there was no answer, and after they had rung and knocked for more than ten minutes, even Clive was forced to admit that the hotel must be empty.

'Better not waste any more time,' said Godfrey. 'We are bound to be jolly late home as it is. Let's see. We are about eight miles from Aberguthrie, aren't we? We can't get along very fast in the dark through all that forest, so how long will that take?'

'I don't see how we could do it under four hours,' said Kenneth.

'Then,' said Godfrey, 'we shan't get to Aberguthrie till nearly eleven. I say,' he added suddenly, turning to Clive, 'did you bring that time-table? What time is the last train back to Edinburgh?'

'Bothered if I know,' answered Clive. 'Yes, I do, though,' he added. 'There was

one at nine something or other. Nine-eighteen, I think. There wasn't anything after that.'

'Are you kidding?' demanded Godfrey. 'Any more games?'

'Rather not,' said Clive. 'I don't want to spend the night out here in the open any more than you do.'

'We shall jolly well have to, anyhow,' said Godfrey. 'We couldn't possibly walk those eight miles and get into the train in two hours and a quarter. Seems to me we're about done. You are an ass, Clive.'

'Well, of course, I didn't mean this to happen,' Clive answered. 'I thought we'd all be jolly comfortable in the hotel, you know.'

'Well, you've been just a silly ass, that's all,' said Godfrey. 'Only it's no use jawing about it now. The question is, where are we going to sleep? It's pretty certain there's no one in the building, and there's nothing but forest all round it. It seems to me that we shall have to curl up in this porch and make the best of it. Jolly cold, though.'

'I tell you what,' suggested Kenneth, 'how about that window?'

'Which window?' demanded both his brothers together.

'The one Clive found at the back,' Kenneth explained. 'It was open, you know. We could climb in there, and sleep on the floor.'

'What kind of room was it?' asked Godfrey.

Instead of answering, Clive ran at once to the covered courtyard that ran under part of the first floor of the hotel. Kenneth and Godfrey followed, but by the time they arrived Clive had already pushed up the open window and was sitting astride the sill.

'It's all beastly dark,' he cried. 'Have you got a match?'

He swung himself down into the room and then struck one of the matches which Godfrey passed to him. With the light in his hand, he moved carefully forward, while Godfrey and Kenneth followed him into the room.

Godfrey then struck another match, and in the increased light they were able to make out that they were in a small room, barely furnished, but with its walls covered with cupboards, except where a sink, with a plate-rack above it, stood in one corner. The only door was in the wall opposite to the window. A deal table stood in the middle of the room, and Kenneth climbed on to this, holding its edge and swinging his legs.

(Continued on page 74.)



“‘Are you kidding?’ demanded Godfrey. ‘Any more games?’”



"'I say, is it a well?' he asked."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 71.)

'THIS will do all right,' cried Kenneth. 'Wish we had a better light, though. Whereabouts are you going to sleep, Clive?'

'Not in here, if I can help it,' Clive answered. 'This floor is sure to be jolly hard, and there are certain to be no end of bedrooms, with beds in them, upstairs. Wonder if there's a lamp or anything in one of those cupboards?'

He opened them one after the other. At first they seemed to be entirely empty, but at last he stretched his hand into a back corner and triumphantly produced a tiny fragment of candle.

'This will do to go on with,' he exclaimed. 'Give us a light, Godfrey!'

Kenneth jumped down from the table and turned his attention to the door. It was shut, but came open directly he turned the handle. The boys passed through, and when Clive held the candle aloft they saw that they were in a large kitchen. In one wall was an immense range—'big enough,' as Godfrey declared, 'for roasting an ox'—while another was occupied by a large empty dresser. There were two tables in the room, one wicker armchair, and three ordinary wooden chairs. The remaining walls were covered with bare shelves and empty racks, excepting where there were two doors in addition to the one by which they had entered.

Clive ran at once to the one on the right, its position suggesting that it would lead to one of the main corridors of the hotel. He tugged violently at the handle, but without result.

'What a sell,' he cried. 'Pretty uncomfortable if we can't get farther than this!'

'This one isn't locked, though,' cried Kenneth, and without waiting for a light he pushed back the third door, which was in the furthest corner. A second later the others heard him give a cry of surprise, and then came the sound of a fall.

'Are you all right?' cried Godfrey, running across the room; and then the light of his match showed Kenneth standing beyond the doorway, with his head only a couple of feet above the floor of the kitchen.

'Jolly well ricked my arm,' muttered Kenneth, rubbing it vigorously.

Clive peered over Godfrey's shoulder. 'I say, is it a well?' he asked.

'No jolly fear,' answered Godfrey. 'Not deep enough. Looks like a sort of cellar. I'm going down.'

'Mind how you come,' said Kenneth. 'There's a flight of steps. Jolly steep. I couldn't see them and came a cropper. I hung on to the handle of the door, or I'd have gone right on to my nut, you know.'

Holding the candle carefully forward, Godfrey, followed by Clive, went down the four steps. At the bottom was a small cellar, with whitewashed stone walls, to which a series of shelves had been fastened by struts. The place was barely five feet high, so that both Godfrey and Clive had to uncomfortably bend their heads.

'Wonder what they use this place for?' said Godfrey.

'It seems pretty empty,' answered Kenneth, still holding his strained wrist.

'What's under that sacking in the corner?' asked Clive, and then they discovered a heap of tins. Two were large, and were labelled, 'DIGESTIVE BISCUITS'; the others were smaller, and contained tongue and other forms of meat.

'I say,' cried Clive, 'do you think this stuff is good? We could do with something of the sort for supper; we haven't enough of that ham and bread to go round.'

'About four months old, anyway,' said Godfrey.

'Oh, that 'd be all right,' Kenneth declared. 'If the tins haven't been opened it would last for years. I read the other day about some fellows in the Arctic. They left a heap of tinned stuff like this under a pile of stones—a cairn, you know. Then three years later another expedition came along, found it and ate it. Perfectly all right!'

'Well, then,' said Godfrey, 'you can have first bite. You can be taster, you know. Didn't the old kings have somebody of the sort, to see whether their stuff was poisoned? Anyhow, it might be jolly good if it is all right.'

In the side wall of the cellar was a low door. Clive turned the handle, but it remained immovable. 'Pity we can't get through here,'

he declared. 'We might have been able to work round through a whole lot of cellars, you know, and so have come out into a decent room of some sort. Still, even that old kitchen will better than being outside. I vote we go back and have a feed.'

A more thorough exploration of the kitchen and of the cupboards in the pantry brought to light a heap of dust-sheets which had been hidden from sight on a top shelf. It was decided to use these as bedding, and also Kenneth suggested that they should turn the two tables upside down to act as beds. Godfrey thought that tables would be just as hard as the floor, and he insisted on taking the thickest of the dust-sheets and folding it to act as a

mattress. The others they divided between them, Clive and Kenneth placing their up-turned tables on either side of the empty fireplace, while Godfrey put his mattress close beneath the kitchen window.

It was disappointing to find that there was no electric light, and that the gas that ordinarily lighted the room had been turned off at the main. The small piece of candle was soon used up, and they had to eat an uncomfortable meal in increasing darkness. Then it seemed useless to sit up any longer, and, taking off coats and boots, and loosening their braces, they lay down and made themselves as comfortable as possible in their improvised beds.

(Continued on page 87.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

By RUTH COBB, *Author of 'The Magnificent and his Times.'*

III.—ISLANDS, ACCORDING TO LUCIAN.

THE story of the adventures of Ulysses on his voyage home from the siege of Troy influenced many Greek writers. According to an author of later times, a Syrian named Lucian, who was born about the year 125 A.D., hardly any one could write a history of their own adventures without exaggerating, and while professing to write of their own travels, described monstrous beasts, savages, and strange ways of life that they could never have seen or known about. Lucian observes that he does not so much mind the author lying; he is only surprised that he should ever imagine he could escape detection.

Lucian, to whom all this caused much amusement, determined to write a story that would appear to be his own adventures. But they should be entirely imaginary, for he considered he himself had always lived a very humdrum life. His subject, he said, was to be 'what I have neither seen, experienced, nor been told; what neither exists nor could conceivably do so.' He called his book *The True History*.

Lucian's parents had not intended him to be an author. They were not very well off, and directly he was old enough to leave school it was necessary for him to earn his living. While still at school he had often got into trouble with his masters because he would scrape off the wax that covered his writing tablets and mould it into figures of animals and men. This he had done rather well, and as his uncle was a sculptor, his parents thought

it would be a good thing if he was trained by him to engrave and chisel in marble and stone.

Lucian himself thought he should like it, and felt full of his own importance and able to impress his fellow-workmen. The first day his uncle gave him a chisel, and told him to give a gentle touch to a stone plaque that was lying by. The boy in his inexperience brought down the tool too heavily and broke the plaque; his uncle was furious and beat him. He ran home crying to his mother to show her his bruises, declaring that his uncle had done it out of envy. His mother took the boy's part, and Lucian had already made up his mind not to be a sculptor. He says he was helped in his decision by a dream that he had the following night, when the figures of Statuary and Culture appeared, saying he was to choose which he would follow. He chose Culture, and determined to be a Rhetorician. A rhetorician was a man who spoke for or wrote speeches for clients in Courts of Law, and gave public displays of his skill in speaking and reading. Lucian appears to have been a successful rhetorician in Greece, and later on in Rome and Gaul.

Eventually he returned home and settled in Athens. He was then forty years old, and he determined to become an author. He wrote, using the form of the dialogue: not philosophical dialogues like those of Plato, but written simply to amuse people. They were very successful, and he travelled about, giving



"Suddenly a waterspout came upon them."

public readings of them. From his writings we learn much about the customs of those times, and also a good deal about the art of Ancient Greece.

Islands must have had a special fascination for Lucian, for nearly all the strange lands that he pretends he visited in *The True History* are islands.

He starts by saying that the object of his voyage was 'a passion for novelty, a curiosity about the limits of the ocean and the peoples who live beyond it.' He pretends that he sets out from the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) in a sloop specially strengthened for a long and arduous voyage, and with a crew of fifty sailed into the Atlantic.

After encountering severe storms, on the eighth day they reach a wooded island. Twenty of the crew land for a tour of inspection. Half



Lucian—a Greek Rhetorician.

a mile inland they come upon a river of wine instead of water and well stocked with fish of a wine colour. They find that the source of the river is a number of huge vines covered with grapes; from the root of each was a trickle, which, joining, formed the river. They filled some casks, and the next day went on their way. Suddenly a waterspout came upon them, which swept the ship round and up to a height of three hundred and fifty miles above the earth. There she remained; the wind filled her sails, and she was carried along through the air.

They journeyed thus for eight days till they saw land again, another island. They landed



"The monster whale swallowed it."

and found that it was inhabited. By day no other land could be seen, but at night many more islands appeared in view, and down below one with cities, rivers, seas, and mountains. This they concluded must be the earth they had come from. They did not intend to stay on the island, but they were found by a patrol of men mounted on vultures and taken before the King of the island. From him they learnt that they were on the Moon. The King persuaded them to help him in a war against the Sun, and they stayed till that was over. Then they insisted on leaving, being anxious to reach the sea again. They sailed on a downward course and reached the Isle of Lanterns. On landing they found no human being, but numbers of lanterns bustling about everywhere. Some were small and faint, while others were great and powerful. They all had homes and names like human beings, and could speak. There was a Government House in the middle of the city, where the Governors sat all night calling the roll-call. Any one not answering was extinguished for a punishment. The voyagers listened for some time, and Lucian recognised his own house lamp and spoke to him and asked news of friends at home.

They set sail again the next morning, and soon found themselves among clouds. In three days more they were still lower and could see the Ocean, and on the fourth day, when the wind dropped, they fell and were deposited once more on the sea. They were delighted to be on the smooth sea again. In a few days' time they met a crowd of whales. One was far larger than the others, two hundred miles in length. There was no escape for the little ship. The monster whale swallowed it. They

stayed inside for some time, not knowing how to escape. They reckoned their time by the gapes of the whale; he gaped regularly once an hour. Eventually the whale died, and they were able to pull the vessel up and sling it to one of the teeth and let it down gently into the water.

They then encountered ice, and for some time the ship was frozen in. Then they come to a sea of milk which had on it a white island made of cheese and covered with vines. The fruit when squeezed was found to be full of milk.

Five days later they were again sailing on salt water, and saw numbers of men walking on the sea. They were like all other men, except that their feet were made of cork. They came from the island of Cork, which was founded on a large round cork. The voyagers decided, after some consideration, not to stop, but to steer for a larger island they could see close by.

As the ship drew near, a marvellous scent was wafted to them. Delighted with the perfume, they disembarked. In the flowery meadows they met men, guardians of the peace, who bound them with rose leaves and brought them before the Governor. They found the land was called the Island of the Blest. They were given permission to stay, but only for a limited time, seven months. Among the inhabitants they met many famous people whom they had known in history and romance, including the poet Homer. Lucian spoke to him and asked him several questions about things that he had always wanted to know. One was whether Homer had written the *Odyssey* before the *Iliad*, as was generally believed; but Homer answered that it was not so. Lucian did not need to ask him about his blindness, for it was obvious that he was able to see. When they were leaving the island,

Homer wrote a couplet which Lucian carved on a pillar close to the harbour:

'This island, ere he took his homeward way,
The blissful gods gave Lucian to survey.'

Their next port of call was the Island of Dreams, and they sailed into the harbour of Slumber. The whole place was covered with trees of the poppy, while through it flowed a river with two springs, one called 'Wake-not' and the other 'Night-long.' The Dreams themselves were very different in appearance; some were handsome, some were ugly, and the voyagers felt that they had met many of them before. Thirty days and nights they stayed and slept, and were only awakened by a loud clap of thunder. They jumped up hurriedly and put out to sea. As they sailed on, strange things happened. The figurehead of the ship, a goose that was carved in wood, suddenly began to flap its wings; the ship's mast came to life, putting forth branches sideways and fruit at the top. These strange happenings alarmed the crew, and they grew nervous of what might follow.

Presently a great storm arose and the ship became a complete wreck; they all managed to swim to shore, every man snatching up his arms and anything else he could lay hold on.

Then Lucian says, 'Such are the adventures that befel me, up to our arrival at another continent, our sea voyage, our cruise in the air and among the islands. Our fortunes on the continent will be the subject of the following books.'

But there were no further adventures, no more books, for there *The True History* ends. Why Lucian did not finish it, we do not know. Perhaps he could not devise any more imaginary lands or islands, for in these adventures he has surely surpassed the stories of his day that were told to the people as fact, and has delighted in so doing.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.L., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

Illustrated by the Author.

(Continued from page 67.)

WE offered the poor man some of our meat pasty, and in doing so discovered that we too were uncommonly hungry. So, seating ourselves on the straw beside him we all three pegged away at the meat pasty. The man at first seemed ravenous, but really he ate very

little—he had fasted too long, I suppose. When Jemmy returned with two legs of a fowl, some cold potatoes, and a large piece of bread, we had nearly finished the pasty, and the man could eat no more, so we wrapped the food in paper and placed it in his wallet.

'We've come a long, long way,' confided the Blanketeer, 'and we've got a long way further to go—a matter of fifty miles to London, but to London we will go. They're rising in the North, and they daren't be behind 'em here. They're coming on in their thousands. They're camping out now under a hill they call the Beacon, a mile from here. I stopped for the meeting, being a bit overcome. There's to be some rare speakers to-night they tell me. You shall hear the voice of Freedom to-night, young gentlemen. I'll take you into the Club, and you shall hear for yourselves, and you shall go and tell your friends, and the nobility and gentry, the truth. There's no work in the country for poor people, and bread too dear to come by, through the iniquitous Corn Laws, and the new inventions to do away with hand-labour.'

The man fell into a fit of dozing, and Dick and I discussed our own concerns, Jemmy meanwhile clattering about in his clogs making a cheerful noise as he cleaned harness, and polished steel bits and bridle chains.

'We don't seem much nearer getting possession of the letter,' I said. Dick tightened his lips and knit his brows with an expression of great determination.

'I'm going into the club-room when the meeting begins,' he said, 'and I'll denounce that man before them all as a thief and a bully. Yes, I'll denounce him to his face. It'll be a strange thing if there's not some honest men there to take my part, and stand up for right and justice—you shall see. If he has a particle of shame in him he's bound to deliver up the letter.'

I had my doubts, but of course I meant to stand by Dick whatever happened. What is the use of a comrade if he will not stand by you, even though you may be doing something rather foolhardy? Nor was I alone, for Jemmy, whom we thought busily occupied, had caught Dick's words, and now encouraged him in his resolve.

'Bravo, young gentleman!' he exclaimed, 'you 'm right. I like a gentleman as 'll stand up for the right and blow the consequences. Tell the Captain if he keeps your letter, you'll take his 'oss—here it is, I'll give it you. That Captain wants taking down a peg or two. I'll come with you and see the fun—that I will.'

This offer of the horse was not seriously meant, of course, but Jemmy heartened us up,

and we liked the idea of being backed by his presence at the Club Meeting.

Meanwhile the day had been drawing toward a close, and it was now dusk, lights were appearing in the windows of the 'Rose and Crown,' and the movement of figures within could be seen. A group of men had collected at the gate, and in the street there were sounds of growing excitement, loud voices and some laughter as past the gateway marched arm-in-arm a number of young men singing. Darkness falling, the three windows of the long Club-room were lit up, throwing a ruddy glow into the stable yard, and over the red blinds we caught a glimpse of people assembling. A moment later a man appeared outside, who closed the shutters, and we stood just within the stable doorway waiting in the darkness for Jemmy.

CHAPTER V.

THE HAMPDEN CLUB AND FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

'Now's your time,' said Jemmy the Ostler, slipping on his jacket. 'I'll show you the way.'

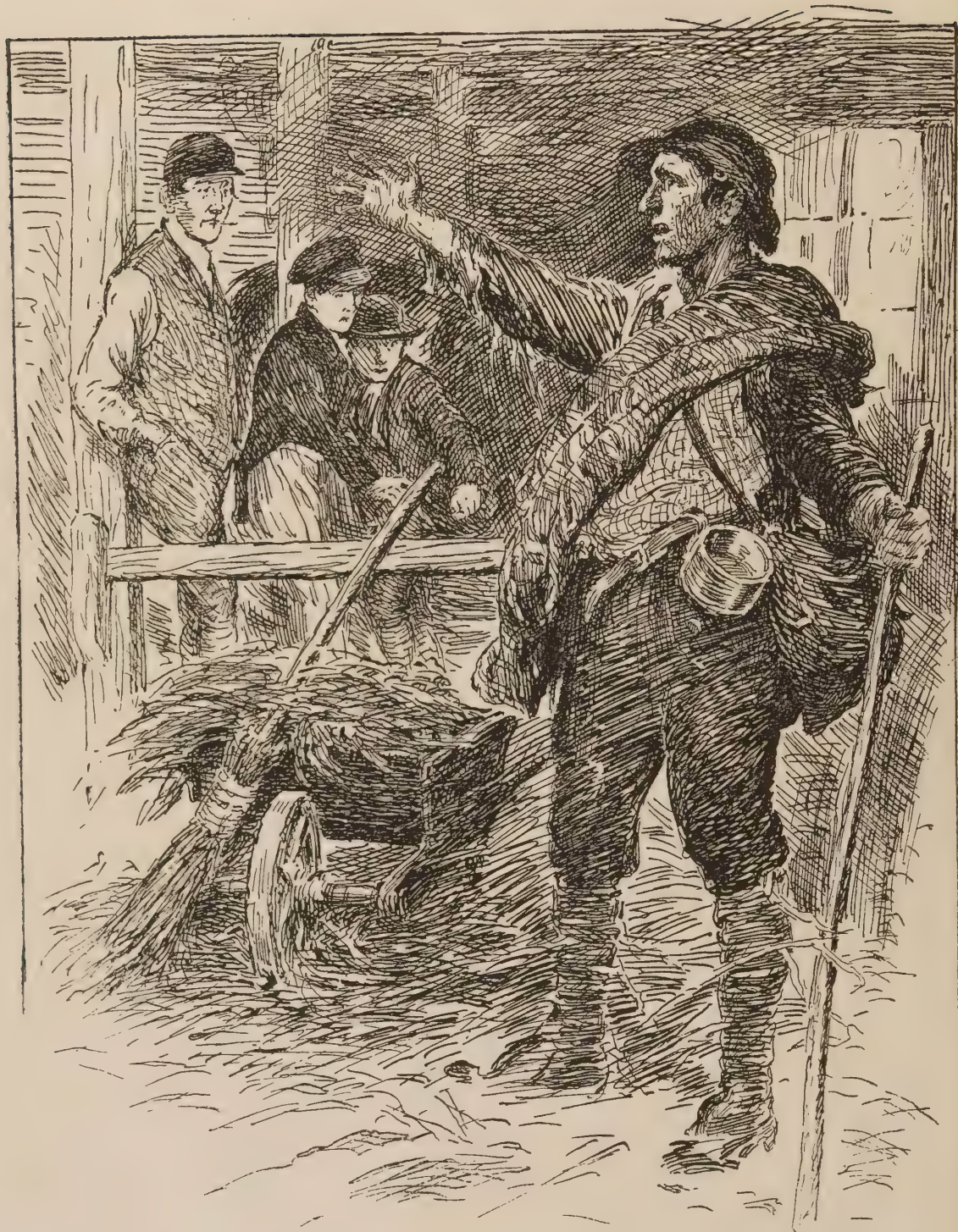
The Blanketeer had roused himself from his uneasy slumber, and had joined us at the stable door. It was now quite dark, but the light shining through the round holes in the upper part of the window shutters, like three full moons, faintly illumined the stable yard. We approached the house. 'Now then, Master Dick'—and Jemmy lowered his voice—'you get up on my shoulders and take a peep through the hole in the shutter and see if your man's there; only don't dig your boots into my face.' Dick scrambled to Jemmy's shoulders and peered through the hole; then after a moment, sliding to the ground, whispered, 'He's there right enough, and the other man with him—this end of the table backing on the fireplace.'

'Right we are,' said Jemmy. 'Now follow me, and mind the steps.'

This groping in the dark and whispering had a creepy effect on me, and was not at all to my taste. However, Dick followed Jemmy, and I followed Dick, and the Blanketeer, who still stuck to us, though I really believe he was half asleep, and had not the slightest notion what it was all about, brought up the rear.

We stumbled up three steps to the back door, groped our way along a short passage, and in a twinkling Jemmy had hustled us into a lighted room, down the middle of which ran a long table, at which were seated a score of men—by no means the crowd I had expected to see.

(Continued on page 82.)



The Blanketeer.



"I charge that man with robbery on the highway."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by the Author.*

(Continued from page 79.)

AT the head, and facing us, sat a big, well-dressed man, with a rather stupid face, who was evidently the president or chairman, and at his left the Captain, his chair pushed back somewhat from the table to allow room for his long legs.

He, that is to say the Captain, was leaning back in his chair, his arms were folded across his chest, and he surveyed nothing in particular with an air of great importance. Next him was the little man, who was on his feet addressing the meeting. The others, for the most part, had their backs towards us. They were intent on the speaker, and did not notice our entry; so, our end of the room being removed from the candle-light and in comparative darkness, we escaped observation.

In the main it was a company of well-dressed men, though some of them affected a slovenliness of attire to fit a recklessness of manner—keeping on their hats and sprawling on the table in an unceremonious way as though they would be known as men of the people and patriots spurning all formalities. A few there were, too, of the artisan class who, if not so well dressed, were more seemly in their behaviour.

The speaker was discoursing on the alarming state of affairs in the manufacturing districts of the North, but from a point of view that surprised us exceedingly, as we had learned from Grandfather to regard them as most deplorable.

He spoke glibly and with a certain amount of enthusiasm; his voice, however, was neither strong nor inspiring. One or two of those present shifted in their seats impatiently, as though they thought they could do better and were only waiting for an opportunity to make themselves heard. To remedy the defect in his associate, the Captain lost no opportunity of expressing approval and giving life to the proceedings by shouting in a loud voice, 'Hear! hear!'

The little man was, however, drawing his speech to a close and showing more animation.

'But what are we doing?' he cried. 'Yorkshire and Derbyshire in a blaze—from eight to ten thousand marching southward from St. Peter's Field, Manchester—Nottingham in the

hands of the people—its Castle taken—the barracks seized, and the soldiers with us—yes, the soldiers with us to a man—and what are we doing in the South? There's Kent, that used to breed men in the old days—what are the men of Kent doing? Why, burning a cornstack or two under cover of night, and scurrying back to their holes again. There's nothing to be got that way. What are the men of Sussex doing? What are we doing? Why, talking in our sleep and doing nothing.'

Here a rather fussy individual interrupted, 'No, no. Haven't we drawn up the Memorial to the Prince Regent?'

'Oh, yes,' continued the little man, 'praying their High-and-Mightinesses to consider favourably the plea of their High-and-Mightinesses' most humble servants, and then not a man with courage enough to deliver it personally.'

Here the Captain laughed derisively.

'And shall I tell you what will happen to it? Why, exactly the same that happened to the other. The under-secretary's under-secretary will drop it in the waste-paper basket.'

'Hear! hear!' from the Captain.

'What are we doing, or rather, what are we going to do? Are we to sit here passing resolutions and making amendments, when the time for action has arrived?'

'Not if there's a man to follow me,' cried the Captain.

'Are we to sit here and let slip the tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune? Look at Nottingham—look at Brandreth, the Nottingham Captain—there's a man for you—he's on his way this very moment, in spite of wind and weather, collecting his thousands as he goes.'

There were loud expressions of approval from the Captain and a section of those present. The Blanketeer whispered in my ear: 'There, what did I tell you? They're coming on in their thousands.'

'The day has arrived,' continued the orator. 'There must be no more hesitation, no more going back. I have it on the best authority—that of Oliver himself, that all London is ready to rise—that one hundred and fifty thousand are ready to sweep in from the east of the capital and a like number from the

west, and are now only waiting for us to move. What are we going to do? There are five hundred men yonder under the hill, and fresh men arriving in scores—full of enthusiasm. They are waiting for leaders. Where are the leaders—born leaders of men, who are ready to take risks in a mighty cause?’

There were shouts of approval as the speaker resumed his seat—the Captain’s voice preponderating, but it was noticeable that several did not join in the applause; in fact, there was murmuring and dissent, some turned in their seats to speak with their neighbours, whilst others leaned over the table, and there was an appearance of the meeting breaking up into groups.

At this moment Dick marched forward into the room, almost to where the Chairman sat, and spoke out in a firm voice that fairly surprised me.

‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘I am sorry to disturb your meeting, but I have business of great importance, and I must be heard.’

He held himself and spoke with the assurance of a six-foot man, although he was only a boy of fifteen—I was amazed. ‘I am sure there must be gentlemen here,’ he said, ‘who will not countenance robbery on the highway, and that is the crime I charge that man with,’ and he pointed at the Captain.

The men had ceased their conversing and listened, for Dick had raised his voice to a high pitch. The Chairman looked puzzled.

‘I was on my way from Lewes to this town with my cousin this morning, charged with the delivery of an important packet, when that

man—again Dick pointed at the Captain—and his companion overtook us as we were seated by the roadside eating our lunch; and seeing the letter beside me, they deliberately stole it, in spite of my resistance, and made off on their horses. That man is a thief and a bully, and I call upon honest gentlemen here who will not see the weak robbed by the strong, to demand the return of the letter to me this moment.’

Jemmy, at my side, was rubbing his hands in glee, and muttering, ‘Go it, little ‘un.’

(Continued on page 93.)

THE FLIGHT.

Up! Up!

Watch my kite fly,

Bobbing about in the windy sky.

‘What is this thing?’ a bird seems to say,

Circling around it, ‘Get out of my way!’

Mr. Kite, it *must* be fun,

Voyaging towards the sun;

Perched on your back, I’d love to glide too—

Up! Up!

A-sail in the blue.

Down! Down!

See my kite fall,

As I rewind the string in a ball.

Every moment bigger it grows;

Now past the tree-tops swiftly it goes.

Aren’t you giddy, Mr. Kite,

Tumbling down from such a height?

Heavy and limp, quite plainly dead-beat—

Down! Down!

It drops at my feet.

FRANK LIND.

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW,

Author of ‘Everybody’s Theatre,’ &c. Illustrated by the Author.

III.—ANIMAL ACTORS.

IN grandfather’s day a monkey on an organ was a common sight. Swarthy Italians, with curly black hair and a permanent smile, ground out, ‘Come where my love lies dreaming,’ or some other popular tune, on a weird old organ, or an asthmatic accordion, while ‘Jacko,’ resplendent in his little blue coat and bright red breeches, hopped about at the end of a long chain, climbed up rain-water pipes—like a cat-burglar—and collected the pennies, as well as a goodly store of lump sugar from the delighted little girls and boys

who witnessed his performance. But ‘Jacko’ and his master seem to have passed into the world of dreams, and the streets of London know them no more.

With the passing of Jacko went another old friend, the brown bear. Time was when he filled us all with awe and wonder. The mystery of it was, why he never ate his master, or knocked him sprawling with one blow from his heavy paw. Of course, the ring through his nose and the long chain, to say nothing about the great thick pole his master carried,

had a good deal to do with the matter. But he *could* dance, and do many other funny tricks that made everybody love him, and run to see his little show (fig. 1).

To-day, however, we see nothing of Bruin, or Jacko, and very few animals of any sort performing in the streets. Sometimes, at fairs, they may be seen in booths, and they are also shown, occasionally, at variety theatres. But



FIG. 1.

A Dancing Bear of Victorian Days.

the great amount of cruelty that was used by many of the animal-trainers caused an outcry to be made against the practice, and laws were made especially for the protection of these dumb and helpless actors, and, at the same time, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is ever on the watch on their behalf.

This business of training animals to perform is by no means a modern art, in fact it is as old as old can be. Snake-charming, though it is never seen in the streets of England, is an everyday sight in India and the Eastern lands, and it is so old an amusement that there are quite a number of references to it in the Bible.

In Psalm 58, verses 4 and 5, it says: 'They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of *charmers*, charming never so wisely'; and Jeremiah said: 'Behold, I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you, which will not be *charmed*' (Jer. 8, verse 17).

The Egyptians, too, discovered a method of extracting the poison glands from the deadly asp, and charmed it in much the same manner as is used in India.

Music appears to have taken a very great part in the training of animals, and the old Greek legend of Orpheus, who not only charmed the birds and beasts by means of his skill upon the lyre, but played so sweetly that even the rocks and trees of Olympus had to follow him, must have had some kind of foundation in this art.

Our old friends the Saxon gleemen were masters of this difficult business of animal-training, and so were the jongleurs of Norman times. Quaintly-drawn illustrations to manuscripts and missals of their time show that there was very little difference between the antics of the bears that made our Saxon and mediæval forefathers laugh, and those of the later nineteenth and early twentieth century bruins. Sometimes monkeys were brought into the troupe and rode around on the back of the bear. Sometimes the 'jackanape' was taught to ride a horse and perform his tricks, and, at other times, he gave his little 'turn' quite alone (fig. 2), leaping and jumping over a chain or cord held by his trainer. In later days men taught these monkeys to perform feats of balancing, and, like Blondin, to walk



FIG. 2.

A Fourteenth Century Monkey Acrobat.

the tight-rope. There was one in the early eighteenth century shown at Charing Cross who not only walked the tight-rope, but did the same on a slack-rope too, and 'pulled off his hat,' and 'smoked tobacco' into the bargain.

Other animals besides bears and apes were trained to do wonderful things. Dogs were taught to do many clever tricks and were formed into regular troupes. Ben Jonson in

his play, *Bartholomew Fayre* (1614), speaks of 'dogges that dance the morrice,' and at Southwark Fair in the first part of the eighteenth century a showman had a very cleverly trained troupe of canine actors all trained to dance to the sound of music. There were also Mrs. Midnight's animal comedians, a combined performance between a lot of dogs and monkeys, which in 1753 attracted a



FIG. 3.

Some of Mrs. Midnight's Animal Comedians.

considerable amount of attention. Perhaps this little couplet on the illustrated playbill—

'To you dear Friends we hold th' Instructive Glaſs
That ye may ſee your Shadow as you paſs—

encouraged the audience to turn up in goodly numbers. At any rate, judging by what the old playbill says, it must have been a very wonderful show; the animals appear to have done practically everything a human being can do and then finished the performance with a grand spectacle entitled a *Siege of a Town* (fig. 3).

In addition to dogs, even hares and pigs have had their day as public performers, and there is a manuscript of the fourteenth century in the Harleian Collection which depicts a trained cockerel that strutted about on stilts (fig. 4) and birds of all descriptions, canaries, parrots, linnets, and cockatoos, have all played their part as money-earners for their master or mistress.

Visitors to a circus are always much impressed by the clever acting of the horses which prance around the ring, and rise up on their hind legs and dance to the music of the band. In fact so highly have horses been



FIG. 4.

A Dutch Performing Bird of 1760 and a Cockerel on Stilts of the Fourteenth Century.

trained that at the circus of Cortz Altdorf, a famous continental ring, a horse made a number of balloon ascents alone. The ancients are said to have been great masters of horse-training. The people of Sybaris (Calabria, in Italy) taught their horses to dance to the music of the pipe, and in the thirteenth century there was shown a famous rope-dancing horse, while the artists of the fourteenth century found plenty of scope for their talents in depicting the different method employed in the instruction of performing ponies and horses, one of which was taught to tap his fore legs and hind legs on a board like a man playing a drum (fig. 5).



FIG. 5.

A Mediæval Horse Trainer.

Much of this animal-training and jugglerie, however, has merged in modern times into the great circuses that travel the country and bring colour and joy to all children for miles around, and in the next chapter the stories of some of these wonderful travelling shows will be told.

THE CANNIBAL THAT LOOKS LIKE A SAINT.

THERE died in the south of France some time ago an old man named Henri Fabre. He had lived in poverty and obscurity. His life-purpose had been the study of insects. From childhood he had delighted in beetles, bees, and butterflies; and so far back as he could remember he said he saw himself in ecstasy before the splendour of a ground-beetle's wing-cases or the wings of a 'swallow-tail.'

Now he is recognised as having been one of the greatest naturalists of our time. He has been called the poet of the insect world.

In one of his books he tells the life story of a curious insect which was called by peasant neighbours in France 'the animal that prays to God.' The same idea peeps out even in its scientific name, Mantis, which really means prophet. The name was given because of its devout appearance, for it assumes a half-erect posture, and raises its fore legs as though in prayer. So it got its delightful name before its character was really known. The little creature was judged by its appearance. It looked innocent and harmless.

Fabre, however, studied its character, and now we know the insect in its true colours. It is no saint, but a cannibal. Those arms, folded as though in prayer, are really cut-throat weapons, with a double-edged saw ending in a hook, a most perfect instrument for piercing and tearing. No other of our insects, Fabre says, is so difficult to handle, for it claws and pricks quite mercilessly, just as a criminal might when being arrested. 'When at rest the trap is folded and pressed back against the chest.' The creature looks harmless enough then; but let a victim pass, and the attitude of prayer is dropped abruptly, and the locust or grasshopper, or whatever the unfortunate one may be, finds himself in a deadly clutch with saws at work that swiftly make an end.

The very sight of a grey locust, evidently a traditional enemy of the Mantis family, works a terrifying transformation. Hate at once possesses the little creature; and, glaring between her uplifted claws, she seems to paralyze her prey, and the grey locust, bigger than the Mantis and a prize leaper, remains stupidly where he is until the tigress strikes.

Nor is that the worst, according to Fabre. This so-called praying mantis even turns round

on her mate, and, having no further use for a husband, kills him and gobbles him up by little mouthfuls, leaving only the wings.

Surely there never was a more vivid warning against judging things merely by appearance.

F. C. HOGGARTH.

A FOX-HOUND'S ADVENTURE.

IT was bedtime, but the children were much too excited to think of sleep. Daddy and Mummy had just returned from a short visit to friends in the country, and had much to tell of all their doings. There was a regular bombardment of questions going on in the night nursery.

'You will never guess who came to tea with us yesterday, children,' said Daddy.

'Grown-ups or children?' asked Eva.

'A monkey?' gurgled tiny Pat.

'Animal, insect, or bird?' questioned Agnes.

'Animal,' was Mummy's reply.

The children rattled through all the animals they knew.

'Wrong, every one of you,' said Daddy.

'It was a fox-hound. Yesterday there was a "meet" near the country house in which we were staying. This poor hound injured its foot, so lost the scent, and was found wandering about in the grounds, looking very miserable. It followed us straight into the house, to the drawing-room, where tea was waiting. He was an enormous fellow. Somebody held on to the tea-table, otherwise he would have knocked it over. We all rushed at the plates of food, and held them high up out of his reach. He would have swept all the good cakes and bread and butter on to the floor with his tail, and gobbled up everything in one mouthful. We gave him two or three buns, which seemed like tiny pills in his great mouth. After that, he lay contented by the huge fire, glad to rest his wounded paw. I'm sure he had never been in a house before, and thought it most comfortable. Soon he began to snore and snore. Such a snore! We could not hear ourselves speak,' continued Daddy amid peals of merry laughter. 'Our host sent for one or two of his men. Between them they induced the dog to go to the stable, where his paw was washed and bound up. He had a lovely meal, and slept on fresh straw. Next day, his master fetched him in his car, and he drove away in state to join the rest of the pack in his own home.'

'I wonder if he told all the other fox-hounds about his exciting adventures?' said Eva.

'Of course he did,' declared Jim and Agnes. 'I wish a fox-hound would come to tea with us, Daddy,' added Jim.

'Thank you! I don't!' laughed Daddy. 'A fox-hound in a large country house is bad enough, but in this small house, he would knock us and everything else to pieces!'

Whatever Daddy thought, the children thought this would be a huge joke.

EDITH E. CARTER.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S FRIEND.

ROBIN REDBREAST sat on the bough of a holly-bush, singing lustily. What a joyful song came from that tiny throat. It was wonderful!

'What makes you so gay this morning? You've been singing ever since daybreak, Robin,' said a thrush from a tree close by.

'I'm only filling up time, waiting for the gardener. He always gives me a worm or two. He's begun digging up that bed on the lawn,' explained Robin, jerking his head towards a large flower-bed. 'If he doesn't come soon, I shall go in search of him.'

'Waiting for the gardener?' repeated a sparrow. 'Well, I never! I always fly away when I see him, or any human being. They frighten me so.'

'Frighten you? How silly!' twitted Robin. 'I find people very friendly and kind. Only yesterday, I hopped on to the gardener's boot whilst he was digging. He was ever so pleased and forked me up the fattest, juiciest worm he could find.'

'People don't frighten me!' chirruped a tit, who had joined the company. 'I often fly with other tits to the cocoa-nut which hangs outside the study window. Sometimes, when the window is open, I hop into the room, and give great delight to our dear old master.'

'That's nothing!' said Robin boastfully.

'The other morning, I flew right into the kitchen, perched on the table and pecked a currant out of the cake. The cook laughed and told me to come every day. So I shall, when there are no worms about. Currants are quite good, I can tell you.'

'Really, Robin! What nonsense you tell us!' exclaimed a bullfinch.

'Go and ask the cook!' answered Robin, puffing his little red breast out and looking very plump. 'Another time,' continued he, 'I flew into a bedroom, perched on the end of the bed, and sang a merry song to our master's wife. She had been ill. I heard her say that my visit and my song had done her a lot of good.'

'How many more things have you done, or pretended to do?' asked the chaffinch in a somewhat jealous tone.

'Lots of things!' answered Robin, his bright black eyes flashing rather angrily. 'If you don't believe me, you can see for yourselves, for here comes my friend, the gardener.'

The birds, agog with curiosity, all watched Robin, as swiftly he flew to his friend, perched on his shoulder, pecked crumbs from the palm of his hand or from between his lips: for the gardener often carried a bag of crumbs as a present to the birds. Finally, Robin flew to his boot, and the birds concealed in the branches heard the gardener say, 'Oho, my beauty! You haven't forgotten yesterday's fat worm! You want another, I s'pose.'

And there Robin waited, his head cocked perkily on one side, until the gardener found a great fat worm. He gobbled it up, then returned to his branch to sing a song of thanks.

'Do you believe now about my friend, the gardener?' twittered Robin to the other birds.

'We do! We do!' chirped they in chorus.

E. E. CARTER.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 75.)

CHAPTER VI. IN THE FOREST.

KENNETH was the first to awake in the morning, and he sat up with a start. He saw the empty kitchen in which they had

slept, and the two upturned tables on the floor, looking absurd with their legs in the air. There were the steps down which he had fallen the night before, and the sight of them made him think of breakfast. They

could have more of the tinned tongue and biscuits and potted meat. A pity there wasn't any tea! Cold water at breakfast would be poor fun.

Looking at his watch, he saw that it was eight o'clock. He ran to the window and looked out into the courtyard at the back of the hotel. The sun had hardly risen, but it was obvious that they were going to have a fine day.

Without waking the others he put on his boots, went through the pantry, and climbed out of the window by which they had entered the previous night. He crossed the courtyard and was soon on the steps that led from the hotel to the road.

The tall trees of the forest seemed to grow on all sides, and beyond the road, a little to the right, he could see an immense mountain which the darkness had hidden the night before. He could see great rocks in its sides, but otherwise its surface was bare to the summit which was white with snow. He drew in his breath sharply as he looked up at it, the first mountain that he had ever seen at such close range. It would be fine to climb it; jolly cold on the snow right at the top of course, but there'd be a ripping climb before that.

A pity they'd have to go back to Edinburgh. The chance of having a day alone in the middle of the forest seemed too good to be missed, and even apart from the mountain they could have gorgeous fun in the forest. He could see a waterfall tumbling down the side of the mountain, and of course there must be a stream somewhere at its foot, running right through the forest. Ripping to explore and find that stream! He wondered whether there was any chance of persuading Godfrey not to go back until the afternoon. There was plenty of grub to last them much longer than that, and with the idea he ran back to join the others.

Clive was now in a helpful mood, and he volunteered to get things ready for breakfast, while Kenneth insisted on taking Godfrey outside to show him Ben Guthrie.

In spite of an uncomfortable night, everybody was cheerful that morning, and Godfrey was as enthusiastic at sight of the mountain and the forest as even Kenneth could have wished. And when they sat down to breakfast at one of the tables, now turned the right way up, Godfrey of his own accord suggested

that they should delay their return to Aberguthrie.

'So long as we get back to Edinburgh in time for dinner this evening,' he declared, 'it doesn't much matter how we fill in the day. I vote we leave a bit of coin here for all the grub we've taken, and then clear out. We can start on the road to Aberguthrie and take our time, you know. We could go right into the forest a bit, and perhaps get to the foot of the mountain and see what it looks like from close up; only we shall have to be jolly sure we don't get lost in the trees.'

'No fear of that,' said Kenneth. 'We can take our bearings by the sun you know, and then be sure of always getting back to where we left the road.'

'Right you are,' said Godfrey. 'You can see to that. Don't pretend to know much about that sort of thing myself. Clive, suppose you get together a decent lot of the grub for lunch.'

Clive set to work willingly enough, and after a good deal of discussion they decided that a ten-shilling note would cover the value of all they had taken.

They left this on the larder shelf, with a brief note signed by Godfrey to explain that they were stranded travellers who had helped themselves.

Then they left the hotel and started down the road by which they had come, swinging their sticks, and all in excellent spirits. Clive was anxious to leave the road at once, and plunge into the forest, but Godfrey insisted on keeping to the road for half a mile till they reached a place where the undergrowth was rather less entangled. Here they turned aside in single file, Clive leading, then Godfrey, and then Kenneth.

By following a winding course, they were able to move fairly easily, taking advantage of every patch that was free from bracken and undergrowth, and in a very few minutes they were out of sight of the road, so that it might in fact not have existed, and they might have been miles from any properly worn track.

'Are you sure you can get us back?' Godfrey demanded, and Kenneth, who had compared the position of the sun before they left the road with the time by his watch, protested that there would not be the slightest difficulty.

(Continued on page 90.)



"There was an unmistakable sound of something forcing its way through the undergrowth."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 88.)

AFTER they had gone forward for a quarter of an hour they heard the sound of rushing water immediately ahead, and then they reached the end of the forest. Beyond it was a stream, some twenty feet broad, with the water rushing and foaming as streams do in mountainous country. On the other side of this, the ground, covered less thickly with trees, sloped steeply, and looking up they saw that they had reached the foot of the mountain. It was so steep that they could see little of it, for it rose as a sort of sloping cliff to a height of about fifty feet, and they could only imagine that from there the mountain rose either in other cliffs or in a more gradual slope to its summit.

'A good-enough place for lunch,' said Godfrey, and on a broad flat stone upon the bank of the stream they sat down to eat the food which they had brought from the hotel.

'Ripping bit of country,' cried Clive.

'Jolly fine,' said Kenneth, looking eagerly up at the cliff above them. 'That must be higher than these trees,' he said. 'I wonder what the forest looks like when you look right down on it?'

'Wouldn't take long to find out,' said Clive, standing up to see the face of the cliff more clearly. 'Easy as anything to climb up there. Just a bit of a scramble, but there are plenty of rocks to hold on to, and there ought to be a most topping view. How about it?'

'You couldn't get across the stream,' Godfrey objected.

'We aren't going swimming, and I'll bet that water is pretty deep.'

'Slippery sort of bottom, too,' said Kenneth.

'Oh, that's all right,' answered Clive. 'Look,' he said, pointing to the left, down the stream; and going to his side they saw a number of stones embedded in the bottom of the river, but showing above the surface of the water.

'Let's have a look,' cried Kenneth, and with Clive at his side he ran along the bank, Godfrey as usual following more slowly. As they reached the stones, they saw that the stream here changed its level, the water, brought into a narrower channel by the rocks, pouring down

in mid-stream in a dashing waterfall four feet high. The sun caught the pouring water and splashing foam, which was showing magnificent colours.

'Easy enough to get across there,' cried Clive. 'Regular stepping-stones. Are you fellows coming?'

'I'm not,' said Godfrey. 'I'm going to get outside that lunch, and then take things easily till we have to start tramping again. Pretty tough work coming through all that shrubbery, and I'm bothered if I want to go climbing on top of it.'

'All right,' said Clive; 'but I'm going. How about you, Kenneth?'

Kenneth was eager enough for the climb, and in fact would have liked to have tried the passage of the rocks at once, jumping the waterfall and then climbing the cliff, hauling himself up hand over hand. Still, it was quite time they got started on some grub, and if Godfrey meant to take his time about getting under way again afterwards, there would be no difficulty about getting to the top of the cliff and back.

Clive agreed to wait, and they went back to the picnic.

'What do you think I dreamt last night?' asked Godfrey, as they started on the meat.

'Dreamt you were asleep?' suggested Clive, with an effort of wit.

'I dreamt I'd lost that money,' answered Godfrey. 'All the lot. The whole twenty pounds; or all that's left of it, at any rate. We'd just got back to the flat, and there was Uncle Rodney, and I was going to fork out the dibs; and when I put my hand in my pocket, it was gone—the pocket-book and all. You bet I felt pretty stiff! Then I woke up, feeling pretty awful, you know.'

'It wasn't true?' demanded Kenneth.

'You can bet I made sure of that,' said Godfrey. 'Counted it through first thing.' He put a hand into the inside pocket of his coat, and drew out a tightly packed case. 'There's more than eighteen pounds still,' he said.

'Better let us each carry a bit,' suggested Clive, 'just for safety, you know.'

'Six pounds each,' Kenneth put in.

'Then,' Clive continued, 'if you lost your share, there'd still be the other twelve to get home on.'

'No fear,' said Godfrey. 'I'm not going to lose the stuff. 'I'll look after it all right.'

'Well, you never know,' Clive insisted. 'Dreams often come true.'

'I say,' cried Kenneth suddenly, 'what's that—that rustling?'

There was the unmistakable sound of something forcing its way through the undergrowth, extremely close to them; something that moved rapidly. Clive leapt to his feet, while Godfrey and Kenneth took hold of their sticks. A second later a large black spaniel bounded out on to the bank of the stream and stood with its tongue hanging forward, and its eyes fixed on the meat in front of them.

'Golly!' cried Clive. 'I thought it was going to be a wolf.'

'You don't get wolves in Scotland,' exclaimed Kenneth.

'Don't see why you shouldn't,' answered Clive. 'Anyhow, it's a decent old beast. Seems fond of tongue, you know; got plenty of its own, anyhow. I vote we give it a bit.'

Godfrey cut off a chunk of meat and threw it to the spaniel, who ate it eagerly. Then, with a toss of the head, it bounded off again under

the trees, and in a few seconds they were unable to hear it moving.

'Decent old beast,' said Clive again. 'Well, come along. Let's get up that cliff. Are you going to have a nap, Godfrey?'

'Anyhow,' answered his brother, 'I'm not going to give myself all the sweat of climbing up there, just to see the tops of a few trees. Jolly sight too comfortable down here.'

'Right you are,' cried Clive. 'Come along Ken—and the two walked away in the direction of the stepping-stones.'

(Continued on page 99.)

TASTES VARY.

'I'D like to munch,'
Said Donkey Ned,
'A lovely bunch
Of carrots red!'
'O no! for lunch,'
The mastiff said,
'I'd rather crunch
A bone instead!'

'Give me to eat,'
Mewed Pussy wee,
'The birds that tweet
Upon the tree!'
'Nay, flow'rets sweet
Appear to me
The greatest treat!'
Quoth Honey-Bee!

K. E. S.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

By P. M. BAKER.

Illustrated by T. E. HAYWOOD and BERNARD WAY.

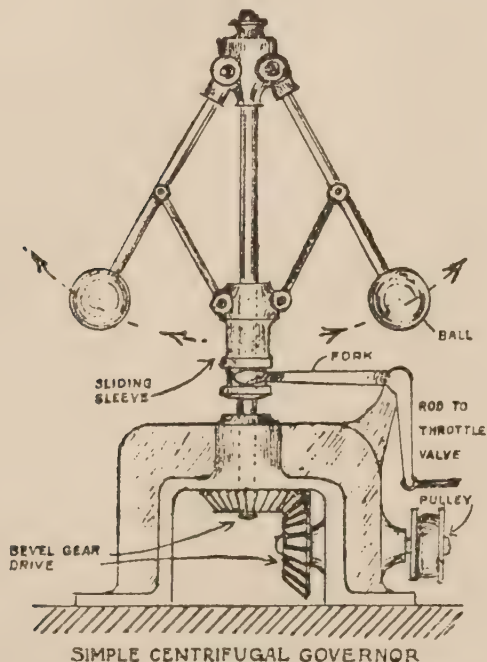
(Continued from page 70.)

DRAIN-COCKS.—Another point which the engine driver has to know is that, if he turns on hot steam straight into a cold cylinder, there is much danger that sufficient of it will be condensed to fill up the cylinder end, and, as water is practically incompressible, the cylinder, or its end cover, may, and probably will, be burst. Drain-cocks are provided so that, by allowing steam to enter the cylinder gently and draining off all water produced, the cylinders may be warmed before the engine is started. The use of these drain-cocks can be well observed on a locomotive, as the steam and water blow out under the engine when starting. Their use draws our attention to the fact that gases and vapours are capable of expansion and

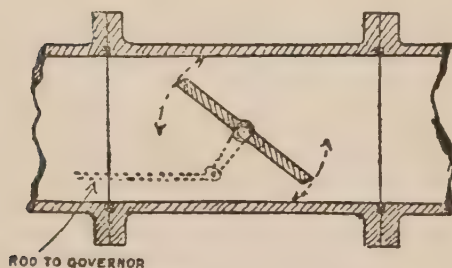
compression while liquids are practically incompressible.

The Governor.—Many engines, especially stationary ones, are subject to great fluctuations of load, and, unless some special appliance was introduced to prevent it, the speed would similarly fluctuate, the engine going slowly when heavily loaded and 'running away' when the load went off. For many purposes, this does not matter; the locomotive may struggle slowly uphill or do its best turn of speed down a long, easy gradient, and we are quite satisfied; but the engine which drives a workshop or the electrical machinery of a generating-station must maintain as nearly constant speed as possible. The Governor is the device used to

secure this result. Our sketch shows one of the simplest forms of the apparatus. It has a vertical spindle driven by the engine, generally by means of 'bevel wheels.' Two arms, each of which carries a ball at its end, are pivoted to the spindle and connected by links to a sliding sleeve, in which is a groove which controls a



THE BALLS FLY OUTWARDS AS THE SPEED INCREASES RAISING THE SLIDING SLEEVE & CLOSING THE THROTTLE VALVE



THROTTLE VALVE USED WITH THE ABOVE GOVERNOR ON EARLY ENGINES.

lever connected to a valve in the steam-pipe. When the engine is going, the balls take up a position depending on the speed; at high speed the centrifugal force causes them to move outwards and raise the sleeve, thus partly closing the steam valve, while at low speeds they collapse and open the steam passage fully. This is a wasteful method, as the partly closed valve

simply impedes the steam and lowers its pressure, and, moreover, the apparatus as shown is not very accurate; but by improvements in the method of carrying the balls, by the addition of springs, and by utilising the governor to alter the 'cut-off' of the engine, instead of closing a steam valve, it has been made economical and accurate in its speed-control.

STEAM TURBINES.

There is another method of producing power by means of steam, which operates in an entirely different method, and which was, in fact, probably the earliest method used for the obtaining of power from steam; for it is recorded as having been used before Christian times by an Egyptian philosopher named Hero. If steam escaping from a jet is allowed to blow upon

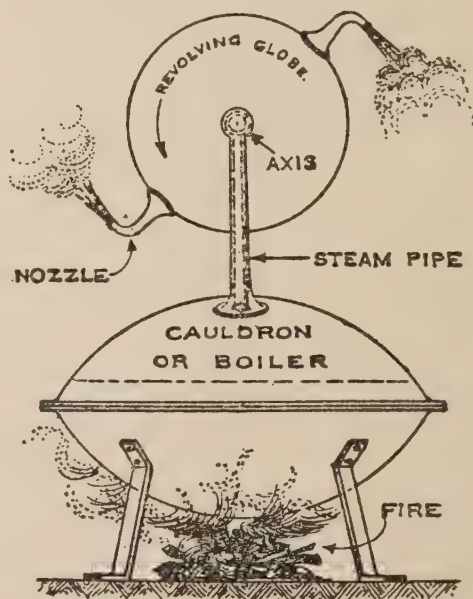


DIAGRAM SHOWING PRINCIPLE OF HERO'S ENGINE. 130 B.C.

vanes attached to a wheel, the whole arrangement being somewhat like a windmill, it will drive it round; but it would only be possible to use very small quantities of steam at very low pressures in such an arrangement; toys working in this way are, in fact, to be seen in London shops. The device is, however, the prototype of the modern steam turbine, into which, largely owing to the inventive genius of the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons in this country and M. Rateau and others abroad, it has been developed.

(To be concluded.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by the Author.*

(Continued from page 83.)

THE Captain, not at all abashed, leaned back in his chair, smiling in an aggravating manner. 'How do you know I haven't delivered the letter?' he said.

'I know he has not, gentlemen. I have inquired at the place to which it was addressed. He has it in his left-hand breast pocket.'

'The boy's quite right,' declared the Captain, laughing indulgently. 'It's here in my pocket.' He slapped himself on the breast. 'And here it will remain. 'It is enough to say that the letter is addressed to Lord Henry Gordon, and you can guess very well what that means. Innocent-faced boys, like dainty young ladies, make very good spies and go-betweens.'

'Mr. Chairman, I don't quite understand this,' said the fussy gentleman. 'If this is true, I strongly disapprove of such actions; we have had too much lawlessness already. Any cause disgraced by such methods is sure to suffer.'

The Chairman still looked puzzled. The little man, who had remained silent, apparently taking no interest in this incident, now gave a little preliminary cough behind his hand, and said, in icy tones: 'Mr. Chairman, we are gathered here on affairs of the highest importance, and time is of serious consequence; I protest against these interruptions. I was under the impression that this was a strictly private meeting of the Committee. Is that not so, Mr. Chairman?'

'Oh, decidedly,' replied the Chairman, 'a meeting of the Committee alone—strictly private.'

'Then I am in order in moving that all intruders, of whom I see three or four about the doorway, should be requested to withdraw at once or be removed.'

'Most decidedly in order,' murmured the Chairman, then raising his voice: 'Mr. Knokes and Mr. Battledoor, will you kindly see to it that all intruders are removed, and kindly lock the door.'

In the midst of a final appeal from Dick and protestations from Jemmy, we were hustled through the doorway into the passage, the door being locked behind us.

Dick was furious. Said Jemmy in disgust:

'Fine friends of Freedom they are, and that Captain wants to have the stuffing knocked out of him. Howsomever, he can look after his own 'oss hisself now, and fetch him when he wants him. I've half a mind to put a few tin-tacks under his saddle, on'y it's unprofessional. Never you mind, Master Dick, we ain't played our last card yet. Wait till he comes out into yard, we'll trip him up and take the letter from him.'

Fatally for Jemmy's wild project when we reached the stable-yard, we found it, to our great surprise, thronged with people of the lower orders armed with pikes, bludgeons, and pitchforks, who, as we descended the steps, pressed on us with inquiries: 'When are they coming out?' 'What are they doing?' 'Where's the Captain?' and the like, and showed some impatience at our answers. A motley crowd, some wearing long overcoats, others with blankets slung round them like our rustical friend the Blanketeer, townsmen from the streets of Brighthelmstone, and countrymen in round frock and gaiters, the greater part carrying either a bag or satchel, as if equipped for a journey. There was no noise or disorder among the crowd, only the restless murmur of suppressed excitement and expectation, and more than one recognised Jemmy as an old acquaintance, slapping him on the shoulder by way of greeting. 'We mean it this time,' said one of these confidentially; 'no more shilly-shallying, we're bound for London.'

'Well, this is a puzzler,' exclaimed Jemmy, drawing us within the stable-door; 'a bit beyond me this is, the whole pack has gone crazed. I don't see how we shall get hold of the Captain now.'

'Crowd or no crowd, I shall hang on to him till I get my chance,' Dick declared.

'Tell you what I'll do,' said Jemmy. 'I'll run round to Mr. Coulter, the constable, and bring him along. He will charge the Captain with this highway robbery as he leaves the house, and, if he doesn't deliver up the letter, arrest him. That's what I'll do.'

No sooner said than Jemmy had darted from the stable and disappeared.

We did not know at the time, but had ample

opportunity of learning afterwards that those gathered closely round the back door of the 'Rose and Crown' formed a sort of body-guard to the Captain and were known as the Captain's Bull-dogs. Around this inner circle was the big crowd, broken at its edges into groups engaged in eager discussion.

We, at the stable-door, shifted from one foot to the other as restless as they, for we could not see how matters were going to turn, or how we were to effect our purpose. The Blanketeer still attached himself to us, seeming to consider himself one of our party: he

appeared delighted to see so large an assembly, but scarcely disposed to associate himself with it. We learned from him that his name was Amos Clutterbuck, and that he was a farm servant out of employ 'through the new machinery,' and had joined the movement three days before.

'It's a great time,' he said, 'but the doings of some are not to my liking. I have seen strange things on the way—yes, terrible things that ought not to be. Some of 'em are desperate men—Heaven forgive 'em—they forget it is the cause of freedom—not revenge.'

(Continued on page 103.)

SENTRIES OF THE WILD.

THERE are birds and animals which, as well as human beings, have the wisdom to place sentries in such positions as to protect the main body of them from any surprise attack. Most birds which gather together in flocks for the winter months have this custom. But conspicuous among them are the wild geese and the British starlings. Indeed, the starlings conduct their movements as it were like the military; and while the sentinel sings on a branch of some near tree or other place where it can survey around, the flock feed peacefully on the ground close by. When, however, their sentry takes flight, every one of them rises into the air at once, wheeling and gliding in exact time with the leader.

Almost as well arranged are the geese. Perched on some high place where it can scan land and sky and water, the goose sentinel stands motionless, and very intent on guard; while the others of the flight forage for food along the edges of the marshy grounds. Yet all keep a very wary eye upon their sentry, and, at the slightest uneasiness shown by it, are at once on the alert to take wing, which they do at some recognised sign of undoubted alarm on the part of the sentinel. No wild fowl is so suspicious as the wild goose, and such a guard does its work with almost uncanny thoroughness, as the wildfowler knows well.

With the baboons of South Africa, however, there is something human in their placing pickets for safety to themselves. The cave-living baboons are in continual fear of the leopards, so it comes that a sentinel is posted on some rugged boulder near their cave, and here the baboon sentry keeps guard all night. If a leopard approaches, it makes off for the cave, woff-woffing savagely and loudly to awaken its

companions, who face the marauder with glowing eyes and great yellow fangs.

Yet sometimes the watcher, human-like, falls asleep, and then, when the morning dawns, the blood-stained ground tells that the leopard has fallen upon the hapless sentinel. Sometimes, too, it overtakes the gibbering baboon on its way back to the cave-dwelling, and its 'family' sees it snatched up and devoured before their eyes.

But the most perfect animal sentry is the beaver. High up on the centre of the dam in which the beaver habitation is placed, or on the roof of one of the lodges, sits the guard, motionless as the tree-trunks around him. The slightest sound, if not recognised as a familiar one, starts it into surprising activity. It sits upright with sudden jerk, and gives a warning churr, which instantly causes every pair of beaver-eyes in the locality to watch the sentry intently. Should no other signal of alarm be given by the sentinel, all is bustle and stir again. If, however, danger is approaching, and the ear of the beaver is the very keenest, the guard instantly dives, and the sharp smack which it gives with its tail in doing so alarms those on top as well as under the water, being repeated by every other beaver hearing it.

So sharp-eared and so vigilant are the beaver sentries that it is almost impossible even for the soft-treading, moccasined woodsman, and Indian, to take the animals by surprise; and, without a doubt, it is due to their marvellous way of posting sentries that beavers are but seldom seen, even in the regions where they abound. And so for innumerable centuries these inoffensive and most intelligent animals have protected themselves against any surprise attacks by their enemies.

STELLA'S SWING.

IT hung in the far meadow between two great beeches, and when she swung high Stella could see over the may hedge into the Old-Lady-Next-Door's orchard.

Stella's garden had no orchard; there were two old apple-trees, gnarled and mistletoe laden; a fallen pear-tree which made a lovely seat, but did nothing in the way of pears; and a cherry-tree so young that none really looked for work from it as yet; and that was all.

But the orchard over the hedge, that was an orchard, if you like! In the spring-time, seen from above as Stella saw it from her swing, it was a sea of pink and white blossoms.

Some of the trees were old and twisty, with natural seats in them that made Stella long to climb them; others were younger and straighter, but all blossomed and all fruited, apples and pears and cherries and plums—oh, what a wealth!

The orchard belonged to a big old house, and the big old house belonged to a little old lady. Stella saw her sometimes walking amongst the fruit-trees; she would come through an archway cut in a dark yew wall, and she always wore a black lace scarf on her white hair, and used a shiny black stick with a white handle. She loved the fruit trees, you could tell that by the way she smiled at them, and nodded her head to them when she was leaving the orchard.

Stella used to dream of what it would be like to have the freedom of that orchard. She invented a hole in the may hedge, and used to creep in and out because the little old lady, who was really the Grand-Fairy-in-Charge-Of-Fruit-Trees had given her permission. She would make up this dream as she swung to and fro under the beeches, and she seemed to know the orchard from the inside almost by heart as she imagined her way amongst the trees, naming many of them till they seemed like so many friends. Snowy-Bloom, Old Waggly, Brown Beauty, Angela Sweet, Rose-Delight, Prettiest, Dear-Twisty, and ever so many more.

Dreams like this are very nice, but there does come a time when a little girl aches to have the thing true—true-so-you-can-touch-it.

Stella began to think it was time somebody did something; that the fairies or the angels or the grown-ups ought to make a move in the

matter. You can't expect a person to go on for ever just looking at things and being content.

It was a beautiful morning in May that she first felt really impatient and decided that if none else did anything in the matter she must!

The sun was all golden sweet through the beeches which were leafing in half-beauty. The air was honey sweet with the scent from the fruit blossoms; and the may hedge was pearly sweet with fragrant petals. It was a day when the most daring of dreams might easily come true. Anything beautiful can always come true on a beautiful day, you know.

Stella was feeling this as she swung to and fro, up and down, and her heart felt a little quick, excited thrill as she realised it.

'Supposing it did,' she said to herself. 'Just supposing that this is the day when I'm meant to get into the orchard. Perhaps it is all arranged somewhere, and it only just has to happen—like a parcel in the post—you don't even know it is coming till you've got it, but it's been coming all the time. If this is the day and I do get in, I'll be very, very grateful——' Her thoughts broke off.

An upward swing had let her see the little old lady just stepping through the yew arch, and Stella thought she did look such a real Grand-Fairy-in-Charge as she walked about under the pink and white canopy of blooms, smiling benevolently on the trees, and now and then tapping one in a friendly way with her stick.

Stella kept on swinging; swinging and wishing, and hoping and wishing again.

Suddenly she heard a little cry. It came from the orchard and sounded like some one in distress. Stella swung up and swept a quick look round.

The little old lady had disappeared, but another cry sounded; it seemed to come from under Old Waggly.

She swung up again and looked hard at Old Waggly's roots.

The cry, louder and still more distressed, sounded again.

Stella gave a little cry herself. She knew now what had happened. The little old lady had fallen and hurt herself, and was calling for help.

(Concluded on page 98.)



"An upward swing let her see the little old lady through the yew arch."



“The Little-Old-Lady-Next-Door was in great pain.”

STELLA'S SWING.

(Concluded from page 95.)

STELLA slipped off the swing and ran to the hedge, and ran up and down it, but it was too thick; no getting through there.

She must go for help. Mother—oh, she remembered Mother had gone into the village, and for her to run right round to the entrance to the big house, why, it was quite a long way off, and then there was the drive. Oh, she must get to her dear little old lady quicker than that; if only she could fly. Fly! Fly! Why, she could, sort of, if only she dared!

She turned back to the swing, and in a moment was sitting in it pushing to and fro, getting up a good, even momentum, up and down. Now she could see over the hedge; now the upward lift took her well above the may blossoms. The next time she swung up she would do it. It was much the quickest way. She felt a little bit sick at the thought of what she planned—and then up sped the swing again, up—and as the sweep up was at full strength, Stella took her hands off the ropes and let herself be shot forward over the hedge.

It was over in a few seconds; just a swoop through the air and then down feet first with a jolt as she touched earth; then she stumbled forward and fell into the long grasses, but in a flash was up again, racing under the trees to where a delicate little voice was calling faintly for 'Help!'

The Little-Old-Lady-Next-Door was in great pain, but not in too much pain to be immensely surprised at seeing two big blue eyes looking anxiously but reassuringly at her, and to hear a very breathless voice announcing that it would be all right very soon now, because she was going to run to the house for help. 'You'd better not move,' said the surprising visitor, 'because your foot looks very turny; I'll tell them to bring something to carry you in, and I'll be as quick as quick——,' and suddenly the hot little face was gone, and the little old lady was left alone with Old Waggly, whose rambling roots had caused the mischief, and Angela Sweet who dropped the choicest of her petals on to the little old lady's lace scarf just as a token of love and protection.

Soon heavy steps came running up, and two footmen were there with an invalid chair; also the housekeeper and a maid, and there would have been a deal of bustle and noise if some one small, quite decided, had not told them to be

very calm and quiet and very gentle when they lifted the little old lady.

And soon a procession was making its way to the house, and a still very warm little girl was walking by the chair announcing that the doctor had been sent for, and soon everything would be all right, and keeping command of the whole situation till the big house was reached and the party, except the little girl, had vanished within the great stone doorway.

Stella made her way round the house, down the long drive, and so home and back again to the beeches and swing. Here she lay down and rested, and gazed at the swing and the foam of the may over which she had so recently flown.

'Why!' she suddenly exclaimed, 'it has happened! I have been into the orchard this very day, and seen Old Waggly quite close, and Angela Sweet, and Prettiest and the others must have seen me, though I was too busy to see them. I wish I could have stayed longer for a talk with them all. I wonder if I'll ever go in there again.'

It was a week later when a thundering knock sounded on the green door of Stella's mother's cottage. Stella ran to the door, and there was the bigger of the two footmen belonging to the little old lady. He very politely handed Stella a note addressed to herself, and touched his hat and was gone.

Standing in the doorway Stella hastily opened the note, and read:

'Dear little Girl next door,—I am wondering how I can show my thanks for your kindness to me in my trouble. I am also wondering whether you are as fond of fruit trees as I am. I believe you must be, so I want you to look upon my orchard as a spot where you will always be welcome at any time you like to visit it. I have given orders that a little gate be made in the hedge near your swing. It will be your own gate and private entrance. Perhaps we will one day meet under the trees and get to know one another. You will, I know, be glad to hear my foot is nearly quite well again. From the Grateful old Lady next door.'

So, you see, that beautiful day did do something wonderful for Stella, and she half lives in the orchard nowadays. The trees know her now intimately, and the Grand-Fairy-in-Charge (with whom she has become great friends) has promised she shall help in the fruit-picking when the time comes.

LETITIA WITHELL.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 91.)

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GODFREY.

'I SAY,' cried Kenneth, as he and Clive slithered down the hill half an hour later, 'I wonder what Godfrey has been doing all this time?'

'Sleeping, I expect,' said Clive. 'Lazy old beggar. He'd much better have come with us.'

The climb had been stiffer than they had expected. Avoiding a steep rocky cliff, they had clambered up beside the bed of a waterfall, where they found the damp ground so slippery that it was difficult to get a foothold. Now, coming down by the same route, it was almost impossible to stand, and they came down with a rush, half tobogganing, until the ground became rougher and less steep.

They ran across the stepping-stones and clambered up the further bank of the stream. Godfrey was lying on the stone on which they had had their picnic, his head on his arms.

'I told you so,' cried Clive, and then, as they approached, Godfrey slowly sat up.

'Been enjoying yourself, haven't you?' laughed Clive, but Godfrey stared in front of him, as if he hadn't heard.

'I don't—know—what has happened,' said Godfrey slowly. 'I feel all funny. Where have you been?'

'What on earth are you talking about?' demanded Clive. 'Wake up! You've been snoozing here half the afternoon, while we've been up the hill. A ripping climb!'

Godfrey turned slowly towards the hill, looking at it as if he were dazed. 'Up there?' he asked. 'I don't know.' He passed his hand over his forehead. 'Where—where are we? I've got the most awful headache.'

'I say,' cried Kenneth, 'you aren't ill, are you?'

'I don't know,' said Godfrey again. 'I feel so funny. Sort of dizzy. And—and sick. And I've got an awful head.'

Even Clive now began to look serious. 'You can't have sunstroke,' he said. 'I say, I hope that tinned stuff was all right. How do you feel, Kenneth?'

'Oh, I'm all right,' said Kenneth. 'I don't believe it's that. You haven't hit your head against anything, have you?' he asked.

'I don't know,' said Godfrey. 'It's jolly sore, and,' he added, as he gingerly felt the back of it, 'there's a most awful bump!'

'Let's have a look,' cried Clive and Kenneth together, and while Godfrey told them not to touch it they examined a swelling on his head that was already as big as half an egg.

'You must have had a knock!' cried Kenneth. 'Don't you remember what happened?'

'No,' said Godfrey vaguely. 'I was just sitting here—and then I felt jolly rotten, and I sat up and you started talking.'

'But,' objected Clive, 'we've been away half an hour!'

'You didn't throw any stones, did you?' asked Godfrey.

'Rather not,' said Kenneth, 'and there aren't any trees round here to fall on you, you know. But you have had a knock!'

'Looks as if some one had been bashing you over the head with a cricket-stump,' said Clive.

'I say,' cried Kenneth suddenly, 'I suppose—you haven't been *robbed*, have you?'

'What on earth do you mean?' demanded Clive.

'Well,' Kenneth explained, 'it does look as if some one had been dotting him one on the head, and in that case they'd have gone off with all that money—Uncle Rodney's twenty pounds, you know.'

'Half a minute,' said Clive. 'Let's make sure. Where do you keep it, Godfrey, old man?'

Looking with a scared face at Kenneth, Godfrey slowly put his hand into the inner pocket of his coat. Then he sat up with a start, and began to feel in his other pockets, one by one.

'I say!' he cried at last, 'it's—it's gone!'

'My aunt!' said Clive, and Kenneth whistled.

'I know it *was* there all right,' he said. 'In my pocket-book. That's gone, too.'

'Sure you didn't leave it in the hotel?'



"'It's . . . it's gone!'"

suggested Clive. But Godfrey shook his head, and then clasped his forehead in his hands. 'Can't do that!' he exclaimed. 'Makes it ache more than ever. I do feel bad. Any-

way, I know the case was in my coat-pocket. I showed it to you fellows at lunch, didn't I?'

'I remember that,' he added, as Kenneth agreed. 'And then—yes, I remember; you

said you were going over the stream, and I stayed here. I saw you get across and go out of sight, and then I started chucking grass and stuff into the water. And then that spaniel came around. And then—well, then I just started feeling rotten.’

(Continued on page 112.)

QUAINT LENTEN CUSTOMS.

WHILE many of the curious customs and beliefs once connected with Lent have vanished from our Isles, numbers of them linger on the Continent and in South America, and the Season of Abstinence is ushered in by very strange Carnival rites.

In some parts of Europe, Ash Wednesday is kept as a sort of conclusion of the Carnival, after the people have been to their various churches, and there is a ceremony known as ‘Driving out King Carnival,’ a figure representing the sham monarch being driven out of the town, burnt in a bonfire, or thrown into the river.

In some Greek towns on ‘Cheese Monday,’ at the beginning of Lent, Carnival is represented as a very ugly demon, robed in black, who is hunted out of the town by a band of people, with a man dressed as a priest at their head. He is hunted up and down through most of the day, so Lent really begins with a good deal of fun and noise.

In Scotland on ‘Fastern’s Day,’ as Ash Wednesday was often called, the men and boys used to indulge in a game of football, or perhaps some kind of handball. This was supposed in some places to keep farm labourers from backache during the hard work of harvest! Football is still a popular amusement in many parts of Scotland and the North of England on Ash Wednesday, as well as on Shrove Tuesday.

In the olden times men and boys used to throw sticks or cudgels at puppets, or figures, known as ‘Jacks-o’-Lent,’ the forerunners of Aunt Sallies and Cocoa-Nut-Shies. The Elizabethan poet, Ben Jonson says—

‘On an Ash Wednesday,
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack-
o’-Lent.
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at
thee.’

Apparently, all through Lent, boys used to throw at these figures, getting various prizes,

which were sometimes ‘points,’ or tags, used in those days to fasten the clothes. Rows of pins, cakes or sweetmeats, were also given as prizes.

This pastime was far better than the horribly cruel one of throwing sticks or stones at live cocks at this season. We read of—

‘Throwing cudgels
At Jack o’-Lents, or Shrove-cocks.’

Another Ash Wednesday custom was carrying about herrings, or other salt fish, tied on the top of a staff, as a token that fish was now the orthodox fare. In those days Lenten diet consisted largely of salt fish, except when people lived near the sea, or had a river, lake, or pond of their own, and so could procure a supply of fresh fish. The hard, dry, and usually extremely salt stock-fish, or ‘Poor John,’ composed of cod, ling, hake, or haddock, salt herrings, mackerel, and pilchards, cannot have been very palatable, accompanied as it was by coarse oaten, rye, or barley bread—wheaten bread was a delicacy kept for high days and holidays in those times. Potatoes and rice, tapioca and semolina, were, of course, all unknown, and for vegetables there was merely a dish of cabbage, or ‘kail,’ for which stewed nettles were often substituted; turnips, leeks, onions, dried peas and beans, and the many pot-herbs and sallets appreciated by our forefathers, many of which were wild plants found in the fields and woods and hedgerows; sorrel, and ‘Good King Henry,’ ‘lamb’s lettuce’ and ‘winter-cress,’ and ‘pepper-cress,’ ‘Jack-by-the-hedge,’ or ‘sauce-alone,’ whose leaves taste very strongly of garlic; it is, in fact, also known as ‘hedge-garlic,’ and even the young shoots of bracken.

No wonder the Sundays in Lent were regarded as pleasant breaks in the austerities of the season, and were thought important enough to have special names in some places. An old rhyme sums them up thus—

‘Tid, Mid, and Misera,
Carling, Palm, and Paste-Egg Day.’

This, however, is not quite correct. ‘Carling’ was an old name for the fifth Sunday in Lent, some say because dried or grey peas, locally known as ‘Carlings,’ were eaten on that day. Perhaps a more likely explanation is that ‘Passion Sunday,’ as it is still called, was named ‘Care,’ or ‘Carle’ Sunday, ‘Care’ in this case being equivalent to ‘Passion.’ Those

who hold this view say the peas owed their name to the day, and not *vice versâ*. They had to be steeped in water all the previous night, and were then cooked in butter. In mediæval times dried peas and beans were an important item of Lenten fare.

'Carlings' are still eaten at this season in the North of England, while frumenty, or frimty, is eaten on Mothering or Mid-Lent Sunday (fourth Sunday in Lent), as well as the famous 'Simnel cakes,' which are made in most parts of England nowadays, but are often regarded as an Easter dainty.

This Sunday owes its popular name to the habit of making little offerings to the Mother Church on Mid-Lent Sunday, and also from the custom of young servants and apprentices getting leave to go and visit their mothers on this day, taking them a present of a simnel cake, or some other little dainty. In some cases, however, the mothers made the cakes for their boys and girls, and prepared the frumenty, of whole wheat boiled in milk, till the grains were large and soft, and flavouring it with sugar and spice, a handful of raisins being sometimes added.

In parts of Cambridgeshire the fifth Sunday in Lent, or 'Passion Sunday,' was formerly called 'Whirlin Sunday,' when every family made and ate 'Whirlin Cakes.' Some derive the name from 'Carling.'

'Carling,' or 'Careing Fairs' were held in many places, Newark among the number, and the old rhyme was repeated—

'Care Sunday, Care away,
Palm Sunday, and Easter Day.'

On Mid-Lent Sunday on the Continent, sham battles between Winter and Summer often took place; bands of children dressed respectively in green boughs and gay clothes, and in withered moss and warm garments, met in combat, which always ended in Winter's defeat.

Boys also used to drag about a grotesque figure which they named 'Death,' 'Winter,' or 'Lent,' hauling him out of the towns and villages with straw ropes, and usually either burning or drowning him when they were tired of the amusement. This custom is not yet extinct in some parts of Europe.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

THE LULLABY LADY.

HAVE you heard of the Lullaby Lady,
Who lives on a cloud, snowy white;
Where she sits making songs for the children,
By the rays of the moon, all the night?

Now, of course, she could never send Tommy
A song that was meant for a Joan,
So you see she must be really careful
To play each a song of his own.

And after the lullaby's finished,
A nightingale takes it away,
And whispers it softly and sweetly
To Mummy, while you are at play.

Then when you are tucked up so snugly,
Your Mummy will hum out aloud
The song that the Lullaby Lady
Made up for you on the white cloud.

LORYN PARKER.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 94.)

IN the space of ten minutes, or thereabout, Jemmy the Ostler returned, bringing with him the Parish Constable—a fat-faced, big-bodied man, whose weak legs scarcely matched his powerful body. He met some good-tempered sallies at his expense without loss of official dignity and aloofness, though not without some show of uneasiness, but Jemmy gave him no opportunity of retreat. Events were rapidly developing: torches had been lit,

which flared up, illuminating the scene, and now a hoarse cheer arose from those about the doorway as the Captain came forth, followed by the little man and the Chairman of the Committee.

A space was cleared for them at the foot of the steps and the Captain, springing back to the top step and swinging his arm, shouted, 'Now, then, my Bully-boys, there's been enough palavering, we're all of one mind, let's get

on the move. Hi, ostler! bring out the horses.'

'Hi, Jemmy! bring out the horses,' echoed two or three standing near us.

'Not me,' said Jemmy, turning away and buttonholing the constable. 'Let him fetch them himself.'

There were, however, plenty of willing hands, and the horses were promptly brought out. Meanwhile Jemmy was urging the constable to take action. 'There's your man,' he cried, pointing to the Captain. 'Robbery on the highway. Go and put your hand on his shoulder, and arrest him in the King's name.'

'What!' exclaimed the constable in alarm. 'I can't arrest a hundred men. Do you wait to see me torn to ribbons? I've got a wife and family to think of. I'll go and inform the magistrates.'

'No, you don't,' said Jemmy. 'What's the good of a constable who's afraid to do his duty?'

The little man had taken his place on the steps beside the Captain and was speaking: 'Our action is perfectly constitutional,' he declared; then, indicating with a motion of the hand the Chairman of Committee, who stood one step lower, 'Mr. Featherstone here is our leader—a gentleman respected by all, which shows that we are not riff-raff, but that the better sort of gentry are with us. Our action, I say, is perfectly constitutional. As free men and dutiful subjects, we have a perfect right to proceed to London and present our petition to the Prince Regent.'

Their horses having been brought to the foot of the steps, the Captain and his companion proceeded to mount. 'Bring Mr. Featherstone's horse,' shouted the Captain. 'If he hasn't got one, bring any horse you can find: it is on His Majesty's Service, and there must be no delay.'

Amid much laughter a piebald pony belonging to the 'Rose and Crown' was brought forth, Jemmy making no protest. 'They can take the stables for all I care,' said he. 'I've had enough of it. I'm off to London after this.'

The Chairman of the Committee of the Hampden Club and Friends of Freedom was helped into the saddle, and there, in the light of the torches, he sat with the same puzzled expression on his features, looking round as if he would gladly find some means of escape.

'Now then, my lads, the word is tramp,' bawled the Captain, waving his arm—'Three cheers for the good old cause—Freedom for all and no empty bellies. There's the constable,' he added, catching sight of that worthy. 'He's coming with us to see that we're not interfered with by disorderly persons. Bring the constable along, my Bully-boys, and those two young gentlemen who are dying to see the fun.'

The horses moved, the crowd divided right and left, and we two boys, with the protesting constable, were hustled by the Captain's bodyguard, who closed around us. So, led by the three horsemen, with us at their tails, amid laughter and cheers, the crowd squeezed through the stable-yard gates, bound for London.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE ROAD TO LONDON TOWN.

THE cheering and laughter were sustained as we passed through the outskirts of the town, the torches lighting up the house-fronts and the faces of those who came to their doors to witness so unusual a sight; but when the last houses were passed, and only an occasional wayfarer stood aside in alarm to make room, the cavalcade settled down to a steady march in comparative quiet. The Captain and his bodyguard endeavoured to keep up the excitement with coarse jokes and pot-house songs, the latter sometimes catching on and being joined in lustily by the crowd, but sometimes falling flat. At times the Bulldogs, forgetting discipline, indulged in a little rough play and a great deal of banter, the constable coming in for a goodly share, as he was forced to keep step with his captors. At first the official showed much resentment at his treatment, threatening the pains and penalties of an outraged law, but finding that this course brought him no advantage, but, on the contrary, a more abundant measure of jostling and an occasional prod of a bludgeon, he wisely settled down to keep step with his tormentors in silence.

The crowd, which must have numbered one hundred and fifty men at least, formed itself into a semblance of order, marching four abreast and keeping up a regular tramp of feet, and, as I have said, occasionally taking up the songs of the bodyguard. The procession being long, we were sometimes enlivened by two or three fragments of different songs going on at

the same time. Dick was as glum as could be, and I was little better; fate had checkmated our every move, and was now carrying us helpless along to some unknown disaster. Our thoughts turned sadly to those at home, who would be at that very moment in the greatest anxiety on our account. But we were cheered to some extent by seeing, outside the rank of Bulldogs, and keeping step with us, our friends Jemmy and the Blanketeer, Amos Clutterbuck. We really regarded them

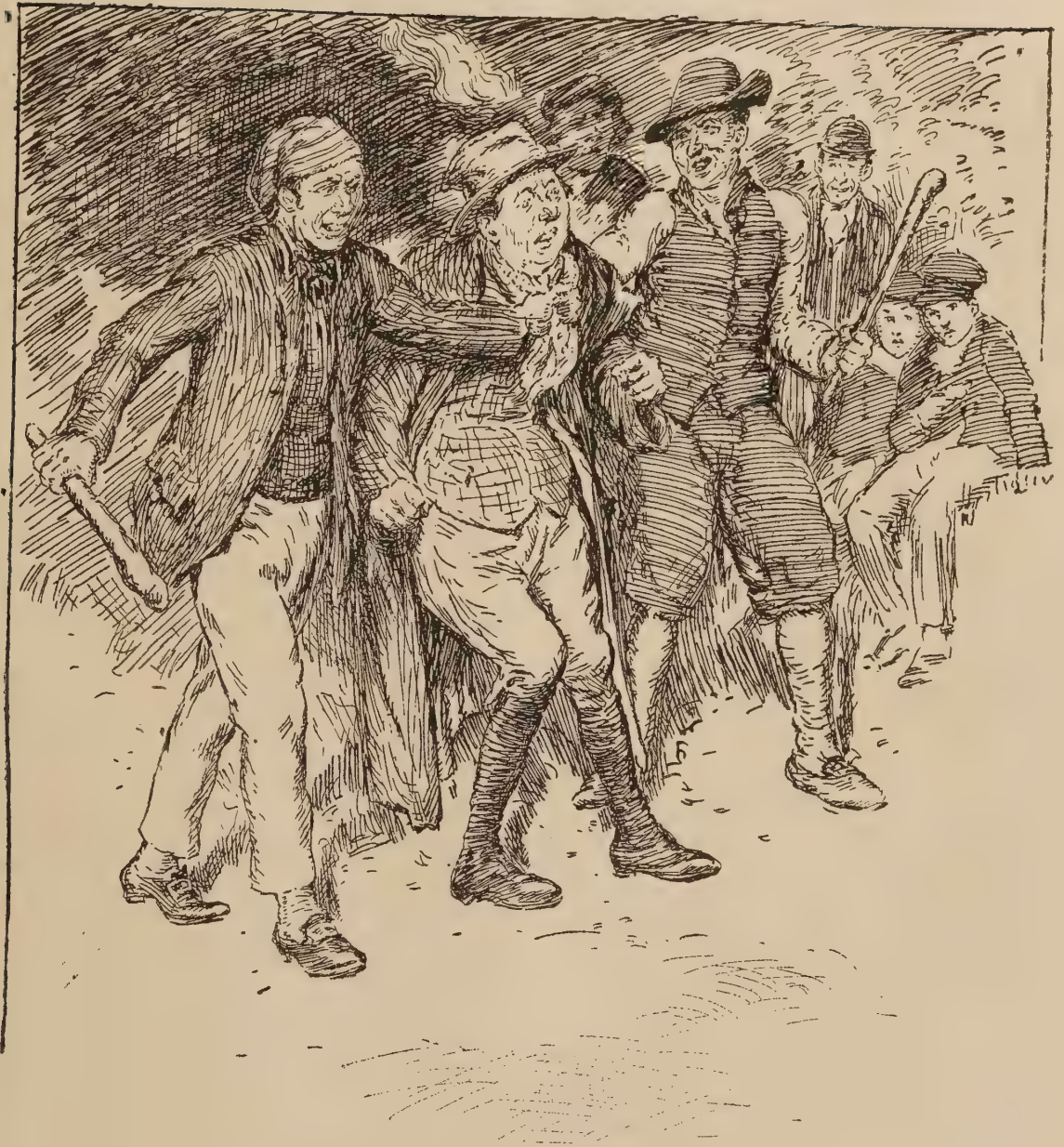
as friends, although we had known them but a few hours; for tribulation ripens friendship very quickly. Amos plodded on gravely, but Jemmy now and again greeted us with a wave of the arm as he joined in a boisterous chorus:

'Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys;
At the mercy of fortune we go;
We're in for it now—'tis a folly, boys,
To be downhearted, yo-ho!'

(Continued on page 106.)



“‘There’s your man,’ he cried, pointing to the Captain.”



“He was pursued and marched back.”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 104.)

THE torches flickered and went out one by one, and we tramped along in the darkness. It was a fine night; the moon had not risen, but the sky overhead was starry. We kept the main road, the dark outline of the Downs bearing us company, right and left, through the village of Patcham, where the Bulldogs roused themselves, and the natives too, by a fresh outburst, and on, without stopping, to Pyecombe, where we came to a halt, the order being given for half-an-hour's rest; we had travelled about seven miles, I guess, and the time was ten o'clock. So much dust had we trodden up on the way, and so hoarse had many become with singing, that the crowd seemed possessed with but one idea, to find means of assuaging their thirst. The inn was besieged by those who could afford to pay, and those who could not fell on the horse-trough, or aroused the villagers, who had gone to bed, by swarming into their back yards and attacking the wells. The village shops were next visited; closed doors and shutters were battered by a crowd of customers, who would take no denial from night-caps or tousled heads thrust out of upper windows, till the doors were thrown open, and those who could pay and those who could not burst in and helped themselves. At the inn the three horsemen were first attended to, the bodyguard surrounding the door to keep back the crowd; but the Bulldogs themselves were thirsty, and soon Bulldogs and crowd swept the inn from parlour to cellar, whilst the landlord made frantic efforts to secure payment from one or another. I fancy that Mr. Featherstone, who sat his piebald pony through all the tumult, sipping a glass of sherry, had in the end to pay.

Forgotten by the Bulldogs in their eagerness to slake their thirst and secure a share of eatables before all was consumed, Dick and I sat down by the roadside, where we were joined by Jemmy and Amos Clutterbuck. Jemmy was bursting with merriment, for it seemed that the ruffled constable, taking advantage of the confusion, had made his escape, only to be brought back again by two of the Bulldogs, who, having speedily satisfied their thirst and returned to duty, were in time to see him hastening down the village street as fast as his

short legs would carry him. He was pursued and marched back, spluttering with rage and vowing that he would see some of them swing for it.

Amos drew from his satchel the two legs of a fowl and the huge lump of bread; Jemmy got a pitcher of water, and we shared the provisions to the last crumb and drained the pitcher of water. Now and again Jemmy would hum the refrain of the Bulldogs' song, beating time with a wag of the head:

'Then haul away, pull away, jolly boys.'

He was enjoying the novelty and excitement so much that Amos took upon himself to reprove him for his levity, reminding him that this was no fair or junketing in which we were involved, but a very serious undertaking; that the Cause of Freedom was at stake; that the leaders must restrain the people, so that we entered London with soberness and clean hands, and present our petition with the dignity due to the cause; declaring that could we get speech with the good old King, we should find that his heart was in the right place; that he would make the cause of his people his own cause; that he would dissolve the callous and self-seeking Government, and send Lord Sidmouth packing.

'You may laugh now,' said he, 'and think it a merrymaking; but, mark me, the devil be let loose among some of 'em. God grant we see no more rick-burning and robbing and burning of farmhouses; I know well enough the farmers have grown fat by keeping up the price of corn, and the landlords and Government have all been in it—keeping foreign corn out of the country, and starving the poor for the sake of the rich. The things I have seen, young gentlemen, would make your hearts bleed. I've seen cornstacks burnt when, as everybody knows, it's corn we want—leastwise, bread; I've seen farmhouses and barns burnt, and the poor innocent beasts, and the calves, burnt in their byre. The Lord will visit for these things.'

That there was cause for the apprehension of Amos Clutterbuck soon became evident. Before leaving Pyecombe we were joined by a band of very rough men coming from the

direction of Ditchling. They were in number between forty and fifty, and were under the leadership of a small dark man, wearing a cocked hat and long coat; round his waist was a cloth or apron turned up to form a broad belt, into which was thrust an enormous horse-pistol, and in his hand he carried a shot-gun.

This individual was distinguished by a restless, fiery manner. He seemed unable to remain still two minutes together; he was here, there, and everywhere, giving orders or countermanding them. When he spoke his dark eyes glittered, his nostrils dilated, and the corners of his mouth twitched. He made some show of disputing the authority of the Captain and the little man, and openly flouted Mr. Featherstone. His followers were as turbulent as himself—the roughest of the rough, old-time smugglers and others of desperate character dominating the farm hands and woodmen and those of the milder sort in their company. It was noticeable that many of these carried firearms. I judged that the two bands had met by arrangement at Pyecombe, but whether it was so or not, they were travelling the same road and apparently on the same errand.

These new arrivals were received with noisy

acclamation by the Bulldogs, who fraternised with them as men of the same kidney, though the concord was marred by the fact that our crowd had cleared the inn and the shops of everything to their liking, whereat the inn suffered, its windows being smashed and its furniture broken.

It was a riotous crew that quitted Pyecombe and took the road to Cuckfield; many of the men were inflamed with strong drink and were beyond control, and two or three were left behind on the roadside in a helpless condition. A riotous crew, I say; for, though it is true that the Captain, on starting, made an effort to get the men into some order and harangued them on the duty of maintaining discipline, his manners and words were so loose and ambiguous as to leave doubts as to his sincerity. 'All in good order and no rough play,' he had said. 'And no meddling with the farmers' machinery and haystacks. You know what good friends the farmers have been to us.'

That this was spoken ironically, and taken in that sense, was evident by the derisive laughter and cheers that followed.

(Continued on page 118.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW, *Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.*

Illustrated by the Author.

IV.—THE ROMANCE OF THE RING.

'Who ever knew a rider at Astley's, or saw him, but on horseback? Can our friend in the military uniform ever appear in threadbare attire, or descend to the comparatively unwadded costume of everyday life? Impossible! We cannot—we will not—believe it.'

Charles Dickens, 'Sketches by Boz' ('Astley's').

IN the course of these articles *Chatterbox* readers have become acquainted with the 'brief eventful histories' of many varieties of wandering entertainers. Like the players in a pageant, they have come and gone, the jongleur, the tregetours, the tomblesteres of ancient days, with their living descendants, the jugglers, conjurers and acrobats of to-day. These were the independent ones, the 'one-man shows,' and, although they knew it not, the pioneers of the wonderfully equipped and gigantic circus of modern times, with its own railway trains for transport, and its army of assistants.

It is known to every school boy or girl that the circus was a popular institution in ancient

Rome—the very name has a Latin origin. But the Roman circus was a far, far different affair from the jolly mixture of clowns and cleverness that goes by the same name to-day. For one thing, the old Roman circus was of a different shape, it was an ellipse or oval, and not a circle. It had a wall running lengthways down the centre of the arena which no circus of to-day would ever have, and, what is more to the point, it was used for an entirely different purpose. In a modern circus one sees acrobats, trained animals, comedians, and many other varieties of clever entertainers, who are all *performers*, paid by their employer to amuse the audience; but in the Roman circus the crowd looked at and cheered, not performers, but *competitors*, who ran or vaulted, fought with wild beasts, or guided the horses of their chariots for prizes and honours, and without the slightest idea of being what one now knows as 'artistes.' The modern counter-



FIG. 1.—Astley's Riding School.

parts of the Roman circus are the running and cycling tracks, the stadium and the athletic competitions of our schools and clubs.

The circus of to-day is a combination of all the old-time itinerant performers and athletes, and it appears to have originated somewhere about the eighteenth century. The great name known to Londoners of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries was 'Astley's,' and there are still many living who can recall the memories of a visit to this wonderful show;



FIG. 2.—Ducrow.

but there were probably other men, before Philip Astley's day, who had a combination troupe of performers. Astley's, however, stands out in the annals of the circus as a great landmark in its history.



FIG. 3.—The Street Parade.

Philip Astley was the son of a cabinet-maker. He was born in 1742, at Newcastle-under-Lyme and grew to be a giant of a man, over six feet in height. He was uneducated, and was originally intended to be a cabinet-maker like his father, but he ran away and joined the army, serving in a cavalry regiment, where he learnt much of his wonderful knowledge of horsemanship. When he left the army, General Eliott presented him with a horse; he bought another, and so began his famous circus, which he originally called a riding school.

Astley's show was a *permanent* one in the sense that it took place in a built enclosure. The first one was his riding school, which he



FIG. 4.—On the Road.

put up in the fields near Westminster Bridge (fig. 1), and the last, his famous 'Astley's Theatre,' in Westminster Bridge Road, which had a stage as well as an arena. But, although he gave his shows in a permanent structure he can still be called a Pedlar of Pleasure, for he built no less than nineteen of them and the whole troupe travelled to Paris a number of times.

At first he simply gave exhibitions of riding and sword-play, but later, finding the enthusiasm of his audience beginning to wane, he introduced the comic element into the show, in the shape of a knockabout, just as the clown adds life to the circus of to-day. In the latter part of the century Astley had a rival in the shape of Hughes' Circus in the Blackfriars Road. This was called the 'Royal Circus and Equestrian Philharmonic Academy,' and it was opened in 1782 in what is now known as the Surrey Theatre.

Before leaving Astley's to 'take the road' once again, there is one great equestrian without whose name a book on the circus would be

very incomplete. This was Ducrow. Andrew Ducrow is considered to be the most graceful and daring horseman the world has ever seen. He was the son of the famous strong man, and eventually became the proprietor of Astley's last and greatest show (fig. 2).

However, while Ducrow was delighting the crowded amphitheatre at Westminster Bridge, travelling circus proprietors had taken to the road. In the early days of the nineteenth century there was Wilde's and Cooke's and Clarke's, and probably many more. Later on came Batty's, Anderson's, and Newsome's, which toured the country in mid-Victorian days. Later still 'Lord' George Sanger's, Hengler's, and Barnum and Bailey's—'the Greatest Show on Earth.' To-day there are many first-class shows both in England and other countries, all of which can be truthfully called travelling circuses, chief among which stands the truly gigantic production known the whole length and breadth of America as the Ringling Brothers' Circus. Into it has been merged the original Barnum and Bailey outfit. There is something very magnetic



FIG. 5.—English and Continental Clowns—old and new types: off the stage during a trapeze act.

about a circus that makes it an ever-popular thing. To the outsider who watches the gaily-coloured 'street parade' go by, and sits on a bench in the great tent and sees the clowns and equestrians and tumblers and trapeze artists, it is all very jolly, and seems a particularly pleasant mode of living (fig. 3). But only those who are in any way connected with it know what an enormous amount of work and material goes into the make-up of the show. In the winter it is 'housed,' it goes back to some base headquarters where all the stuff is

overhauled and repainted. In the spring the 'tenting season' begins again, and the whole concern is packed into vans, and either hauled through the country by tractors, or put on rail in a special train (fig. 4). Apart from the artistes a big circus has to have hundreds of supers, and if it has a menagerie, as many of them have, this means a lot more people to look after the animals.

Sometimes sections of various circuses will unite in a common show in some building, such as in the old days at the Royal Aquarium, and, in modern times, at the shows organized by Captain Bertram Mills at the Olympia each winter, the Agricultural Hall, the Crystal Palace, and, during the summer of 1925, at the Stadium, Wembley. But when these short seasons are over, the artistes will either go to the Continent, to one of the permanent circuses which are housed in a regular amphitheatre like Astley's of old, or else they will go 'tenting' with a travelling show once again.

In addition to the traditional performance the great circuses oftentimes added a 'grand spectacle' as a finale to their show. When the writer was a small boy the famous Sanger's Circus had a show called 'The War in the Soudan,' and he has a very vivid recollection of the street parade, with its red and blue-coated troops, and guns and camels, and also of making a sudden leap out of the way of a gorgeously appparelled 'Soudanese' chieftain mounted on a charger who dashed round the circus field to the travelling forge to get a shoe secured. Sanger's also produced the wonderful 'Procession of the Monarchs,' afterwards bought by P. T. Barnum.

When Barnum and Bailey's came over for the last time and gave their great show at the Olympia, they had a series of spectacular shows. One, a comic aquatic affair, entitled 'Coney Island,' and two serious episodes of the Spanish-American War.

Some of the big shows have another side to their concern in what might be described as 'curiosities,' in other words 'Freaks.' Fat girls, thin men, giants, dwarfs, hairy men and whiskery ladies, all sorts of human and animal monstrosities at which people who like that sort of thing can go and stare for hours. Some of the 'freaks' who came over with Barnum's are still living and have made great fortunes at their calling. This is more of a side-line, however, and, in the main, the English circus

in particular leaves this kind of 'dime museum' alone.

The English circus is still acknowledged as the finest of its kind, and practically all the best horsemen and equestriennes are English, even in the foreign circuses, and, *vice versa*, large numbers of the trapeze artists and athletes of this class are continentals. The clowns are of all nationalities; two of the most famous of British clowns still performing are Whimsical Walker, the king of the clowns, and a funny little chap from Sanger's, known to all lovers of the circus as 'Pimpo,' who can not only 'clown,' but do trapeze work and horsemanship as well. Two very famous French clowns were 'Chocolât' and 'Crème,' the former being a real negro—hence the name 'Chocolât.' All over the world the travelling circus is practically the same in its make-up and methods of transport. The performances are identical, though the quality of them may vary considerably with the class of show that is presenting it. There are many small struggling shows putting up at fairs and showgrounds, in which about half-a-dozen people do the whole show, and the performance is but a very poor imitation of what the public are led to expect by the posters. There are others that are magnificent turnouts and wonderfully organized, in that such great shows can be 'here to-day and gone to-morrow.' But they are all 'travellers,' all passers-by, and the long white road still echoes to the sound of their wheels, and the tramp of the elephants and the camels, and the horses and men.

What a wonderful moment it is when first we see them coming round the bend in the road, and what an empty, dreary road it seems again when they have passed.

LULLABY.

SOMEONE'S guiding you—
 Work-time, play-time;
 Someone's guarding you—
 Dusk-time, day-time;
 All the seasons, from frost to May-time,
 Someone's loving you best.

Someone's loving you—
 Laughing, weeping;
 Someone's watching you—
 Waking, sleeping;
 Someone's holding you in safe keeping—
 Rest—little ones—rest!

LILIAN HOLMES.

ILLEGAL SALMON.

EVERY year vast quantities of salmon are taken from our rivers by illegal means. Along the banks of any river up which the kingly fish swims to attend to its domestic affairs, the salmon poacher may be found. But so crafty and clever is he in his work that it is not unusual for even the watchful water bailiff to at times remain ignorant of his activities. Very often he is the most unsuspected man in a village community. His methods, however, are always interesting.

In the old days when the fish were less severely preserved than now these methods, if ingenious, were somewhat crude and even wasteful, whilst they frequently betrayed the poacher's presence on the river and led to his apprehension.

To stand waist-deep in the river at night with a flaming torch in one hand and a specially shaped spear in the other, and to stick the fish as they lay in shallow pools, or made their way slowly up the 'runs,' was perhaps the oldest plan. Then came the use of dynamite cartridges or lime thrown into the pools, resulting not only in the death of the salmon, but of nearly every other occupant of the pool. Happily, even the salmon poacher himself is now awake to the unsporting wastefulness of these last methods, likewise the folly of using them, for when they are employed it is impossible in the darkness to collect many of the killed fish; he must leave them to be discovered in the morning—glaring evidence of his existence.

So, to-day, only the most ignorant and clumsy poacher uses explosives or poisons—the rest have found a more subtle, less distinctive, and, possibly, more fascinating method.

Take a stroll along the banks of any salmon river you like and examine carefully the roots of the bushes overhanging the pools, the banks of which are likely to afford resting-places for fish working their way upstream. As likely as not, you will find neat holes from six inches to a foot in diameter carefully dug through those roots and skilfully plugged with lumps of turf or other material, so as to be unnoticeable. Remove the earthen plug, and through the hole you will see shining the deep water of the pool, and in it (if fortune favours you) the tail of a salmon lazily waving to and fro. Were you the man who dug the hole, the sight of that tail would make your heart bound with a fierce joy.

Without making a sound, and being careful not to displace any loose earth about the mouth of the hole, you would let down a wire noose attached to a stick, gently slipping it over the tail. A quick jerk, a mighty splash, an anxious heave, and another salmon would have left for ever its native river to find its way into that hidden market which absorbs so many similarly caught fish each year.

At other times, if the fish are not lying conveniently for the use of his noose, a clever poacher will bring them into position by adroitly bombarding the pool with stones.

Sometimes he will use a contrivance like a large string purse, known as a 'bag' net, setting it in any narrow place through which he knows the fish will pass.

But, undoubtedly, to-day the wire noose is the poacher's most popular weapon—partly, because it is so easily carried and hidden, but without much doubt chiefly because its use leaves hardly a trace.

Much of the dried salmon one is offered privately in small towns near a salmon river is poached, and is frequently the flesh of old 'kelts'; accordingly, unless its origin is known it is best not purchased. The same warning applies to the fresh fish offered from similar sources when the rivers are low. Very often such salmon have been poisoned by refuse passing into the river, their vendor finding them dead by the bank.

W. LLOYD-THOMAS.

BOBBY'S PUPPY.

BOB was proud as could be
When I brought him from town,
A dear little puppy
With coat smooth and brown.

'You dear little doggie!
I love you!' he said,
While he stroked it so gently
And patted its head.

But now he is crying,
For woe! and alack!
His doggie has gone,
And will never come back.

To seek it were vain,
For that dear little pup
Was of sugar, and Baby
Has eaten it up!

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 101.)

'BUT,' objected Kenneth, 'you've got it muddled up. The dog came while we were having lunch. We gave it some of the tongue, you know.'

'Yes,' said Godfrey; 'but I know it came after you'd gone, because I tried to get it to jump into the stream after the stuff I was throwing in.'

'Then,' said Kenneth, 'the dog must have belonged to whoever knocked you on the head and stole the money.'

'Doesn't follow,' said Clive.

'Yes, it does,' Kenneth insisted excitedly. 'It all fits in. We saw the dog first of all while we were all here having our feed. There must have been a man with the dog, only we didn't see him. He must have been just behind us among the trees. He'd have seen us, and he'd have seen you fish out the pocket-book, Godfrey, and have heard you say there was eighteen pounds in it. Don't you remember that Clive wanted you to divide it up?'

'And then,' Kenneth continued, 'the man must have seen us go away and leave you here alone. We know he must still have been hanging around, because you saw the dog again. Then he bashed you on the head, took the money and cleared off.'

'Sounds likely enough,' Godfrey admitted. 'Only it doesn't help matters. We're in an awful hole, because the railway tickets were in that case, too. How much cash have you fellows got?'

Clive was able to produce two shillings and a penny, while Kenneth had only a few coppers. Godfrey found twopence halfpenny in his trouser pocket.

'That's pretty little use,' he said. 'I wonder which way the man went?'

'Not much chance of tracking him,' said Clive. 'You couldn't follow anybody through this forest, and, anyway, he may be miles away by this time, and we don't know which way he went. So we'll have to get back to Edinburgh. Tramping, you know! I wonder how many miles it is?'

'About fifty, I should say,' answered Kenneth. 'Pretty decent stretch; and we'd have to live on about tenpence each while we were doing it!'

'Still,' said Clive, 'we could carry a good lot of that tinned stuff from the hotel, and buy things to drink. We could do it in three days, easily. And if we start now . . .'

'I know I can't start on a tramp,' said Godfrey. 'I don't feel much like standing, let alone walking fifty miles. I want to lie down and get rid of this headache.'

Kenneth turned to Clive. 'It's no earthly use trying to do anything to-night,' he said. 'Of course old Godfrey won't be up for that tramp for about a week. Besides, it isn't a bit necessary. We can get as far as Aberguthrie, and then send a wire or get on the 'phone to Uncle Rodney's office and explain matters and get them to send some one with some cash.'

'It'll take a jolly lot of explaining,' muttered Godfrey. 'And there'll be the most awful shindy when Uncle Rodney hears about it. I expect some one at his office will send him a wire directly we telephone, and then he will come back at once from Belfast and dish all his business there, and be angry about it.'

'Still,' said Clive, 'I don't see how we can keep it dark, because he will want us to account for the cash, and we shan't be able to hand it over.'

'Oh, I know we've got to face that,' said Godfrey. 'It'll be beastly, of course, only we can't get out of it. What I want to do is to explain the matter properly to whoever is running the office, so that they won't send for Uncle Rodney now, but will just get us back to Edinburgh, and then let us tell him when he comes back at the end of the week.'

'I tell you what,' said Kenneth. 'How about that ten-bob note? The one we left in the larder of the hotel, you know. We could take that back, and then one of us could go back to Edinburgh and square things at the office, while the others wait at the hotel.'

'Not a bad scheme,' said Godfrey. 'I'll go. I could tell the yarn better than either of you, because I can show them the bump on my head, and that'll show I'm not sprucing. I expect I shall be all right for that to-morrow. Suppose you lend me a shoulder, Kenneth, and we will all hobble along to the hotel.'

(Continued on page 114.)



"Godfrey slowly began to push back the door."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 112.)

CHAPTER VIII.

A RAID ON THE LARDER.

THE evening was spent in the kitchen of the hotel. Godfrey sat in the armchair with a cushion behind his head, and Clive and Kenneth took turns to apply handkerchiefs soaked in cold water to his forehead, while they all once more discussed the problem of how their predicament should be explained at Uncle Rodney's office. By half-past eight Godfrey declared that he wanted to turn in: he would be all right in the morning, if only he could get a decent long sleep; and Clive and Kenneth, finding that there was nothing to do in the darkness, wrapped themselves in the dust-sheets and followed suit.

It was several hours later when Godfrey awoke. It was pitch-dark, although from where he lay he could see through the window two or three stars—part of the Great Bear, or Orion, or something or other—he never could remember stars. Young Kenneth could tell you the name of every star in the sky, right off. Not that it mattered, though.

He could hear Clive snoring: the fellow always made that row all night. Beastly! A pity *he* couldn't get a good bash on the head: it might shake something out of place in his nose, so that he'd be able to keep quiet. Godfrey put up a hand and tenderly felt the back of his head: the swelling was considerably better. Still, he wouldn't want to wear a hard hat for a jolly long while. His head didn't ache half so much either. There wasn't much now, except a general bruised sort of feeling.

What a row old Clive was making! Somebody was shuffling about, too. That must be Kenneth. Why couldn't the youngster go to sleep instead of walking about in the middle of the night? Come to that, though, he *was* asleep! Now that his eyes were getting used to the dim light, Godfrey could see Kenneth with his head on his hand, lying on his side in one of the upturned tables.

Godfrey looked round the room, and listened intently. The noise seemed to come from the far corner of the room, opposite to the window. Funny if some one else had turned up for the night, climbing in through the window just as they had done! But there didn't seem to be

any one in the room. What was there in that corner? Of course, that larder, where they'd found the food. Mice? Rather not! It wasn't that sort of sound. Somebody moving about.

With infinite precautions against making even the slightest sound, Godfrey got on to his hands and knees, and crawled forward. Certainly there was nobody in the room but themselves. The door of the larder was half-closed, exactly as they had left it the night before, after Clive had opened another tin of meat for supper. Godfrey stopped to listen carefully. The sound was coming from the other side of that door.

Godfrey held his breath. Suddenly he heard a soft thud and a muttered exclamation. Whoever was there must have dropped one of the food tins! Right on to his foot, probably. Godfrey felt decidedly pleased at the thought. Vaguely, he was connecting the sounds from the other side of the door with the man who had attacked him the previous afternoon. Not of course that there was any connection between the two things, really, only—well, here was some one sneaking about just like the other fellow did, and that seemed somehow to join them. Anyway, he'd have to see who it was. Besides, how had the man got there? He must have come in through the pantry window and come right across the kitchen while they were asleep—unless, of course, he had come through that door—the one that had been locked—in the larder itself. Anyhow, he'd jolly well have to find out. If the fellow started waving sticks about again, of course he and Clive and Kenneth between them would soon settle him. Not of course that there was any chance really of this fellow having anything to do with the other. Still . . .

Carefully, Godfrey put out a hand and slowly began to push back the door. If he could open it a few inches he would be able to get his head round it and see what was happening.

But, at the first movement, the noise in the larder suddenly stopped. There was a second's pause; then a more violent sound; and then, very gently, but unmistakably, the turning of a key and the shooting of a bolt.

There was no need then to avoid making a

row. Godfrey called excitedly to Clive and Kenneth, and threw the door wide open.

'Come on, you two,' he cried, as Kenneth looked up sleepily. 'Bring a light, Clive. Some one's been in here. I heard him—and he went through the door. Hurry up.'

Sleepily lighting a match, Clive came across the room, while Kenneth, more awake now, ran to collect their walking-sticks as the best weapons available.

Godfrey went down the steps into the larder, and took the matches from Clive. 'Too late, now,' he exclaimed. 'He was jolly sharp in getting away. Wish I'd caught him!'

'Who was it?' Kenneth demanded, while Clive declared that it was probably one of old Godfrey's nightmares.

(Continued on page 127.)

'I'M A GARGOYLE.'

By One of Them.

I AM a gargoyle. For over four hundred years I have been perched up, hanging over this Church water-spout, staring and grinning, grinning and staring. Not many people know I am here; I am so high up they don't find me out. But I see everything, and I hear a good many conversations.

Lots of ignorant people do not know what I am here for—I didn't know it myself at first.

Some days gentlemen with side whiskers, in top hats and kid gloves, come and stand under me, with parties of sight-seers—I suppose they are—and point at me with walking-sticks, and they all strain their necks looking up, and laugh. 'Oh, what an ugly great face!' they say. I've often wished I could get at some of them. I put out my tongue, but I can only spit on them when it rains hard.

Once a big man in brown kid gloves halted under my pipe and began to talk about me, and didn't I listen! 'This is one of the finest gargoyles known in this country,' and I felt so proud. 'It is a quaint embodiment of all that is ugly,' and I scowled at him, but he went on: 'On many of the finest churches in Christendom we find not only every kind of bird and beast, real and legendary, but everything uncanny and diabolical in human form'; and so he went on jaw, jaw, jaw, till I felt as devilish as anything, and kept on looking ugly.

The present verger is rather friendly to me; he often tells people what I am for. Lots of times I have heard him explain to tourists, when I am pointed out to them sitting on my perch, in answer to their silly questions as to why my face is hanging over the top of the water-spout, that hundreds and hundreds of years ago—quite eleven hundred years—somebody found out that the rain-water from some

church roof was running down and ruining the walls and foundations, and hit upon the idea of sticking up a projecting spout so as to carry the water well out from the building. 'A useful old fellow,' one of the kid-gloved ones called me, and 'ancient churches all over the kingdom are similarly decorated,' and there are some more of my kind on this building.

Someone asked the top-hat what I thought was a most foolish question: why the water-spout had a face on it at all! My tongue fairly ached then, trying to reach him, and I was proud when the learned one set him in his place. 'Of course,' he said, 'to the old churchmen who took a pride in their buildings the ugliness of these useful spouts would be an eyesore, so they set to work to see how they could make them ornamental.'

And that's what I am—useful and ornamental. Not many humans can say that. 'Ugly face,' indeed; I saw a rude little boy put out his tongue at me the other day when he was caught in the rain, playing near my pipe. I gave him such a drenching, he won't forget it. And he called me a 'gargoyle,' too. Not so far wrong, though my name is really 'gargouille,' for I do make a noise like gargling when the water passes through my pipe. I'm a beauty, I am; the kid-gloved gentleman said so, and it isn't every one who can make ugly faces as well. But there—there's no pleasing everybody, and what's more, it won't do to try.

A PLANT THAT DEFIES NATURE.

ONE of the strangest flowers in the world is one which is very seldom seen, because it only blossoms after dark, and withers before dawn. It is, too, an exceptionally rare species.

Except at the time of its flowering this plant, the *Cereus*, is anything but attractive in appearance. It is merely a leafless tangle of discoloured vegetable fibres, with something unnatural and even repellent about the twisted growth. There are times, however, when this ugly, unpromising material blossoms into the most beautiful and scented flowers.

It will be noticed a little after dusk that the bud begins to unfold, and in an hour or two it grows into a large flower, several feet in circumference. Quickly its grotesque colouring deepens, until by midnight the brown and orange and pearly white are vivid and intense in hue; and the air is filled with a heavy, cloying, tropical scent, something like the fragrance of the frangipanni and tiger lilies.

Then, even before the dawn approaches, it begins to fade; and by daybreak it has again become a discoloured, and apparently lifeless, mass of fibres.

A. TEGNIER.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

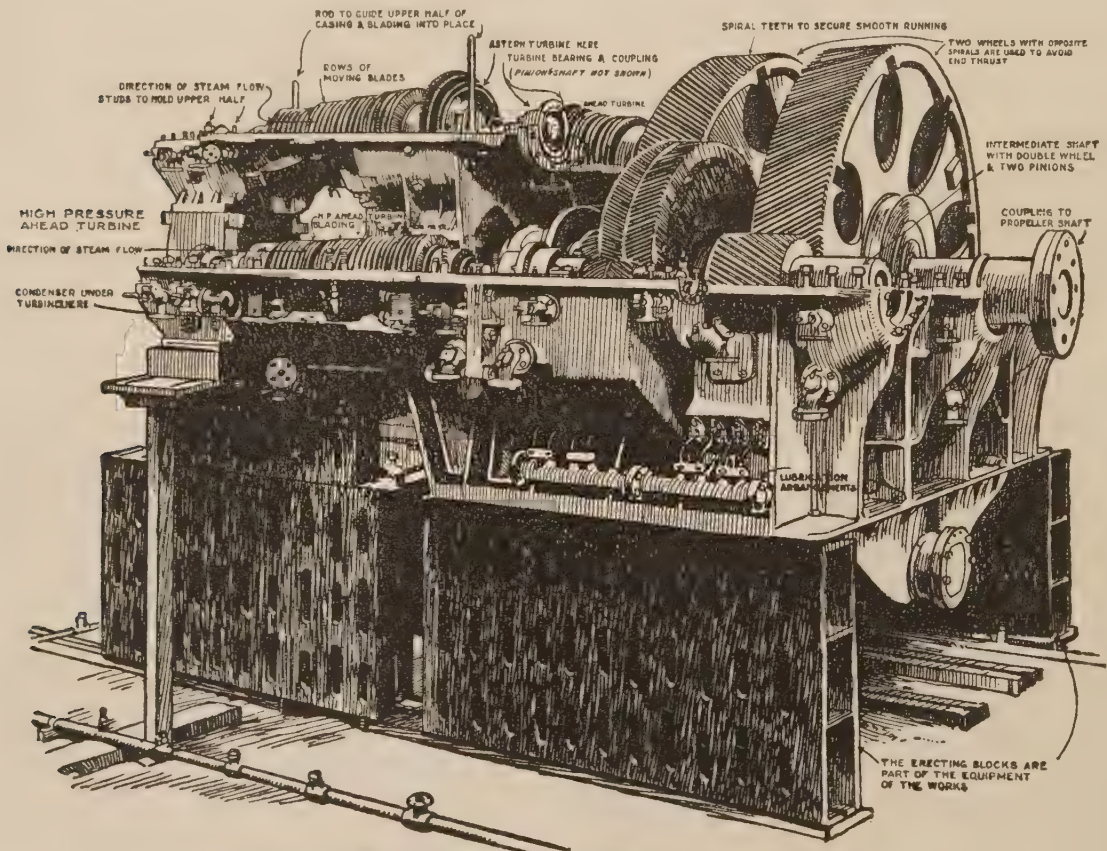
Illustrated by T. E. HAYWOOD and BERNARD WAY.

(Concluded from page 92.)

THE first Parsons turbine—a tiny machine—can be seen in the South Kensington Museum, opened so that its internal arrangements can be observed. It will be seen that it consists of a case with many rows of fixed blades secured to its inner face. Within this rotates what is frequently called the 'rotor,' to which also blades are secured. If we follow the course of the steam, we shall see that it is first passed through the row of fixed or guide vanes, which deflect it, so that it is travelling somewhat in the direction of rotation. It now strikes against the moving vanes, which it urges forward, and from them escapes into another row of fixed vanes, by

which it is itself again diverted into the correct direction. The process is repeated at every row, each moving vane throughout the whole series being pressed forward by the steam. As there are so many rows of vanes through which the steam has to pass, the pressure gradually falls from one row to the next, and, as the steam expands throughout the whole range of the turbine, the vanes are increased in size, from one end of the machine to the other, to accommodate the increased volume of steam.

At the exhaust-end a pipe, usually part of the frame of the turbine, connects it directly to the condenser. You will notice that this



STEAM TURBINES & GEARS FOR DRIVING A MERCHANT SHIP

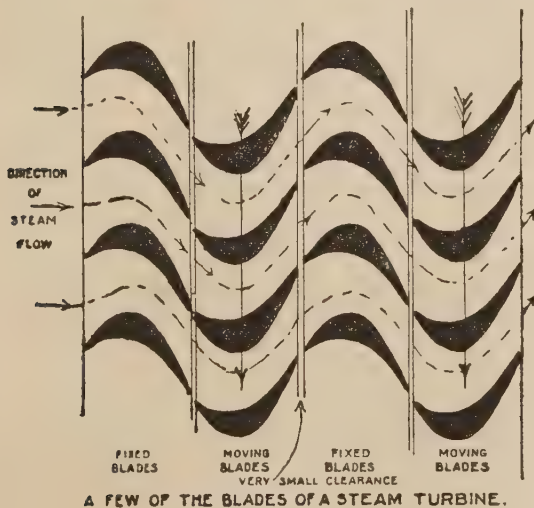
View in the makers' erecting shop (Messrs Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Co.)

THE TOP HALF OF EACH STATOR WITH ITS FIXED BLADING IS REMOVED TO SHOW THE MOVING BLADING

pipe has to be much larger than the steam-pipe, as it has to carry very low-pressure steam, which has expanded so as to occupy many times the volume which it required when at high pressure. The experience of the present day goes to show that, by the use of this form of engine, particularly in large units, the therms can be *much* better utilised than in the earlier or reciprocating type of engine; and, further, that turbines can be made to deal with very much greater quantities of steam, and, therefore, to generate much more power than would otherwise be possible. They are almost universally employed in very large ships and in large electric generating stations; but,

SUMMING UP.

To sum up, the power of the steam engine comes from the therms or heat units produced by the combustion of the coal which it consumes. The best results are obtained when every possible precaution is taken to save heat units. The steam must be dry, and is in the best engines super-heated. The working can only be economical when the expansion of the steam is made use of, and for reciprocating engines this can be best done if three, or perhaps four, cylinders are used. The turbine similarly uses the expansion of the steam, but, in this case, the impulse given by the steam to rotating vanes, or the pressure which it exerts when being deflected from a straight course, is made use of. Therms can be saved by using a condenser; therms can also be saved by using hot feed-water for the boiler and hot air to the furnaces. For the largest units, steam turbines are always used.



to be satisfactory and economical, they must have the best possible condensing arrangements.

As it is not necessary to oil the parts of the turbine touched by the steam, the condensed water is free from grease, which is a very important consideration, as it is quite unsafe to put oily water into a boiler, and the oil has to be removed from condensed steam in reciprocating sets by means of some sort of filter.

Marine turbines have been made in very large sizes, and engineers are nowadays making gears to enable the turbine to be run at high speed, while the propellers run more slowly, as, for efficiency, the turbine must run fast while the high-speed propeller is wasteful. Most turbine-engined ships have a small turbine, which is used for 'going astern' and which is generally built into the inside of the casing directly over the condenser (see fig.).

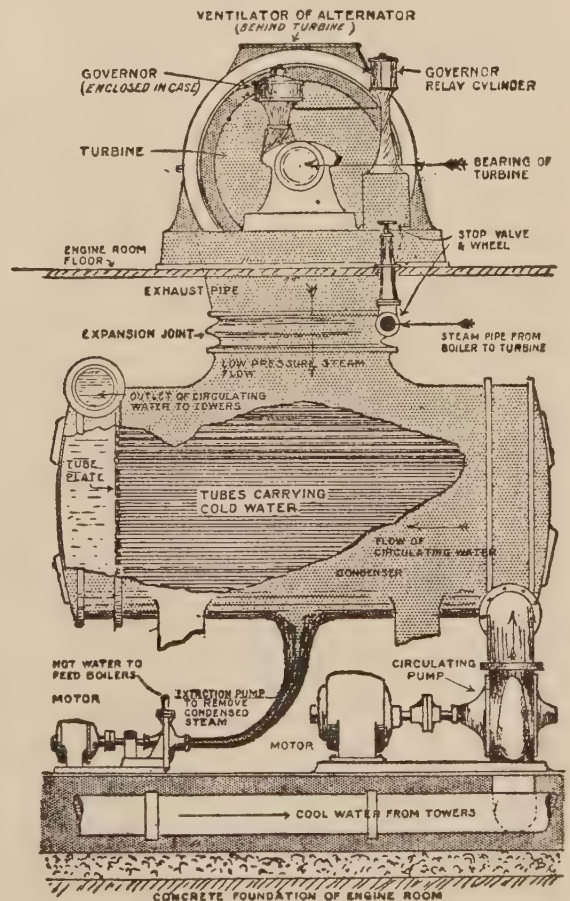


DIAGRAM TO SHOW ARRANGEMENT OF TURBINE & CONDENSER.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

IN an English Museum some time ago there was shown an interesting exhibit of insects. The exhibit had been arranged with an eye on agriculturists. In one large case were a selection of insects which are friendly to the farmer and in another case were those that are not friendly. An exhibit of that kind ought to be of no small use, for even those who live by the soil do not by any means accurately discriminate between friends and foes.

As with insects, so with birds. Many birds are man's indispensable allies. Without them he could never hope successfully to fight the plague of insects and of weeds. Yet he often wantonly destroys many of his best friends. Every year witnesses a massacre of innocents that ought to be stopped. There is urgent need for more discrimination and for more intelligent appreciation of the bird's place and service in nature.

The owl, for instance, is a much persecuted bird. Even yet crucified owls may be seen fixed in barn-doors as a warning to whom it may concern. The owl has been painted in blackest colours. Yet he is not at all the creature he is painted.

He is really one of the farmer's best friends. Few other birds help more than the owl in keeping down the number of moles and rats and mice.

Seeböhm tells of a barn-owl's nest in which twenty freshly killed rats were found.

Even the sparrow, that rascally immigrant that America owes to Europe, is not nearly so bad as his reputation. Professor Collinge, some time ago, made an investigation into the stomach contents of two hundred and eighty nesting sparrows, two-thirds of which were taken from fruit-growing districts. He discovered that the food consisted almost entirely of insects, mostly of injurious insects, weevils, caterpillars, grubs of crane-flies, and saw-flies.

During the nesting season, at least, even adult sparrows live mainly on insects—a most important consideration to agriculturists. Professor Collinge believes that with their numbers reduced, sparrows would do far more good than harm. Their toll in green-fly, and beetle, and caterpillar is a service too often overlooked.

It certainly seems desirable that before we go out to kill we should be quite sure that we are going out against foes and not against friends.

F. C. HOGGARTH.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

Illustrated by the Author.

(Continued from page 107.)

WE had left Pyecombe little more than a mile behind, when, passing a farmhouse a stone's throw from the road, some of the Ditchling gang, still thirsty, and sore from their disappointment at the inn, broke rank and besieged it. They attacked the back premises with crowbars, and, as we passed along, we could hear amidst their shouts the sounds of rending wood and falling glass. Leaving them far behind, we still heard hoarse voices, the barking of dogs, and the report of a gun, showing that serious mischief was afoot.

Gradually the sounds died down as we increased our distance. When we had put a mile or so between us and the farmhouse, on looking behind I saw fire and smoke. I groaned, for I knew the worst had happened. Was it indeed the worst? Who could tell what would happen next?

Dick and I scarcely spoke: we were sick at heart, and, moreover, were very tired. We had lost sight of Jemmy and Amos and were surrounded by the half-drunken Bulldogs, who

were laughing coarsely, growling sullenly, or singing foolishly, according to their natures; we tramped on in a sort of stupor mile after mile. We knew there were disturbances between the Bulldogs and the Ditchling gang, the reason of which we did not know or care to guess; we knew that more drink was procured by some means or other, that there were angry voices and some blows, but we plodded on more asleep than awake. At one time we were aroused, to find ourselves leaning on a gate—haystacks burning furiously in front of us and black figures standing round, exulting and stirring up the flames—angry voices, dogs barking, cows bellowing, horses neighing, men trying to save horses from a burning stable, and one man standing in the flame-light, all alone, firing straight into us with a gun. Another time, stumbling along in pitchy darkness, splashing up water as we went; a lurching of the constable, a rough voice in my ear, saying, 'Serves you right!'; then some hurrahing and singing as we were disbanded.

We had reached Cuckfield. I dropped down on some hay in a farmyard; Dick was there, too, I believe, and was asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HALT AT CUCKFIELD.

I AWOKE shivering with cold; Dick lay curled up beside me, his knee on my chest, his head buried in the straw. I should not have awakened for hours had it not been for the cold.

Dick started up and looked around him with an amazed expression on his features when I aroused him; a pitiful figure he looked—touzled and smeared with dirt. From what I could see of myself I was no better—stockings and boots wet and muddy, my Sunday clothes in a deplorable condition; but at the time neither Dick nor I gave any heed to our appearance. Thank Heaven there was a gleam of sunshine to warm our chilled bodies. We crept into it and began to look about us. The indefinite feeling that all was wrong with me, with which I awoke, and which had indeed haunted me in my sleep, gave place to a detailed realisation of our misfortunes. We were in the rickyard of a farm, our backs against a haystack—golden in the blessed morning sunlight. Around the ricks and about the yard lay sleeping men in every conceivable position except the upright, some having had sense enough to wrap themselves in their overcoats, whilst others had flung them down for pillows, their gear and contemptible weapons lay scattered in all directions—it was like a picture of a deserted battlefield. There were a few sheds to our right, a fence, and an open gate half off its hinges leading into the road, a hedge, a row of stunted trees, and above them at some distance, the spire of a church apparently on higher ground. It was early, judging by the aspect of the sky and the fact that there was no one moving about, cocks were crowing and answering one another, and there was a smell of wood fires which to me, at any rate, suggested breakfast.

I was hungry—very hungry and miserable. Dick has more pluck than I have—besides, he never seems to be hungry. Said he, surveying the sleeping men and full of the one idea—‘What a chance it would be if we could find the Captain here asleep; I’d have the letter out of his pocket in a twinkling, even if I had to give him a knock on the head to get it,’ adding after a moment’s reflection, ‘But I suppose

there’s no such luck, he’s making himself comfortable in some inn, the scurvy rascal, and leaving his beauties to sleep out here in the straw.’

Nevertheless, picking up a stray bludgeon as a weapon of offence or defence, he went the round of the yard and among the ricks, inspecting the sleepers, but of course did not find the Captain.

He returned grumbling. ‘I shall keep this knobby stick; it may come in useful.’

At this moment Jemmy and Amos appeared at the open gate, and at once caught sight of us.

‘Good-morning,’ said Jemmy. ‘Hope you’ve slept comfortable, and didn’t feel any draught through leaving the gate open. Me and Amos slep in a shed on the stone floor, like the poet—me lodging is on the co-o-old ground, but not exposing our skins to the night air like some people—but the stones was hard, wasn’t they, Amos? What we saved on our skins we lost on our bones; I never knew I had so many afore—perticklery the hips. We’ve had a good wash, and feel all the better for it, don’t us, Amos? There’s a pump at the back of the “King’s Head,” just down bottom of the lane; you go and have a turn, it’ll do you all the good in the world.’ Their faces were shining, they looked quite fresh; I envied them their sprightliness.

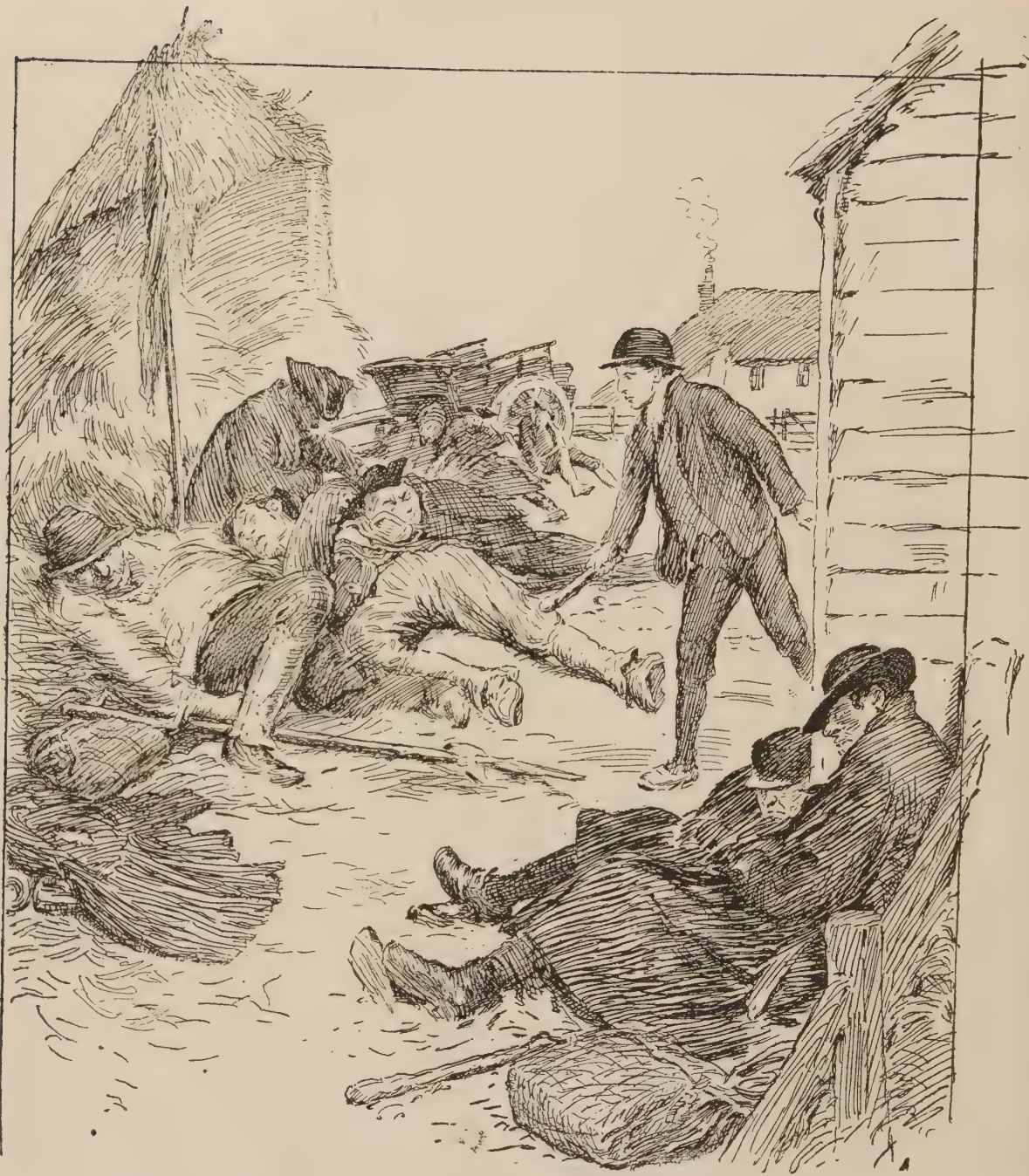
‘I feel prime,’ continued Jemmy, stretching himself to his full five feet three, and pulling down his waistcoat over his lean figure as though his proportions were those of an alderman. ‘I feel prime,’ he repeated. ‘Just ready for breakfast.’

‘Breakfast!’ I exclaimed. ‘How in the world are we to get any breakfast among all these savages? When they wake up they’ll swarm over everything like a flight of locusts. Are there any shops, Jemmy? We’ve got two shillings, but we must keep some of that for dinner, and after that I don’t know what we shall do.’

‘There are plenty of shops,’ Jemmy replied, ‘and two inns—real good coaching houses. You go and get a good wash before the soap’s all gone, and groom yourselves a bit; me and Amos’ll look after the breakfast—we’re old hands, we are. I can light a fire and boil a kettle with any—’

‘You haven’t got a kettle,’ I said.

‘But I can get one. I’m not just out of the nursery; if I can’t get a kettle and a pinch of tea from one of the maids at the “King’s



"He went the round of the yard, inspecting the sleepers."

Head," I've gone silly and lost all my 'com-
 pishments, as they say. You trot off and make
 yourselves look more like a couple of young
 gentlemen, else I shall be shamed to be seen
 walking out with you. You'll find us in the

best parlour when you come back—outside in
 the lane, just round the corner, where we
 shan't be overlooked by the neighbours—a nice
 cosy place all among the stinging-nettles.'

(Continued on page 122.)



“ ‘When people followed politics they completely lost their heads.’ ”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 120.)

ON reaching the open space in front of the 'King's Head,' we found some of our companions of the night before beginning to collect; they came from bye-lanes and holes and corners, stretching themselves and forming knots. They stood with hunched shoulders, hands thrust deep in pockets, looking far from comfortable; some half-dozen watched us washing at the pump in the inn yard as if we were engaged in some strange ceremony; one went so far as to wash his fingers and wet his brow, but none seemed disposed to go to extremes. Inside the inn people were stirring, but we saw nothing of the Captain or the other leaders.

Feeling considerably better, we returned by the way we had come, passing the rickyard where we had slept, and where now the slumberers were aroused, and showed signs of quitting. Turning a corner a short distance beyond the yard, we found Jemmy and Amos tending a merry little fire on which was a kettle; a log of wood had been drawn near to form a seat, and an upturned pail to answer the same purpose; a surprisingly white napkin was spread on the ground, with four cups and saucers, and the greater part of a large loaf of home-made bread laid on it; beyond this lay a small paper bag which, judging by Jemmy's mysterious nod and wink, contained some dainty not yet to be disclosed. The effect was cheery and homelike; it is true there was no teapot, the tea had to be made in the kettle, but such a cup of tea and so piping hot I had never tasted. There was no milk or sugar, but as Jemmy said, 'Milk makes the tea taste soapy, and sugar spoils the flavour.'

When Jemmy had poured out the four cups of tea he produced the dainty item before indicated—two new-laid eggs which he carefully dropped into the kettle, where they boiled for three minutes as well as we could guess, in what was to be our second cup of tea. Jemmy pressed the eggs on us—one for Dick and one for me, at which we demurred and urged a fair division—one for Jemmy and Amos, and one for Dick and me. This was overruled, Jemmy declaring that 'he could not abide aigs,' and Amos had been always accus-

tomed to eat his bread neat, unless a piece of bacon was available.

'Here's a couple of spoons and a pinch of salt wropped up in paper,' continued Jemmy, fishing the said articles out of his waistcoat pocket. 'I can't pervide you with aig-cups, you must hold 'em in yer handkerchers like so.'

'How did you get hold of this grand spread?' I asked. 'You must have found the maid at the "King's Head" very obliging.'

'Well, to tell you the truth,' replied Jemmy, 'the maid at the "King's Head" and me didn't hit it off at all well, so I went to the "Talbot," and the maid there was most obliging—we seemed to take to one another at first sight. It's funny what differences there are in young women.'

We fell to discussing the events of the previous night and our plans for the future. Jemmy declared he had 'had enough of it, and would go no further with a pack of ruffians'—that he did not 'follow politics himself, and was no rick-burner or burner of farms.' He averred that 'when people followed politics they completely lost their heads—that men, otherwise decent, frothed at the mouth all about things they did not understand'—that 'they got hold of catch-words and party cries that sounded big, but meant little or nothing, and forgot the difference between right and wrong, and clever scoundrels made tools of them for their own ends.'

'But there are such things as Justice and Freedom,' Amos put in.

'So there are,' said Jemmy, who was getting quite warm. 'But it's no more just to burn farmers' houses than to put men in prison for speaking their mind, and as for Freedom—if that's the sort of thing we've been having along the road—why, give me—something else. 'Sides, this coming out with firearms and burning and shooting's a hanging matter; I've no mind to have my neck stretched.'

'I'm as much against these wicked goings on as any one can be,' said Amos. 'There never was a good cause but what the devil tried to spoil it. Sure there's enemies within as well as outside, and bad shepherds as well as wandering sheep, but I'll stick to the Cause

and see it through. It's little I can do truly, but there are good leaders in London when we get there—Sir Francis Burdett, Cobbett and others—all good men and true. 'I've put my hand to the plough and won't turn back.'

'Well, as far as I'm concerned,' said Jemmy, 'I want to go to London and get a nice respectable place among 'osses. Now, you two young gentlemen want to go to London and find his lordship, and tell him all about the letter—you've got his address, you say. Now, it's all quiet here, and they Bulldogs are quarrelling among themselves, and seem to

have forgotten you; I vote we slope off by ourselves.'

'And lose sight of the letter,' said Dick. 'I know where it is now, and I mean to stick close to the Captain until I get my chance. If we went to London and saw Lord Henry Gordon, we could tell him something about the letter, and the gentleman who sent it, but we could not tell him what is in it, and there's something in that envelope beside the letter, we don't know what it is, but it may be of great value.'

(Continued on page 135.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

Written and Illustrated by RUTH COBB, Author of 'The Magnificent and his Times.'

IV.—BRITAIN AND AVALON.

WHEN Æneas fled after the fall of Troy, according to very old legends, he took refuge in Italy. There he and his descendants lived for some time. His grandson, named Brute, was driven from the country. Brutus went as an exile to Greece, and there he found others, like himself, descendants of those exiles from Troy. These people were discontented and wanted their freedom. They welcomed Brute with joy, wishing him to be their leader and choosing him as their 'Duke' (which means 'leader'). He led them against the king of the Greeks and defeated him. In this way Brutus gained their freedom, and securing the king's daughter for his bride he and his companions sailed away in search of a land for their occupation. After two days they reached an island called Leogecia, which had been uninhabited ever since it had been laid waste by pirates in the days of old.

Brute sent a party of three hundred ashore to explore, and hearing from them of a deserted city, himself visited the temple. There he saw a statue of the Goddess Diana, and asked that she should tell him in what land he should in future dwell. In the temple he fell asleep, and at the third hour of the night, when mortals are visited by the sweetest sleep, he dreamt that the goddess came to him and spoke:

'Brute—past the realms of Gaul, beneath the sunset lieth an Island girt about by ocean. Guarded by ocean—once the haunt of giants, desert of late and meet for this thy people. Seek it! For there is thine abode for ever. There by thy sons again shall Troy be builded.'

When he awoke Brute told his dream to his companions, and they advised that they should all return at once to the ships, and while there was still a favourable wind set sail for the west in search of this wonderful land.

After a dangerous voyage and many attacks by pirates they reached the Pillars of Hercules (the Straits of Gibraltar). Sailing on, they came to a land where they found a people also descendants of exiles from Troy. Their Duke was called Corineus and the people after him were known as Cornishmen.

Finally they reached the promised island and landed at a place called Totnes. At that time the name of the island was Albion. Brute called it Britain, and his companions Britons after his own name. It was uninhabited except for a few giants. They drove them away into the caverns of the mountains and divided the country among them by lot, according as Brute, who became lord of the land, granted it to them. One of the descendants of Brute was the great British hero, King Arthur.

Such is the story told by Geoffrey of Monmouth of a promised land that was sought and found. He lived in the twelfth century, and he wrote a history of the kings of Britain, preserving many interesting legends. He tells in the beginning of it how he had often wondered that there was no such history, and that the early kings and the famous King Arthur are but mentioned by Bede the historian in his work. He remarked on this to his friend, a very learned man, named Walter Archdeacon, of Oxford. Walter gave him an ancient book to read in the British language,



in which the doings of these early kings are told in stories of exceeding beauty.

This is the account given by Geoffrey of Monmouth, but of this earlier book there is no trace, and indeed, in much later times, critics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were inclined to believe that the whole of Geoffrey's history was pure invention. It is to his book that Malory and others went for the source of the stories they wrote of King Arthur, the British chieftain, round whom so much legend has grown up, about himself, his marvellous doings, and the Isle of Avalon, that mysterious land to which he went.

Historians now agree that there was a British King named Arthur who fought against the Saxons and lived in the sixth century. The general belief is that his land was in the west, and that he was slain in a battle at Mountbadon, near Bath, or Badbury Rings, in Dorset. But

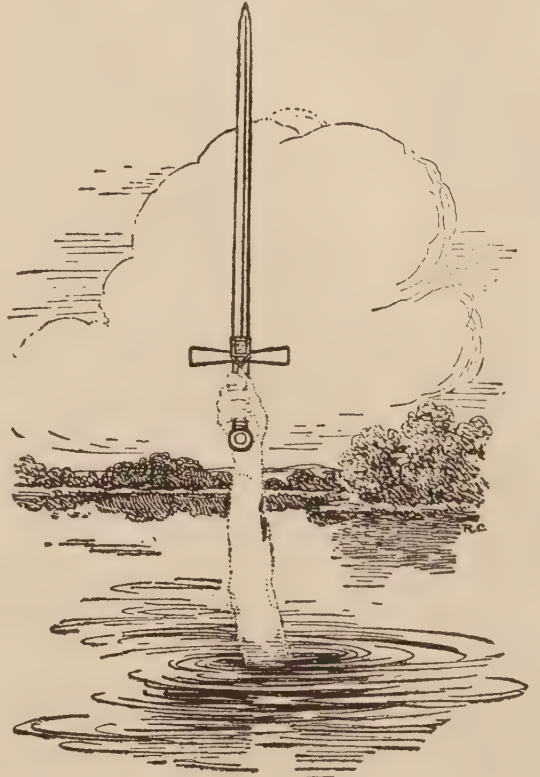


Glastonbury Tor.

some seem to think, owing to more recent research, that his kingdom was in the north of Britain, and that he fought against the Picts and Scots as well as the Saxons. But wherever the Celtic race was to be found, the story of such a king as Arthur exists—in Cornwall, Wales, Brittany and other parts of France. It was spread about the land by the travelling minstrels as they journeyed from place to place, singing their ballads to the people. In those days when there were no books of the kind that we know, this was the way in which such tales became known.

It is always the same story of a great hero, a wonderful knight with the strength of

Hercules, who possessed a sword called Excalibur that had magical powers. It was brought to him mysteriously by a maiden with



The Coming of Excalibur.

a message from the great Lady Lile of Avalon. Seeing that she was girded with a sword under her mantle, Arthur asked her the reason that she wore it. She replied that she might only give it to the knight that possessed all the virtues and that he only might draw it from its sheath. Arthur ardently desired to possess the sword, and after various adventures it eventually became his own. Another version of the same story by which Arthur obtained the sword is used by Tennyson in his poem 'The Coming of Arthur,' one of the *Idylls of the King*, which tell the story of Arthur and his twelve Knights of the Round Table. Arthur, speaking of his early days, remembers that—

'In those old days one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across
And took it and have worn it like a ring'—

a somewhat different version.

The stories in the various countries agree in the general facts that the hero fought his country's enemies, and earned an undying glory in doing so, and at the last was borne away, after having been grievously wounded, to a mysterious land from whence he is expected to return once more to his own country and to redeem his people.

An early British poet who lived near those far-off times has written: 'My prophetic soul foretells it, discord shall reign among the British tribes until the federation shall be formed by the chief of heroes when he comes back into the world; like the dawn he will rise from his mysterious retreat.'

The mysterious land whither Arthur went is known in the English story as the Isle of Avalon and is said to be the Avalon, the scene of another Christian legend, in Somersetshire, now known as Glastonbury. In the French version Arthur was the rival of Charlemagne and after the usual adventures is said to have retreated to Sicily. Somersetshire was then largely marshland and in one part of it a hill rises suddenly above it like an island. This hill came to be thought of as Avalon, the Island of the Blest, the place of departed spirits. It is Glastonbury Tor.

It was also associated with a story of Joseph of Arimathea, who is said to have come to England bearing with him the Holy Grail, the cup that Christ used at His last Supper, and that it was put in a holy place at Glastonbury to be kept in safety.

'That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen prince Amiragus
Gave him an isle of Marsh whereon to build,
And there he built with wattles from the
Marsh

A little lonely church in days of yore.'

There is an old legend also that on one of his journeys—for he was a merchant—Joseph actually brought the Boy Christ with him, where still the Holy Thorn blooms about Christmas.

It is known for certain that there was a little wattle church at this spot, there it still existed in 1032; later it was encased in stone for preservation and was finally burnt down some hundred years later.

Another church rose on the same spot, the Abbey of Glastonbury, and among its ruins to-day is shown the supposed tomb of King Arthur. Malory, who lived in the fifteenth

century, and who re-wrote many of the Arthurian stories, going to the French romances as well as to the English legends for his facts, added another story to them, that of the quest of the Holy Grail by the knights of Arthur's court, known as the Knights of the Round Table, which has now become part of the story of Arthur as told by later writers.

Malory tells how, when King Arthur was wounded to death by his nephew Modred, he gave his sword Excalibur to one of his knights, telling him to throw the sword into the lake. There an arm and hand appeared above the water, caught the sword, shook it thrice, and vanished with it under the water. Sir Bedivere then took Arthur to the water-side, where they found a barge waiting with many fair ladies in it. They took the wounded king among them. Sir Bedivere was distressed at his king's going from him he knew not where, but Arthur said to him, 'Comfort thyself, for I will unto the vale of Avalon for to heal me of my glorious wound, and if thou never hear more of me, pray for my soul.'

Tennyson, retelling these stories in his *Idylls of the King*, gives also a speech of Arthur's on his journey into the unknown isle:—

'But now farewell. I am going a long way,
With these thou seest if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island valley of Avalon,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor any wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lands
And bowery hollows crowned with summer
sea,
Where I will heal me of my glorious wound.'

PUSSY'S LULLABY.

SLEEP, sweetly sleep, my pretty Kit,
Close by you on the rug I'll sit;
Your tail curl round and tuck it in,
Then go to sleep, my pussykin.

Lay on your paws your tiny nose,
Your sleepy little eyelids close,
Then off to Dreamland in a trice,
To dream of birds and milk and mice.

A pussy-song I'll sing to you—
Me-ew, me-ouw, me-ouw, me-ew!
I'm watching close at hand you see,
Then sleep, my pretty kitty-wee!

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 115.)

GODFREY explained as rapidly as he could, as he tugged at the door out of the larder, which was now once more securely fastened. 'The beggar got away through here,' he said. 'I heard him fiddling around with those tins, and he dropped one; then I tried to open the door, and he heard me, and just scooted in a second.'

'Why didn't you jump in on him as soon as he touched the door?' Clive demanded. 'You must have heard him.'

'But,' said Godfrey, 'I didn't know what he was doing. I didn't think much about that door. I thought he had come through our room. And then before I could realise what was happening he had turned the key.'

'Old slowcoach!' muttered Clive. 'You ought to have kept more awake.'

'Oh, shut up!' cried Kenneth. 'There's no good talking like that. The question is, who was the fellow, and what did he come here for? Anyhow, one thing's certain: there *is* some one in the hotel after all.'

'Wonder where that door leads to?' exclaimed Godfrey.

'I bet it's the caretaker,' said Clive. 'Always said there'd be one.'

'That's all very well,' said Godfrey. 'But a caretaker would have every right to come into this larder if he wanted to, and I don't see why he should scoot because I interrupted him. Much more likely that he will raise Cain with us for trespassing.'

'Let's bash that door in and follow him, anyhow,' Clive suggested.

Godfrey pulled once again at the handle. 'Not much chance of doing that,' he said. 'You have a try.'

Clive set his shoulder against the door and pushed with all his strength. Then he drew away as far as the size of the small larder permitted, and charged first at the lock and then at the hinge, with no result except to bruise his shoulder. 'How about picking the lock?' he suggested at last.

'No wire to do it with,' objected Kenneth. 'Besides, Godfrey said he heard it being bolted.'

'If the fellow, whoever it was, came here to

spy on us,' said Godfrey, 'he must have known that we were here. And if it wasn't that, what *did* he come for?'

'I thought you said he was handling those tins,' said Kenneth. 'Looks to me as if he was after food.'

'I can tell you how many there were, though,' said Clive. 'I stacked them all out decently last night, because as we were going to stay here for a day or two while Godfrey went to Edinburgh, I thought we might as well see what we'd got. There were six of ox tongue in the far corner, two of biscuits in the middle, and then I put all the rest, about twenty I think, over to the left. We'll soon see if anything has gone.'

He turned to the shelf that stretched across the farther wall of the larder, and with the aid of a match which Kenneth held aloft he counted the tins. To the right were two; then Godfrey discovered a third on the floor. In the centre was a single tin of biscuits, while the heap to the left seemed undisturbed.

'Not much doubt about that,' cried Clive. 'The fellow has gone off with about a quarter of our grub. And I say'—he turned excitedly to Godfrey—'did you take that ten-bob note away? You know, the one we left here. The one you were going to Edinburgh with.'

'No fear,' said Godfrey. 'Felt too jolly done up to bother about it. Plenty of time for that in the morning. Where has it got to?'

'I know it was here last night,' Clive exclaimed. 'Last thing. Just before I turned in. I saw it when I was sorting out the tins, and left it because I thought you'd raise such a jolly shindy if I took it. But I'm bothered if it's here now. Can't see it anywhere. Have a look on the floor, Kenneth.'

Between them they searched every inch of floor and shelf, moving every tin in case the note might be hidden behind it. But nothing was to be seen, and at last, after using nearly half of Kenneth's matches, they stood up and looked at each other, agast.

(Continued on page 130.)



"They searched every inch of floor and shelf."



JUST A CHANCE



"A big black spaniel, barking at Clive's approach."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 127.)

'THEN he's taken the notes too,' said Godfrey. 'Knocks my trip to Edinburgh on the head.'

'No end of a mess, now,' cried Clive, while Kenneth led the way back to the kitchen. 'We shall have to explain it all on the telephone after all.'

'Look here,' cried Godfrey suddenly. 'I'm bothered if I'm going to stand this! The fellow who has got our ten bob must be just the other side of that locked door; at any rate he must be in the hotel. I don't see why we should put up with being in this mess until we've had a jolly good try to find the man and make him cough it up. And I tell you what, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if it's the same man that went for me and took the rest of the money!'

'I don't see——,' began Clive, when Godfrey interrupted him.

'I don't suppose you do see,' said Godfrey. 'I know there's nothing to go on, but the question is whether there are two men around here who are pinching our cash, or only one. Also, who is the fellow who is in the hotel? And why did he scoot directly I moved? I don't believe he's a caretaker: much more likely than that he's a desperate chap who has done some crime or other and is hiding here, living on this food and stealing all the cash he can see. That fits in far better, you know. And if that's so, if it's one and the same man, then, if we can get right into the hotel and nail him, we might be able to get back not only that ten bob, but all the eighteen pounds.'

'Still,' began Clive, but again Godfrey, now thoroughly excited, refused to be interrupted.

'Oh, shut up!' he said. 'I know it's only a chance, but it would save everything if it came off. I tell you I shan't go to Edinburgh till we've had a try at any rate to get into the hotel and see what's happening. Let's go round to the front and look for a way in.'

Clive was willing enough to keep quiet about his objections in the prospect of a scrap, and he led the way towards the window into the yard, while Kenneth insisted that in any case they would have to get in without making

a noise, because it was important that they should get on to the man without warning him. 'Not a bit of good trying the front door again,' he said. 'We shall have to get in through one of the windows.'

They soon reached the gravel path in front of the hotel and examined the ground-floor windows one by one. These were all secured with steel shutters, fastened by heavy iron bars. Without a pretty complete set of tools it seemed hopeless to try to break in. There was nothing that one could work on with a knife and everything fitted tightly. The bars were fastened with screws that must have had their heads on the inner side, and there was not a bolt or a nut of any sort to take hold of.

The boys stepped back on to the grass, to look up to the other floors. The first-floor windows, which might have been reached by scrambling on to the top of the porch, seemed to be fastened in the same way: above that it was impossible to see in the darkness, and in any case it was not likely that they would be able to climb half-way up the front of the hotel. Kenneth ran still farther away to look up, and suddenly he came running back, talking in an excited whisper.

'I say,' he cried, 'there's a light up there. Right at the top. Looks as if it might be in one of the towers. Do come and look.'

There was no doubt about the light. It seemed to fill a small round window that must have been on the fourth or fifth floor.

'I told you so,' said Godfrey. 'There's some one in the hotel all right, and now we know where to go when we get inside.'

'Don't see how we can get inside, though,' Clive objected.

'Let's have a look at the back,' suggested Kenneth.

They went first into the covered yard, but there the only windows were those by which they had entered the pantry and the larger one belonging to the kitchen. Then, with Kenneth leading the way, they followed the gravelled path to the further side of the hotel, where it skirted the building close to the trees of the forest and bent round to the back.

Here were several windows, smaller than those in front, but all shuttered and barred in exactly the same way. The prospect of forcing an entry seemed dimmer than ever. There was one door, but it too was lined with steel.

In the distance, near the opposite corner of

the building, was a dark projection from the stonework, and Clive ran on ahead to look at it. Then he stopped short, hesitating in front of a large kennel, from which came a big black spaniel, barking at Clive's approach.

(Continued on page 142.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW, *Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.*

Illustrated by the Author.

V.—SPECTACULAR SHOWS AND TRAVELLING THEATRES.

'The ghost (who can't do anything without blue fire) blesses the rightful heir and the young lady by half suffocating them with smoke: and then a muffin bell rings, and the curtain drops.'—*Charles Dickens, 'Greenwich Fair.'* (*Sketches by Boz.*)

SIDE by side with the circus and its spectacular grand *finale*, there has appeared on the road, from time to time, another very similar class of entertainment. Such shows as the famous 'Buffalo Bill Wild West,' which delighted the hearts of many thousands of spectators during the latter years of Queen Victoria's reign, and that very fine show, 'Savage South Africa,' organized by Mr. Frank Fillis at Earl's Court Exhibition in 1899. In this type of travelling show the circus element remained to a very great extent, but it was more than superseded by the spectacular element, which took up the greater part of the performance. The spirit of the circus was shown in trick-riding and clever horsemanship by the redskins and cowboys, but in the main the performance consisted of a series of short scenes representing historical events, and happenings in the lives of the old settlers and pioneers of the time. In Buffalo Bill's show the great event was the 'Attack on the Deadwood Mail,' whilst in that of Frank Fillis, the outstanding item was one of the most wonderful things ever produced in an arena, 'Major Alan Wilson's Last Stand,' recalling the dramatic tragedy of the Matabele War in South Africa in a way that will never be forgotten by all who saw this show.

Buffalo Bill's show is now no more; its place has been taken by the great American production, the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch. Frank Fillis's 'Savage South Africa' travelled this country after its long run at Earl's Court Exhibition, but ill-luck dogged its every step, and at last this wonderful show had to be disbanded, the swarming Matabele made their

final attack on the handful of white men, and, as the great, dark, gauze curtain came down over the heap of horses and men, the little trumpeter's call for the help that came too late rang out for the last time, and a really fine production ceased to be.

These spectacular shows have no very definite origin. There may be some connection between them and the masques and pageantry of olden days, but, if there is, it is very remote. It seems to have been a practice of circus proprietors to introduce the dramatic touch into their shows right from the earliest days of the travelling show. Even Astley made some effort to produce a spectacular item, for he 'billed' a most unique affair, 'A Grand Equestrian Dramatic Spectacle,' entitled 'The Death of Captain Cook,' and, as every one knows this would naturally be a *Nautical* spectacle, Astley helped his audiences to stretch their imagination to no small degree. At any rate this 'horse-marine' show was a great success.

Closely allied to the performance of historic and dramatic spectacles comes the production and acting of plays, and the travelling circus finds itself but a very youthful affair, when it comes to a comparison of ages between it and another form of itinerant show, the travelling theatre. Here is an entertainment that can count hundreds of years to its credit, and an ancestry that dates back to a time when permanent theatre buildings were unknown.

In mediæval and early Tudor days the strolling players lived a very unsettled sort of life. For a long time they were classed among the rogues and vagabonds, and treated as tramps. When they played at all it would be in some inn-yard or barn (fig. 1) and to an audience that sat on tubs and stools, or lounged around on the fringe of the group. Scenery they had none, costumes were generally the



FIG. 1.—"Barn-stormers."

ones they wore, or perhaps, a make-up from a mass of clothes taken around. It was a precarious sort of existence, and not one in which huge fortunes were ever likely to be made.

In the later years of Elizabeth's reign, permanent theatres began to spring up in London, and some of our great dramatists and actors made their names immortal; but the little shows were still alive, and we find them spoken of in descriptions of some of the famous London fairs, of which more anon.

In the days of the 'Georges,' William Hogarth the painter had a special liking for the ways of the itinerant player and the doings at a fair, and he has left to posterity a wonderful picture of the life of these folk in his 'Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn.' Here we see all the various inconveniences and drawbacks of the 'traveller's' life: the cramped surroundings, made even more awkward by the litter of properties and scenery about the place. In his 'Southwark Fair' another troupe of 'barn-stormers' are coming to grief, in that the stand outside the show, upon which they are parading, has suddenly collapsed, and they are all in the act of tumbling off. In the centre of the crowd

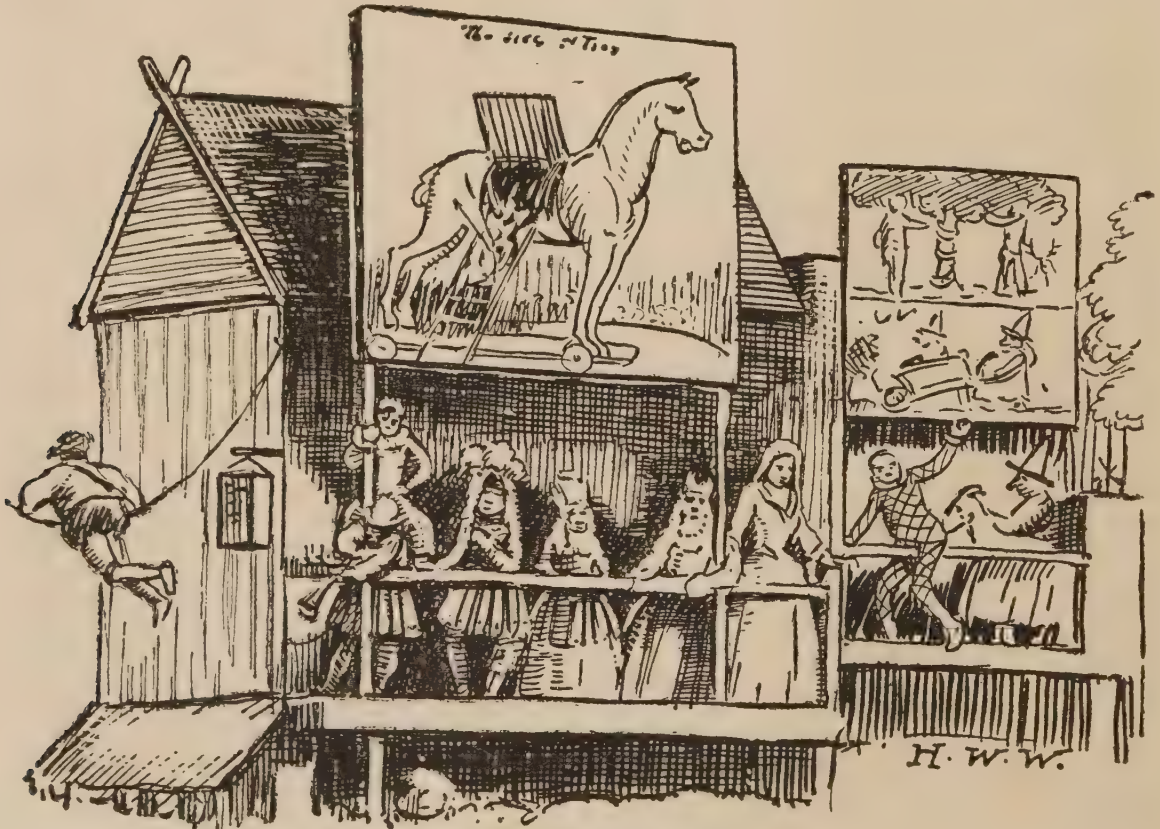


FIG. 2.—Richardson's Theatre.

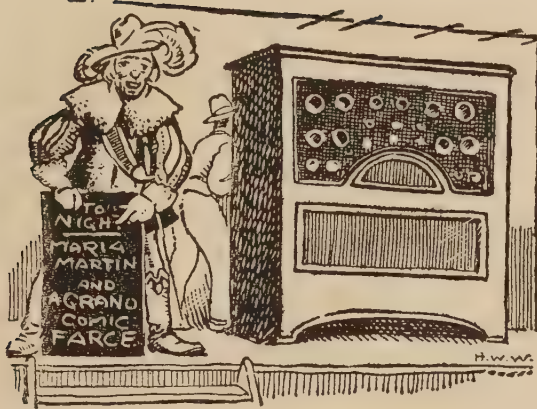


FIG. 3.—The early type of Playbill and Orchestra.

another Thespian is being arrested for debt, and is apparently all 'dressed up,' just ready for his 'cue.' But this makes no difference to the sheriff's men who are taking him off, clothes and all (fig. 1).

Passing over a few years and into the next century there is a description of the Bartholomew Fair of 1825, by William Hone. Here at this time was a very famous travelling theatre. This was 'Richardson's Theatre.' Hone says it had a front thirty feet high, and

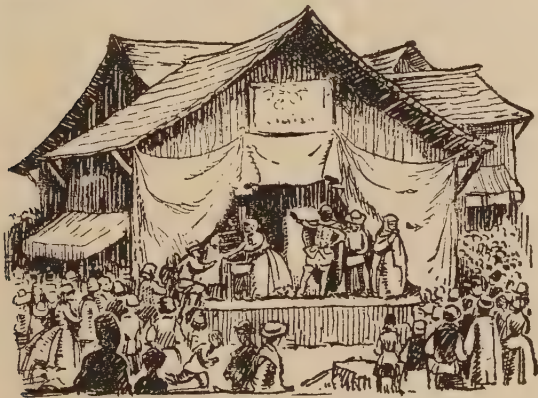


FIG. 4.—A "Show" at Bartholomew Fair.

the band of ten instrumentalists were all dressed in scarlet uniforms, 'like beefeaters.' One of the plays given was entitled 'The Wandering Outlaw,' and another was the then popular 'Harlequin Faustus'—the grand finale was a 'splendid panorama.' This theatre was elaborate enough to have 'boxes at two shillings, a pit at one shilling, and a gallery at sixpence' (fig. 2).

Richardson's Theatre must have been in

existence for some considerable time, for, in the Rowlandson-Pugin series of pictures there is one of Bartholomew Fair as it was in 1808, nearly twenty years before Hone's visit, and there, most important of all the shows, is Richardson's, with a number of actors strutting about on the outer platform drawing the crowd, and an eager queue of people clambering up the steps to the pay-box. In this picture, which is in full colour, the theatre front is painted with green and pink hangings, and showing yellow columns striped with red. This

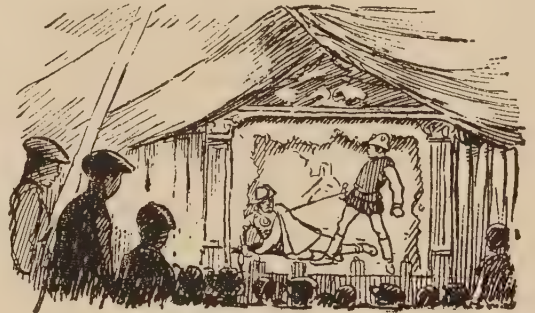


FIG. 5.

"Astrachanio sent that villain Pistachio to his doom."

particular show was considered one of the finest of its day, its platform was lined with green baize, and it was lighted by something like two thousand lamps. When the great Mr. Richardson died, the show was taken over by the partners, Johnson and Nelson Lee, but soon after the change, tragedy itself, in grim reality, took the boards, for the whole show was destroyed by fire at Dartford in 1845.

In Cromwell's time theatrical performances of all kinds were entirely forbidden; but there was one man, Robert Cox by name, who got the better of the law by writing what he called 'drolls.' They were nothing more or less than plays, but, to safeguard them further, they were acted under the name of 'Rope-dancing.' Ned Ward, writing in 1699, tells of the actors

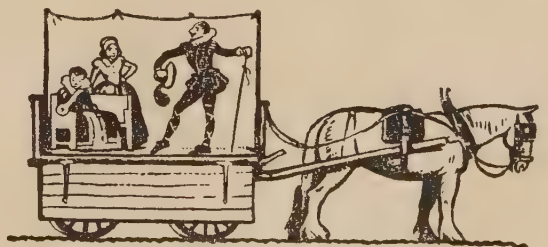


FIG. 6.—The Theatre-in-a-Wagon.

in their tinsel and finery strutting about on the platform outside a booth, in which a 'droll' is about to be performed. The titles of some of these plays sound exceedingly quaint to modern ears. There was 'Jeptha's Rash Vow,' and the 'Siege of Troy,' 'Tamerlane the Great,' and many more with similarly ponderous titles. They were all 'drolls,' and the handbill, issued by the proprietors of the booths, set forth in most wonderful language all the details of the plot of each play. There were many thousands of these handbills given away at such times, but, oh, how few remain of them all now; just one or two, here and there, in the collection of some rich man, for these old handbills, so freely given and so thoughtlessly thrown away, are now of greatest rarity and priceless worth (fig. 3).

In the eighteenth century it became a fashion amongst the producers of the great London theatres to rig up a booth and send a troupe of actors to a fair. The Drury Lane company always sent a number of players to Bartholomew Fair. Gay's 'Beggar's Opera' was performed in a booth there. Fielding, Penkethman, and Doggett, manager of Drury Lane, each had his own booth, and amongst the names famed in the history of the stage, those of Colley Cibber, Macklin, Quin, Mrs. Pritchard, Yates, and Shuter can all be found enshrined in the archives of the strolling players. In fact it became a regular thing for the managers of the great theatres to make a visit to the fair, and keep a sharp eye open for the possible chance of finding a valuable recruit, and in just such a way as this, Booth discovered Wilkes, who became the Captain Macheath of the 'Beggar's Opera,' playing a minor part in 'The Siege of Rhodes' at Bartholomew Fair.

In more recent times the fair-ground drama seems to have fallen from its high estate. In mid-Victorian days it still played a worthy part, and, in the early part of the twentieth century, there were quite a number of these portable theatres travelling the country (fig. 4). It was a real delight to go into one of these shows, to stand on a sloping board at the back of the 'auditorium,' or sit on a particularly hard and, sometimes, splintery wooden seat; to hear the enticing calls of the paraders outside, 'Come along now, we are just about to begin,' and then, when after several fruitless pulls the unruly curtain *did* go wriggling up, to see the actors, their heads amongst the clouds, pace the waggon floor that

formed the stage. Two steps and they were across, and, when, in 'The Brigand's Revenge,' a mighty duel scene occurred, how the scenery shook! When Astrachanio sent that villain Pistachio to his doom, with a prod from a fencing foil between the joints of his pie-tin armour, there he lay with his body 'on' and his feet and head well 'off,' while Astrachanio embraced his loving Glycerina, and the wheezy trumpet-organ groaned out 'God save the King' (fig. 5).

Let it not be imagined, however, that travelling theatres are to be found in this country alone. They are everywhere, even in the remotest part of the earth, China and India, all over Europe, and in the United States of America. 'Barn-storming' was as popular in 'the States' as it has been here, and there was one particular type of show in America which is not likely to have had the success that it did in any other part of the world. This was the 'Tom Show,' or, in other words, the performance of the dramatised version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's book of sobs, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by troupes of strolling players known as 'U.T.C. Companies.' This was the only play they ever did, and it sufficed to fill the dramatic needs of the American villagers and small-town dwellers from the time when it was first performed in 1852 until several decades later. There was hardly a barn or small hall in the land that did not house, at some time or other, one of these U.T.C. Companies, and it seemed as though the good folk of the countryside would never tire of it. But they must have done so, for the thing has passed into oblivion, and remains but a memory of days gone by. For a time it seemed as though the travelling theatre here was doomed, but of later years there has arisen a newer and more artistic type of venture, and as a result of the efforts of the Arts League of Service, and other similar societies, the country lanes are again resounding to the wheels of the portable stage, and the villagers and townsmen can once more congregate around the theatre-in-a-waggon (fig. 6) and see a play, just as did our mediæval forefathers when a 'mystery' went round the town.

FORTUNES FROM IDEAS:

TOYS are among the most prolific sources of income for the ingenious inventor. The once famous dancing 'Jim Crow' made a fortune for its originator, it being said that his yearly income for a considerable time was as much as £15,000.

A recent toy invented by a woman produced £48,000. To realise what this means we have only to consider that if the money were safely invested it would bring the inventor about £50 a week, or a perpetual income of £2,500 a year!

But all money-making inventions do not benefit their inventors. Much depends upon the way they are sold or used, and one idea which an inventor sold for £10, brought the purchaser £2,000,000.

The latest idea for bridging the Channel may make its inventor rich, but if it is no more successful than previous attempts, it will leave him the poorer. His idea is to build a two-deck jetty from Dover to Calais. The cost of this would be about £70,000,000., and if the inventor received five per cent. of the cost of the contract, his share would be £3,500,000. In other words, he would be a millionaire.

Among the more curious ways in which valuable money-making ideas have come to inventors may be cited the case of the inventor of the Acheson process for making graphite, who got his idea from the description in the Bible of how the Egyptians used straw in the manufacture of bricks. An invention which was found in a similar way, and which produced a great fortune, is the common safety-pin. It is said that this idea was derived from a reproduction of a Pompeian fresco.

We have heard much in late years of various trades and professions being crowded out. Whether this can be applied to the 'profession' of inventing would be hard to say, but there are certainly many inventors in the field—there are over 600,000 in Great Britain alone.

This need be no discouragement; it only points to the moral that it is safe to be with the crowd, and in this connection the recent words of an invention expert may be of use to our readers, 'I am confident we shall get before long a crop of inventions relating to men's clothes, which will do for men something of what the revolution in women's clothes did for women.'

A. RUTHERFORD.

CHARADE.

1. WITHOUT me the universe could not exist;
At least, in the form that we know;
Without me you could not have ice, frost, or
You could not swim, paddle, or row. [mist,
Some praise me, some hold me remarkably low;
But yet there are times, I protest,
When just to be sure I was near—just to
know—
A man would give all he possess'd.
2. In season you'll find me before very long,
In street, or in shop, on your way;
Sometimes I am plentiful, cheap as a song;
Sometimes there is money to pay.
In the Banqueting Halls of the Great I am
'Mid treasures of silver and gold; [shown,
Yet poor Russian peasants by rivers sit down,
And view me with pleasure untold.
Nice, cool and refreshing, my whole you will
find;
With so much description 'twill come to your
mind.

C. J. BLAKE.

(Solution on page 155.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 123.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOLDIERS! THE SOLDIERS!

ABOUT nine o'clock the crowd gathered in full force in the open space before the 'King's Head,' waiting to be joined by the leaders who, it seemed, had been accommodated at the inn. The 'King's Head' in no way suffered like the Inn at Pyecombe. The crowd had arrived the previous night in an exhausted condition, and sought no further adventure, and in the morning the landlord, seeing clearly the state of affairs and the characters he had to deal with, posted himself at the doorway with a formidable dog; the leaders, and a few who looked as if they could pay for their entertainment, were lodged at night and allowed the run of the

premises, but the mob were kept outside with a firm hand. Though keeping them at arm's length, the landlord had an eye to business, sending his drawers among the men to receive orders and payment, and supply refreshments in the open. The sobering effect of morning after a wild night disposed the crowd to offer no resistance to this treatment. As far as I can judge of numbers I should say three hundred at least assembled, beside men of the place gathered on the footpath, and the groups of women at their doors; doubtless many of the more respectable and the timorous among the demonstrators had fallen out by the way, or taken themselves off in the night, disgusted at the scenes of violence, or fearful of the penalty, but these were more than compensated by the

many who had come, and were still coming, from the neighbourhood.

Long before the Captain, the little man and Mr. Featherstone appeared, the fiery little Ditchling leader, who was known as the 'Rasper,' was on the scene, darting from group to group as he marshalled his gang and brought them to the front. He allowed no more dubious fraternising between his men and the Bulldogs; they were ranged side by side in the van, but were not allowed to mix.

We had been informed that the mail-coach from London to Lewes, calling at BRIGHTHELMSTONE, stopped at Cuckfield at two o'clock in the afternoon, so we took the opportunity of writing a brief letter so as to relieve the anxiety of those at home. This, and the purchase of provisions for the road, brought our funds very low (10½*d.*). Jemmy and Amos also bought provisions—Jemmy seemed to have a good deal of money about him.

Dick and I thought we had escaped the notice of the Bulldogs, but such was not the case; we were compelled to take our place in their midst, more as a joke, I think, than for any particular reason. Jemmy and Amos, however, assured us that they would keep well to the front, and not lose sight of us. You must know that Jemmy had decided to go another day's march with us, in the hope of something turning up—meaning, I suppose, some opportunity of helping us to obtain possession of the letter. The constable was nowhere to be found.

When the horses were brought round to the front of the inn and the leaders appeared, there was loud cheering. The Captain raised his hat and bowed to the people as though he were some one of consequence. Mr. Featherstone had lost the puzzled look on his face, and smiled benignantly. I fancy the Captain and his wily associate must have been playing on his self-esteem, and found some means of more than reconciling him to his position. There was some delay when it was found that the brown cob had lost a shoe or sprained its leg; the little man led it away to the farrier's, it being understood that he would rejoin us on the road.

At last all was in readiness, and by the time the church clock chimed the half-hour, we had commenced the second stage of our journey. We left Cuckfield amid loud cheering, not that the people of Cuckfield cheered us, but we cheered ourselves. I say 'we,' but you must

not think that Dick and I cheered—oh, no! From somewhere or other a large flag was produced which, being now unfurled, displayed in striking characters—white on a black ground—the word 'Freedom.' This was borne behind the Ditchling leader, the Rasper, by a man supporting it in a sling, the broad band of which passed over his shoulder.

The big black horse and the piebald pony, with their riders, led the way; then came the Rasper, at a little distance, but sufficiently near to get all the dust kicked up by the horses, behind him the flag-bearer, and at his right and left, the Bulldogs and Ditchling gang; the mob bringing up the rear.

Our road lay for the most part over moorland and open common, small villages were seen, but not in our line of route; extensive forest lands stretched right and left, but at a distance and beyond them the wavy lines of blue hills. On the common, the gorse, though past its best, flamed gloriously and smelt lovely; so did the honeysuckle tangled over the clumps of brushwood, but it was no time to revel in such things.

The first few miles were travelled in fair order; it was not till the claims of hunger again became felt that there was any disturbance; no doubt many of the crowd had little or nothing to eat before leaving Cuckfield, and were really distressed. From such as these the first signs of disorder arose; on passing wayside houses or hamlets a short distance removed from the road, they left the ranks and begged relief from the inmates; this increased as we went on; the rougher sort, no longer begging relief, demanded it with threats, taking it by force followed, and even personal violence—especially was it so in the case of farmhouses, which were pillaged, being cleared of every eatable thing, and no doubt robbed of things of value that could be easily carried. I myself saw at one time, when we came to a halt by the roadside for a rest, one man carrying a side of bacon on his shoulder, which he proceeded to cut up into more portable chunks, and distribute among others who had secured less; cheeses, also, I saw served in the same way, and an abundance of loaves of bread. What Dick and I saw was but a small part of what really went on, as we were in the front, and the crowd straggled maybe one-eighth of a mile. Thank Heaven there was no more rick-firing or house-burning.

(Continued on page 133.)



“Down on the ground went the Rasper.”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 136.)

I WILL not narrate all the incidents of that journey, or my story would be as long as the journey seemed to me; I will therefore describe but two.

You will understand our crowd in the van, the Bulldogs and the Ditchling gang marching side by side, thus forming eight abreast, occupied the whole breadth of the road; so when we met, coming in the opposite direction, carts or waggons—or, at times when the road ran between hedges or banks, even foot travellers—there was something of a scene, sometimes good-tempered enough, but sometimes not. In all cases, whether they took it well or ill, the unlucky travellers had to give place, dragging their horses and vehicles into the hedge, up the bank, or backing them into some side lane, if such could be found—Ditchling gang and Bulldogs making it a point to budge for no man.

As we were on the main road it will be readily understood that collisions were frequent and there were some rough scenes. The Captain never intervened to make matters easier, and the Rasper encouraged his men, who, regarding it as fine sport to enliven the way, certainly needed no encouragement. It was fated, however, that our crowd should not have it all their own way.

Ascending a slight rise in the ground, what should we see come bowling over the top but the stage-coach bound for Brighthelmstone and Lewes. 'Now then,' thought the Bulldogs 'now comes the tug-of-war.' The driver of the coach slowed up, although he was over the brow of the hill and on the slope.

'Out of the way!' he shouted.

'No, you don't,' cried the Bulldogs. 'Turn back or we'll take your horses out!' At the same time two or more of them sprang to the horses' heads.

'This is the Royal Mail,' cried the coachman. 'In the name of the King, stand back.'

The passengers seated with the driver and those on top were greatly alarmed at the appearance of such a hostile mob, and the threatening aspect of those surrounding the coach. The inside passengers stretched their

heads out of the windows and surveyed the crowd in consternation, whilst a lady's shriek from within added a piercing note to the hubbub. This was great fun for the Bulldogs.

'In the name of the King!' again shouted the coachman.

The Captain and Mr. Featherstone drew their horses to one side of the road, the Captain crying: 'Open out, my men, and let the coach through.'

'No, no, no!' bawled the Bulldogs.

Mr. Featherstone really roused himself to a decent display of courage, turning his pony into the press to clear a space in front of the coach. 'Make way, men!' he cried. 'Make way for the coach in the name of the King. Now, then—right and left—open out.'

'No, no!' howled the crowd. 'No, no!' shrieked the Rasper. 'Down with the King and all his toadies,' and he presented his gun at the foremost horse. But the guard was peering round the side of the coach, and had his blunderbuss pointed at the head of the Ditchling leader, who, suddenly becoming aware of it, looked into its brass mouth and wavered.

'Clear aside,' the coachman shouted. 'I warn you—I'm coming through you.' He gave a sweep of his long whip, which cut across the faces of the men at the horses' heads and curled about the horses' ears: the horses reared and plunged, flinging off the men who held them, and causing us to scatter for our lives. The Captain's big black horse also received a flick of the whip, and reared, standing almost upright, causing him to nearly unseat the rider.

The man with the flag made a dash for safety, and down on the ground went the Rasper, and was trodden on by his men. The crowd behind, having time to take warning, now opened its ranks to right and left, and the coach bowled down the hill in triumph.

This was a setback for the Bulldogs, the Ditchling gang, and their leader, from which they did not soon recover. Coarse jokers seldom appreciate a joke when it turns against themselves, and violent men never smile when they

come off second best. So was it with our gang, they became sullen and nasty-tempered, and now, there being no constable on whom to vent their ill-temper, Dick and I came in for a full share.

(Continued on page 150.)

SNOWBALLING BUNNY.

A PARTY of children one bright winter's day
 Ran into the meadows at snowballs to play.
 But just as they started the snowballs to shy,
 A rabbit popped out from a spinney close by.
 'Let's snowball the bunny!' they shouted with
 glee;
 'No, you don't!' answered Bunny, as quick as
 could be.
 He dodged the first volley, and ere they could
 stoop
 To pick up fresh snowballs, he raced to the group
 And ran 'twixt their legs, which astonished them
 so,
 They tripped up and tumbled slap into the snow!
 And Bunny called out as he scampered away,
 'What a nice game of snowballs you're having
 to-day.'

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

THE SCALDINO.

IT is often very cold in Southern Italy during the winter months; even Vesuvius wears a snow covering at times, and the warmth-loving Neapolitans are driven to their only substitute for a fire, the scaldino, or brazier. Fancy a metal or crockery dish filled with wood ashes, with a ledge round it on which you rest your feet, and you have what is often the only means even a rich man in Naples has of warming himself.

The scaldino has one great advantage; it is easily carried about, so that the poor cobbler in the street may enjoy one as well as the rich; but it requires constant attention to keep it active, and a fan answers the purpose of a bellows in this case.

In addition to the larger scaldino, Neapolitan ladies carry about with them pretty crockery baskets, filled likewise with wood ashes, as hand-warmers.

To our English feelings all these contrivances do not make up for a good warm fire, and where the English find their way, stoves and open fireplaces have long ago crept in; but you may still wander through dozens of beautiful palaces, rich in marble and gilding, and find no better plan for warming them than the scaldino.

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

LANDS OF DESIRE.

Written and Illustrated by RUTH COBB.

V.—ST. BRENDAN'S ISLE.

AN old Chinese book tells how some Buddhist priests sailing across the sea to the east from their own country, about the year 499, came to a strange land, which they called the Land of Fusang, after some curious trees which they found growing there. It is difficult for us, who live on the other side of the world, to realise that the civilisations in the far east were searching for the unknown, and were making discoveries in the same way that we were, only from a different direction. People to-day are inclined to scoff at the story, and say that perhaps the Land of Fusang was merely Japan, not the western side of Mexico that has been suggested; but some think that the plant which the discoverers found was the Mexican Maguey plant. But, if there is truth in the story, then the Chinese found America a thousand years before Christopher Columbus discovered what was called the New World. We are accustomed to the idea that he was the first discoverer of that vast continent out to the west. But that is not so. The Irish claim that their monks founded a colony there in the ninth century, and it is a fact that the early Irish monks were an adventurous race of men, who sailed across the seas on voyages of discovery. They discovered Iceland in 800, giving it its name from the drift ice that surrounded it.

The wild Norsemen, who were constantly invading Ireland in their black ships, sailing further on a little later, found a few monks still living on the bleak land. The high towers to be seen in Ireland are said to have been built for defence against the Vikings. The Norsemen settled on Iceland, and in course of time these Icelanders, in their turn, sailed on into the West till they came to the new land. Many stories are told of it in the Icelandic Saga, and it is said that one of their chiefs, who was named Ari Marson, was once driven by a great storm to White Man's Land, which some call Great Ireland, and that it lay to the west in the sea near to Vinland the Good, and about twenty-five days' sailing from Ireland.

Ari did not return, and was not heard of for a long time. Gudlief, a trader, after a voyage to Dublin, was driven far out to the west by a storm—no land was to be seen, and he and his companions began to despair of

being able to return, as the summer was ending and they were hardly likely to find shelter on that vast sea. They did at last see land, a great country with fine harbours, and they landed there. They were immediately attacked and taken prisoners by some wild-looking men, who, to their surprise, spoke Irish.

They were taken before a white-haired old chieftain, who questioned them as to whence they had come, and asked after people in Iceland by name. He would give no explanation of himself nor his own name. After the chief had conferred with a council of twelve old men, Gudliof was told that he and his men



A Viking Ship.



An Irish Round Tower.

might depart without any further molestation, but if other foreigners came to the land no welcome would be given them. The old chieftain gave into their charge a ring and a sword with directions to whom they were to be given in Iceland. These tokens were duly delivered, and the recipients were found to be kinsmen of a man who had been missing for long years.

It was another Norseman, named Red Eric, who was also sent into exile for three years, who discovered Greenland in 985 A.D. These Vikings were great sea-rovers, and always felt the call of the sea. Red Eric set out with thirty-five ships, but twenty-one were lost on the way. He gave the new land the name of Greenland, because he thought it was attractive

and would bring other people to settle in his colony. His son, named Liet, who had the same spirit as his father, sailed on further still, to the South, to a land where vines grew. It is thought he may have been as far south as Virginia. He was sent by his father back to Norway and found it had become a Christian country since their absence. Liet took a priest with him on his return voyage, and this was the first missionary who came to those lands. These early colonies eventually disappeared: some say the people were driven out by Eskimos from the North. Little is known, except that after a while all communication ceased between Iceland and Norway, and the lands out to the far west were forgotten, or only remembered as part of the early stories.

We know that the early Irish monks were great voyagers and explorers and were filled with the 'wander-spirit.' The name of one of them has come down to us, Saint Brendan. That he was born in the year 484 in Kerry seems fairly certain, but so much that is marvellous is mixed up with his story that it is difficult to get at the truth. It was a very popular story in the middle ages and appeared in many European countries. A great many others became mixed up with it too fabulous to relate: pieces of old Greek legends and the *Arabian Nights*. This story was popular and incited many other adventurers to set out, like St. Brendan had done, in search of an unknown Isle, a land of Paradise. His story is a monkish Odyssey, for on that voyage no woman, city, or other nation was seen.

The tale of St. Brendan's setting forth is probably true. One day a hermit came to him



THE VOYAGE OF ST BRENDAN

with a strange story of how a nephew of his had fled far away, wishing for a solitary life, and had found a wonderful island and had founded a monastery there. The hermit had visited his nephew—had sailed with him to another island which he called the 'Land of Promise of the Saints.' It was a grassy land with all kinds of fruit, and there was no night there. They had stayed on the island forty days without either eating or drinking. On returning to his nephew's monastery the brothers knew immediately where the others had been, for they said the fragrance of Paradise lingered in their clothes.

When the hermit went away, St. Brendan called together his monks—'fellow-warriors' he called them—and told them that he was determined to set out in search of the promised land. He went to the top of a hill in Kerry, which is now called Mount Brendan, with fourteen chosen monks. There they built a coracle of wattle. They covered it with hides tanned in oak bark and softened in butter. They set up a mast and a sail and took provisions for forty days. As he stood on the shore, praying before setting forth, three more monks begged to be allowed to go with him.

So he sailed away with his seventeen companions—some say the number was far greater—and he was away for seven years. That the voyagers came safely back was not due to seamanship or geographical knowledge, but to the presence of the heroic figure of the saint who inspired his trembling crew with a great ideal, the search for Paradise.

According to an account of the voyage written in the eleventh century, their adventures were marvellous and they saw many things that do not exist and never can have existed, but other things they saw that were possible

to seamen who had penetrated far into the north. For days they encountered gigantic icebergs and floes and sailed upon the edge of the arctic night. They saw burning mountains and believed that they did actually reach the desired Paradise. They came to a land with beautiful and luxuriant vegetation, and it is certain that St. Brendan obtained from somewhere accurate knowledge of plants and animals that did not exist in his own country.

On early maps of the world St. Brendan's Isle is shown quite close to Madeira, but, as more knowledge came, it was marked farther out on the sea, and in Marno Boheem's Globe, published in 1492, the island was placed very near the Equator.

Where St. Brendan actually went we shall never know, but possibly he reached America, and was a forerunner of the great discoverer, Christopher Columbus.

GOBLIN GARDENS.

PERHAPS you've got a garden
Full of roses and sweet-peas,

Lavender and lilies tall

A-nodding in the breeze.

Perhaps you have, but anyway

I'm sure you do not know

A very special secret—

Where the Goblin Gardens grow!

The Goblins have their Gardens

'Neath the blackthorns on the Down;

Sheep browse upon their green lawns

Which never need be mown.

They grow wild thyme and scabious,

And the purple orchis too;

Wild strawberries ripen scarlet fruit,

And what do you think they do?

When the Goblins meet at dusk,

They eat wild strawberries and dew!

JEAN GORDON.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAPTER IX.—THE AMBUSH.

GODFREY and Kenneth ran up at once at Clive's call, while the dog at the end of its short chain continued to bark.

'It's the same old dog, all right,' declared Kenneth, and indeed they were perfectly clear from the first that this was the animal that had visited them the previous morning in the

forest and had eaten the chunks of tongue which they had thrown to it; while Godfrey was equally certain that he had tried to coax it to jump into the stream just before he had lost consciousness. 'Not a bit of doubt about it,' he declared.

'And,' said Kenneth, 'it has got something to do with the hotel. It must belong to some

one who is in the hotel now: you couldn't leave a dog tied up here for six months, and anyhow it was loose this morning, so some one must have tied it up again a few hours ago.'

'Rather,' said Clive. 'The man whose light we saw in the tower. Must be the caretaker, you know, left here with this beast as a watch-dog. And in that case it must be the caretaker who has got our money!'

'Jolly good clue,' said Godfrey. 'I say, we shall collar the man all right now! Let's get back and work out a plan.'

Leaving the dog still barking, they made their way back to the kitchen. There Godfrey sat in the armchair, Clive climbed on to the dresser, and Kenneth walked excitedly up and down the room.

'Now,' declared Godfrey, 'we can go ahead. It's all plain sailing. There's a caretaker living at the top of one of the towers of this hotel. There's also his dog tied up at the back. Whatever we do, we'd better do it while the dog is still tied up: we don't want to tackle it as well.'

'Ought to be easy enough,' said Clive.

'Look here,' Kenneth said suddenly, 'you know we haven't proved yet that the caretaker is our man at all!'

'Oh, shut up!' exclaimed Clive. 'Of course we've proved it.'

'What I mean,' said Kenneth slowly, 'is that we haven't proved that the man in the hotel is the caretaker.'

'Of course he is,' Clive insisted. 'What is he here for otherwise?'

'Still,' said Kenneth, 'the caretaker would be pretty decently off: not the sort of man to half-murder a fellow for the sake of twenty pounds. Besides, he'd have to stay around here, in spite of the risks of our getting on to his track. You don't do a crime in your own garden, you know: you'd go about sixteen miles away for it, and then scoot back and pretend you'd been at home all the time. Proving an alibi, you know. Besides, if he's the caretaker, why didn't he let us in when we made all that row on the front door?'

'Might have been out,' said Godfrey. 'Might have been attacking somebody else. I don't see much in that argument, Kenneth. Much more likely that he makes this a sort of centre and plays the highwayman—robs every one who comes near in the winter, you know, and counts on no one suspecting him because he's got this job at the hotel. And

anyway,' he added, 'it doesn't matter whether he's the caretaker or not. The point is that he's the owner of that dog, and it was the owner of that dog that went for me. That's proved.'

'Don't see that he could be anybody else, in a lonely place like this,' insisted Clive, who always persisted with an argument after every one else was tired of it.

'He might be lots of people,' said Kenneth.

'Don't see how,' said Clive with a laugh.

'Oh, dry up, you two,' said Godfrey. 'The point is, whoever he is, how are we going to catch him?'

'Better have an ambush,' Clive suggested.

'Yes,' said Godfrey, 'but where? We don't know which road he will take when he goes out.'

'I tell you what,' said Kenneth, 'we could hide on either side of that stone porch and drop on him as he comes out.'

'That's not a bad scheme,' said Godfrey. 'We should hear him undoing the door, and then we'd all have to keep jolly silent for a minute, and then when he was outside we'd nip in and collar him.'

'Nice sort of sell, if he got back and slammed the door in our faces,' said Clive. 'Where should we be then?'

'We should have to wait,' explained Kenneth, 'till he was right outside—out of the porch altogether—and then we could all jump on him. You could go for his legs, Clive, with a bit of rope, and Godfrey and I would hang on to an arm each.'

'Where's the rope to come from?' objected Clive.

Kenneth looked round the room. Tearing the dust-sheets into strips seemed to be the only possible plan; but that would do if the stuff was strong enough.

'We shall have to be pretty sharp about it,' said Godfrey. 'He's probably a pretty tough fellow, and there's no doubt he will put up a fight for it. We shall have to count on the surprise to get him off his guard.'

(Continued on page 146.)

REPAIRING A DEEP-SEA CABLE.

SUBMARINE or electric telegraph cables stretch under the sea from this country to distant parts of the world. During storms it sometimes happens that a great strain is put upon the cable and it breaks under the pressure; or it may become worn through by friction on the rocks at the bottom of the ocean. But whatever the cause, the-

damage must be repaired as soon as possible; and this is not a very easy matter, when we consider that the broken parts may be lying in a great depth of water many miles from land.

When a cable is laid, its exact position is recorded on a chart, so that when a breakage occurs its whereabouts is generally known.

The repair of deep-sea cables is carried out by a cable ship, fitted out with every appliance necessary for her work. On arriving at the supposed area of the breakage, the cable ship proceeds to take the sounding, or depth of the water, by means of a machine called the Kelvin deep-sea sounder. If the depth at this spot agrees with that marked on the chart, the engineers know that they are near the right place. The ship weighs anchor and steams ahead, marking out a section of the sea with large, round, red buoys, kept in place with mushroom anchors.

A grapnel attached to a steel rope is now thrown out over a drum set in the ship's bows, and the ship steams backwards and forwards over the section marked out by the buoys until the cable is located. As the grapnel descends, the depth is registered on a special instrument, so that the engineers know when the ocean bed is reached, and as the ship drags the grapnel along the sea

bottom any resistance is marked on a small clock-like machine, called a dynamometer. The men in charge of the work know exactly what strain the rope will bear, and they can also tell at once whether it is a natural or an artificial one. If natural, the strain is steady; but if caused by artificial means, it is registered by violent jerks on the dynamometer's dial.

While at work finding the cable, the ship steams at right angles to the grapnel. The cablemen watch the steadily mounting strain as it is recorded, and when a certain weight is reached they know that one half of the broken cable has been grasped by the grapnel.

By now hundreds of fathoms of steel rope have been paid out, and as these are slowly drawn in by inches, they lie coiled on deck. At last the grapnel appears, with the broken cable in its teeth.

The operation is repeated to recover the other end of the cable, which may have been washed miles away. When both ends have been secured they are taken to the electric testing-room and there examined and spliced together. In a short time the electricians on board the ship have done their work, and the repaired cable is returned to its bed at the bottom of the sea.

HAZEL ALLAN.



THE HUNTER HUNTED.



"AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA"



"He set Kenneth to work tearing one of the dust-sheets into strips."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 143.)

KENNETH had been thinking hard about the possibility of finding a stronger substitute for rope. His eyes strayed to the ceiling, and suddenly he turned excitedly to Godfrey.

'How about a trip-wire?' he asked.

'What's that?' Godfrey demanded.

'Like they used to have in the war,' Kenneth explained. 'When the fellows in the trenches wanted to be certain they wouldn't be rushed in the night, they used to fix a bit of wire a few inches off the ground, so that anybody who came over in the night was bound to come a cropper.'

'Haven't any wire, though,' said Clive.

'Yes, we have,' cried Kenneth. 'That's what made me think of it. We could pull down the bell-wire from over there in the corner,' and he pointed to the corner by the window where a row of eight bells dangled from a taut wire near the ceiling. 'There's no harm in busting the place up. We can pay for all that when we've got our money back.'

'Wouldn't be much use,' said Clive. 'The fellow wouldn't be coming out in the middle of the night, and in the day-time he'd be bound to see the wire. Then he'd guess we were waiting for him and he'd go back again.'

'How about that, Kenneth?' asked Godfrey, but Kenneth was keen on his idea and was not to be put off.

'We can leave the wire on the ground: all slack, you know,' he said. 'He'd never see it then. And we'd pull it taut just as he got to it. Over he'd go and we'd jump out right on top of him and tie him up with bits of the dust-sheets. Much the easiest way!'

Even Clive was now grudgingly willing to admit that the scheme had its possibilities, and, dragging a table across the room, he climbed on to it to investigate the wire. It came through a hole in the wall, and ended, beyond the eighth bell, on an iron staple. There it could be untwisted, but at the first end it would certainly have to be cut.

'Anybody got any nippers on his knife?' he asked.

'Godfrey has some scissors,' said Kenneth, but Godfrey, who always carried a folding pair of nail scissors in his waistcoat pocket, was extremely unwilling to let them be ruined in cutting wire. He insisted that Clive should first untwist the looser end and then remove the bells one by one, and that then the wire could easily be broken by twisting it backwards and forwards. He set Kenneth to work tearing one of the dust-sheets into strips, so that they could tie up their prisoner as soon as they had secured him. Then he sat down again in the wicker chair, watching the others and giving directions to Clive to place the bells quietly on the table one by one, so as not to make a row and give the alarm.

But Clive soon found that it was impossible to get things to pieces with his bare fingers. 'You might just as well let us have those scissors,' he exclaimed. 'It isn't much to give up for the sake of getting back the twenty pounds, you know,' he said, 'and you can easily get another pair.'

Unwillingly enough, Godfrey at last handed up the scissors, and a few minutes later Clive jumped down triumphantly with the wire in his hands.

'Ripping!' he cried. 'About eight feet of it. How wide is the porch?'

Kenneth by this time had torn the sheets into six strips, and of these they each took two.

'It's two o'clock,' said Godfrey. 'We might as well turn in now and get some more sleep. This fellow won't come out till breakfast-time, at any rate. And if it comes to that, we may have to wait all day for him.'

(Continued on page 154.)

THE WANDERER'S RETURN TO HIS STAY-AT-HOME WIFE.

THERE has lately come back to his cottage a husband who during the war was in France, Italy, Jerusalem, and Cairo. And his wife, though they live in Croydon, has never been to London—only as far as the Crystal Palace.

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER.

Illustrated by T. E. HAYWOOD and BERNARD WAY.

IN a former article on the steam engine it was made clear that the source of all the power which that engine developed is the heat which is produced by the combustion of the fuel with which it is supplied, and this, as was there shown, is attended with many sources of loss all of which cause undue expenditure of labour, fuel, and money. In their search for a type of engine, in which as many of these losses as possible can be avoided, engineers and inventors have devised one in which the combustion takes place *inside* the cylinder and which is, therefore, called the 'Internal Combustion Engine,' hoping thereby to avoid at any rate the boiler losses.

You will note that this new type of engine is still a *heat* engine, just as the steam engine and the steam turbine were, and that the energy which it gives us is derived from the heat produced by combustion of fuel.

What is Combustion?—In order to understand a little more of the principles on which the internal combustion engine works it is necessary for us to ask ourselves the question, 'What is combustion?' Probably nearly all the readers of this article will have some acquaintance with elementary chemistry and they will, therefore, understand what is meant by the statement that practically all fuels consist of carbon and hydrogen, either separately or combined in various proportions as hydro-carbons. Coal consists of a mixture of carbon, various hydro-carbons and incombustible mineral matter which provides the ash, while coke is practically only carbon and ash.

Certain of these compounds of hydrogen and carbon commonly met with in fuels are classed together in groups or 'families,' some members of which are gases, others liquids and some solids. Thus, for instance, one family of hydro-carbons, the branch known as the 'paraffin series,' contains a great many members (their names end in 'ane') of which a few interest us; methane and ethane are gases under ordinary conditions; while pentane, hexane and heptane are liquids which we find in various proportions in the ordinary petrol of commerce, and others are contained in lighting

paraffin, petroleum, or kerosine, as the Americans call it, and in lubricating oils.

When a hydro-carbon is burnt, the hydrogen which it contains combines with oxygen and forms water, which is, of course, in the form of steam in the hot gases which result from combustion, while the carbon combines with oxygen and produces the gas known as carbon dioxide which used to be called 'carbonic acid gas,' as was explained in the article on steel manufacture.

Combustion, then, consists of the combination of hydrogen and carbon with oxygen, the last-named being quite as important a factor in the process as the other two. A very considerable proportion of air to fuel is necessary to cause combustion, as it is from the air that we derive the oxygen which is to combine with the 'combustible' materials. Hydrogen requires eight times its own weight of oxygen, or roughly thirty-six times its own weight of air, to complete the combustion, and carbon two and two-third times its own weight of oxygen, or twelve times its own weight of air; without at least these quantities of air, it is impossible for complete combustion to take place.

It is very necessary to have quite clear ideas on this subject. Ordinary coal gas, such as the Gas Company supplies, would not burn if it were possible to introduce a lighted match into a quantity of it which was free from air. It would indeed put out the match.

If you look carefully at a gas flame you will find that it only burns on the outside where the gas comes in contact with the air. This can be demonstrated by passing the head of a match through into the centre of a gas flame such as that which issues from a Bunsen burner. It will be noticed that although the match-stick may burn where it is in the outer sheath of flame and in contact with air, the brimstone portion will not ignite in the interior of the flame.

To make these points additionally clear, let us sum up in the following statements:

1. All the ordinary combustible materials consist of hydrogen and carbon, separately or combined in various proportions.

2. Practically all commercial fuels consist of

hydro-carbons—solid, liquid, or gaseous—obtained from oil wells, coal mines, or in some other way from natural resources.

3. All fuels require oxygen for their combustion.

4. Complete combustion is only possible when the oxygen is in sufficient quantity to convert all the hydrogen to water and all the carbon to carbon dioxide.

5. The heat obtained from a given quantity of fuel depends upon the quantity of hydrogen and of carbon which it contains, but it is a perfectly definite amount.

What is an explosion?—Possibly most of the readers of this article have, at some time or another, carried out experiments in a chemical laboratory in which mixtures of hydrogen and oxygen have been ignited and have caused a small explosion. *Such an explosion is simply combustion which has taken place at a very rapid rate.* When this happens, the heat which results is produced so rapidly that immediate expansion of the gases occurs and this causes such movements of the surrounding air that a noise is produced, but *combustion* has taken place all the same and the products of that combustion are just as much water (*i.e.* steam) as would have been the case if the same amount of hydrogen had been permitted to burn quietly from a small jet. Explosion is simply rapid combustion in which some of the heat produced has been expended in producing the violent movement of the air which causes the sound. The Internal Combustion Engine seeks to convert the heat generated in the explosion into mechanical energy by utilising the expansion (and consequent pressure) of the gases resulting from the combustion.

(To be continued.)

THE MARTYR.

IT was the end of a most imperfect morning. The day was hot, the boys stupid, and Mr. Gale in an even worse temper than usual.

The clock struck twelve, and he rose eyeing the depressed faces. Only one presented a genial grin, and that seemed to add fuel to the fire of his wrath. Fixing the cheerful one with a baleful eye, Mr. Gale began: 'You have been late for Preparation on the last three holidays, Riley. If it occurs again this afternoon, you will go straight to the Head.'

He passed his glance along. 'As for you, Weldon, what I have just said applies equally

to you. You are a boneless, invertebrate imitation of Riley.'

A snigger of enjoyment made Mr. Gale swing round savagely. 'You, Smith and Tate'—locating the unfortunate sniggerers—'are a disgrace to the school. At your ages you ought to be two forms higher. You are dunces, and, from what I hear, bullies also. You may go!'

Silently the boys filed out. In the playground they gathered round the furious Smith and Tate who were holding forth.

'I'll pay him out!' ejaculated the former. 'Old beast! Just wait till I get a chance!'

Riley tucked his hand through his chum's arm. 'Come on, my boneless one. It's no use stopping to hear Smith brag. He never does what he says—unless the chap's smaller than he is. Fine feather old Gale was in, wasn't he! Regularly excelled himself.'

The afternoon was even hotter than the morning, but heat only seemed to make the chums more energetic—at play!

'What about a walk on the sands?' asked Weldon.

The two set off at a pace which would have tended to raise the circulation on a frosty day. It was pleasant paddling along without shoes and socks, but after a time such a mild form of amusement palled.

'Let's climb the cliff,' suggested Riley. 'I'll race you to the top.'

Weldon got his footgear on first and gained a start of several yards in consequence. But his lead was short-lived. Riley had the climbing ability of a monkey and was soon ahead.

'Come on, old chap,' he encouraged, leaning down, and giving his chum a hand up a particularly difficult bit.

'A bit hot, isn't it!' panted Weldon. 'Let's rest a minute.'

They seated themselves on a ledge with their feet dangling over space. Riley brought out a handful of nuts, and they sat chatting over the events of the morning.

'Perhaps it would be just as well if we got in punctually,' suggested Weldon. 'I believe old Gale meant what he said.'

'He got one in properly on those two cads when he'd finished with us, didn't he!' chuckled Riley. 'They jolly well deserve it! Nuts all gone? Then, "Forward the Light Brigade!"'

(Concluded on page 155.)



"A line of horsemen had appeared."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.L., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.**Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.*

(Continued from page 139.)

THE other incident occurred later in the day, when all were becoming fatigued with so long a journey on a dusty road. It had been hot throughout the day, and still remained so, although it was drawing toward evening. As I have said, the men were tired and out of humour; they shifted their burdens from one shoulder to the other frequently, some of them going the length of throwing away loot which they had been eager to secure, and even fought for, earlier in the day. Such was their mood when we saw an empty farm-waggon, drawn by two horses, approaching. The Bulldogs put their heads together and decided to seize it and ease themselves by loading it with their gear: so when the driver pulled his horses on to the turf at the roadside to let us pass, the men ordered him to turn his waggon and accompany us. When the poor fellow protested, they threatened to beat him within an inch of his life, and, turning the horses in the direction we were going, loaded the waggon with their lumber. Mr. Featherstone offered the waggoner money compensation, which the man refused, continuing his protest that the waggon and horses were not his own—that he would lose his situation, which meant starvation for his wife and child, but to no effect: the Captain was indifferent, and Mr. Featherstone had no power to restrain the men, who carried things with a high hand now that they had but one weak man to contend with.

The main body of the crowd eagerly availed themselves of the easement provided, loading the waggon with overcoats, blankets, and baggage of all sorts, including kettles and pannikins, and plunder from the farmhouses, till the waggon was almost full. Finally, two men, who had been limping from the effect of sprained ankles, were hoisted in at the tail-board. A score would have followed suit and climbed into the waggon, had not the Rasper, seeing that all could not ride, laid about him with a stick, and dragged them down as they were climbing up by the wheels. To add to the confusion a gun carelessly handled went off by accident, the men seated at the tail of the waggon having a narrow escape. The poor waggoner, though a weakly man, had some

grit, and stoutly refused to drive, whereupon he was pulled down from his seat and thrust into the hedge, one of the Ditchling gang taking his place. And so we proceeded, attended by the waggon; the Bulldogs in better humour after this heroic exploit of three hundred against one.

We were making for Redhill, it was said, a place of which I had never heard, but which I was told was no more than twenty miles from London. According to all accounts, we were to join a considerable body of men at that place—men of Surrey, and also a party from Horsham. For some reason or other we had not passed through Crawley. I do not think the Captain and Mr. Featherstone were any too well acquainted with the country; the little man appeared to know every inch of the road, but we had seen nothing of him since we left him behind at Cuckfield to have his horse shod. I felt sure we ought to have passed through Crawley. I have heard of it so frequently as being half-way between London and Brighthelmstone, and as being an important coaching centre. Such were my misgivings at the time, but I have since had reasons to believe that the Captain was not leading us astray through ignorance.

An hour's journey from the scene of the adventure just related brought us to an open common, fringed on the further side with a wood of beech-trees, among which grew a few straight pines; at one side was a round duck-pond, and close by it three or four labourers' cottages—I can see it now with my mind's eye. There were the cottages—low cottages with thatched roofs—gardens in front, with hollyhocks—a fence enclosing them with little gates—there was a string of geese waddling along the edge of the common at that particular moment, and three women who had come to their doors to see what the hubbub was about—and a nice hubbub it truly was. I can remember it as if it were yesterday, and I can understand now, but at the time it seemed all confusion.

The road as we approached the common had become narrow. There was not sufficient room for our party, especially in the van, where Bulldogs and Ditchlings marched side by side—eight abreast, attended by the lumbering

waggon. The Captain had called a halt and had ordered the waggon to stop and then fall in at the rear. The Ditchling gang were to lead the way, with Mr. Featherstone and the Rasper at their head, led by the banner-bearer, the Bulldogs were to follow, and then the main body, who, marching in less order, could better accommodate themselves to the narrow road. In this way were they moving forward as best they could, whilst the waggon was manœuvring to the rear under the direction of the Captain. The Bulldogs and Ditchlings marched forward with something approaching discipline, but the crowd poured on to the common in utmost disorder, many of them flinging themselves on the turf for a rest.

It was then, whilst the Rasper was endeavouring to get them to re-form, hoarse voices shouted—‘The sojers!’ Dick and I looked up. A line of horsemen, with glittering accoutrements, had appeared from the fringe of wood and were trotting toward us. A scene of confusion followed, such as I have never seen. Amid repeated shouts, ‘The sojers—the sojers!’—men scattered like rabbits; the crowd emerging from the narrow road rushed back—the foremost over the hinder, whilst those in the rear, not having heard the alarm, pressed on till, the cry reaching them, they turned to fly, but the heavy waggon blocking the road hindered their retreat, so that few got away; some clawed up the banks and broke through the hedges; in the midst was a panic-stricken mob struggling to escape.

(Continued on page 159.)

FERNS.

RUSKIN tells somewhere of the statue of a Doge that he found in a corner of a church in Venice. The sculptor had taken great pains with the side that faced the audience, but he had left the other side quite rough. The forehead was wrinkled, the robe and the cap most carefully chiselled; but the side that no one could see was left rough and unfinished. Nature is not like that statue. The ferns in the background are in their way quite as beautiful as the flowers in the foreground of nature. Thoreau was not far wrong when he said that, when God wished to make flowerless plants He made ferns, just to show what He could do.

Ferns are really Nature’s poor children. Living in the shade of the great forests, they get little sunlight. The giant trees, growing out into the light, spreading their branches until they form a forest roof, take most of the sunlight for themselves. They permit only a few scattered rays to reach the ferns.

It looks rather selfish, and the ferns have to make the best of it. They might spend their life grumbling at the big, selfish trees. With such scanty opportunity, ‘What’s the good,’ they might say, ‘imprisoned as we are on every side? If only we were out there in the sunlight we might be beautiful.’ Bravely and cleverly they make the best of their lot. They bend over their forms so as to expose the whole surface to the subdued light. They split up their leaves into tiny fingers—fronds we call them—so as to catch every stray sunbeam. They are among nature’s most thrifty children. They are like good housewives, splendid managers in a poor home. They make a little go a long way, and win beauty in a difficult sphere.

Not a little of the beauty of nature is due to these flowerless ones. I love to see them in obscure forest ways, or clinging to some inaccessible crag, or beautifying some old wall or ancient ruin. They rest the eyes with their delicate greens, and cheer the spirit more than many flowers.

Nor are ferns without that most precious of flower gifts, fragrance. Mahomet said that odours were one of life’s two chief joys. Ferns certainly contribute their quota to that joy, especially at fern-harvest-time. For in this country ferns are gathered in some parts for litter for pigs and cattle. As the ferns fall before the scythe, it seems as though every fern is a sort of Pandora’s box with an imprisoned angel of sweetness, set free by the scythe to roam the woods.

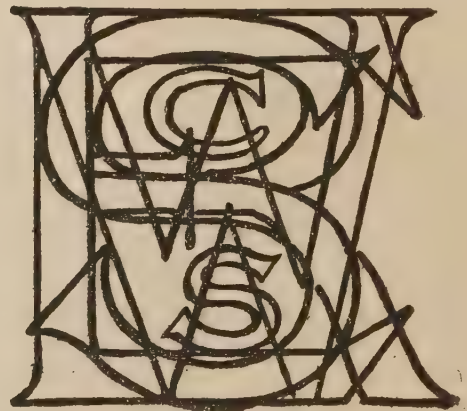
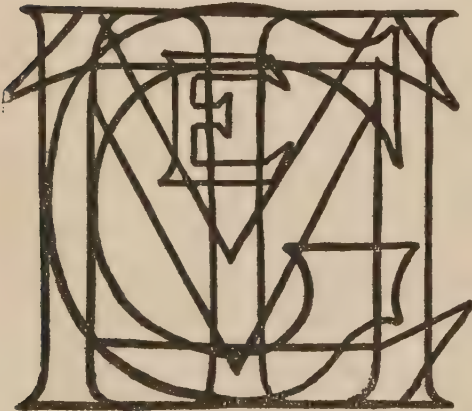
In some parts of the world ferns are eaten. Ferns are used also in the tanning of some sorts of leather. Our great debt, however, is to the great fern forests of the far past. For in those far-off days, long before man was created, fern forests seem to have covered large parts of the earth. The ferns grew swiftly and were as large as trees. In the tropics these tree-ferns are still found, with great trunks forty or fifty feet high, nearly ten times the height of an average man. To these fern forests we owe our coal deposits. They stored up the sunbeams that are now used to warm us on cold days.

There used to be a curious superstition, mentioned by Shakespeare, that, if fern-seed were gathered at midnight on Midsummer Day, it made it possible for one to walk invisibly. It would certainly be curious to walk into people's houses and about the streets without being seen. Fern-seed was supposed to be invisible, and in days when different plants were held to yield up their special properties to those who wore them or ate them, invisibility was the fern's special gift. But fern-seeds are visible in the mass. Those brown spots found on the back or on the edge of the fronds are the seeds, so numerous that a single frond produces more than a million spores. These spores are enclosed in tiny capsules, imprisoned behind walls until the time comes for them to be set free. Then the walls break down, and the

tiny things fall near by or are carried away by the wind to some far-off scene, to begin life on their own account. The fronds are thus leaves and flowers in one, serving both purposes.

Linnaeus called ferns the 'New Settlers.' They are among nature's pioneers, among the first colony of barren places, who go and make good where other less enduring growths would find little chance of life. When they are just beginning life in some such place, after a forest fire, for instance, has left the heath all black and scorched, the long rudimentary fern-stalks are the embodiment of hope. They are the triumph of life over death. They are genuine young things, whose task is to make the desolate places beautiful. Like the mosses and the lichens, their message is one of good cheer.

F. C. HOGGARTH.



Some Objects in a Carpenter's Shop (Solution on page 155).



"The waiting was weary work."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 146.)

KENNETH awoke at four o'clock, full of excitement. It was then still dark, and he dozed off again, waking finally at half-past five. He roused Clive and Godfrey, who told him indignantly that he was an ass to waste half the best part of the night by waking so much too early. 'Might just as well have slept till seven,' he exclaimed. 'There'll be nothing to do for a couple of hours.'

All the same, he got up and dressed, and at Kenneth's suggestion they tore up another dust-sheet into squares, wrapping these round their boots to deaden the sound of their footsteps, and tying the ends round their ankles with thinner strands of the material.

'I'm going to stand on the right of the porch,' said Godfrey. 'You two can go on the left, only mind you don't get chattering, or you'll spoil the whole show. I'll hold one end of the wire and Clive can have the other. We shall hear the man opening the door, and it's a ten-to-one chance that he will stop to lock it again afterwards. Anyway we mustn't pull the wire taut until we actually hear him walking across the porch. Then you'll have to hang on jolly tight, Clive, and mind you don't give way when he kicks against it.'

'We'd better rehearse all that first,' suggested Kenneth, and when they reached the front of the hotel in the half-darkness of the dawn he stood on the gravel path while Godfrey and Clive knelt on either side of the porch, wire in hand. First, they let it lie on the ground, while Kenneth smoothed out any bends that stood up and might have made it noticeable. Then they tried the experiment of raising the ends quietly four inches off the ground and suddenly pulling it tight. At the first attempt, Clive pulled so violently that Godfrey let go of his end altogether, and they argued excitedly whether Clive had pulled too hard or Godfrey had held it too loosely—Godfrey showing a cut across the palm of his hand as evidence that he had had a decent grip; while Kenneth in a very loud whisper urged them not to make such a row.

Eventually it was decided that both should wear their woollen gloves and twist about nine inches of the wire over the backs of their hands. Then the wire was allowed to fall once more

on to the ground, and Kenneth took a handful of gravel-dust from the edge of the path to cover it.

'How about some breakfast?' suggested Clive, and Kenneth, as the only unoccupied member of the party, was sent back to get some food from the larder.

'Better bring a decent lot,' said Godfrey, 'in case we have to wait half the day.'

In a few minutes Kenneth was back with the remains of their supper and an extra tin of tongue and a handful of biscuits which he had taken from the larder. He also brought an empty meat tin which he had filled with water at the tap in the kitchen, and out of this they drank in turn, sending him back at last for a further supply for himself.

Then, as it was seven o'clock, Godfrey and Clive took up their positions on either side of the porch, with the wire in their gloved hands, while Kenneth made a final inspection to make sure that all their preparations were hidden as far as possible.

'Don't forget those bits of rope,' he warned them. 'And remember, your job is his legs, Clive, while Godfrey and I get hold of his arms.'

'And,' whispered Godfrey, 'look out for the club or stick, or whatever it was he knocked me over with. Must be a decent sort of weapon, you know.'

Kenneth went back at last to his place beside Clive. The waiting was weary work. Godfrey and Clive soon found that the hands that held the wire became cramped, but it was too dangerous to change, for fear the man might have come out at that exact moment and found them unprepared. At first it had been exciting, but that soon passed. Godfrey still wished that they could somehow have broken into the hotel in the night. This waiting was poor fun, and, after all, tripping a fellow up with a bit of wire wasn't much of a way to fight, although of course you couldn't be too particular when you were dealing with the kind of man that knocked you on the head with a stick when you weren't looking! That sort of thing upset all the rules and you had to deal with him in the way that gave you the best advantage. He would probably be mighty

strong and hefty, anyway, and put up no end of a fight, and even when he was on the ground they'd have all their work cut out to truss him up.

A pity he didn't come! If he didn't come out till the evening, they'd all be pretty sick of waiting. Jolly thirsty, too, because they had forgotten to bring out further supplies of water.

Suddenly Godfrey heard a sound—the excited barking of the dog. What could that be? Perhaps the man was walking about in the hotel and the beast had heard him. In that case he'd be coming out pretty soon; and in readiness Godfrey tightened his grip on the wire.

(Continued on page 167.)

SOLUTIONS.

On page 135.—Charade: Water Melon.

On page 152.—Objects in a Carpenter's Shop: Plane, Gimlet, Nails, Screws.

THE MARTYR.

(Concluded from page 149.)

THEY continued their climb, till finally, hot and breathless, they reached the top and scrambled over the edge.

At the same moment a voice fell on their ears: 'When I say, "Go!" let him fly.'

Standing near the edge of the cliff, about twenty yards away, were Smith and Tate. One held the wrists, the other the ankles, of a small boy whom they were swinging to and fro.

'Oh, the brutes!' gasped Riley. 'Come on, Weldon.'

But even as they rushed forward Smith shouted, 'Go!' There was an extra big swing, and each bully let go with one hand. A scream of terror broke from the victim who, next moment, found himself lying on the grass, safe, but nearly frightened out of his wits.

'Cut away, kid!' yelled Riley, and hurled himself on to Smith, while Weldon did the same to Tate.

The fight was fast and furious. The bullies, taken by surprise received some hard blows, but in a few minutes the Seniors took themselves off, leaving Riley on the ground tenderly stroking a black eye and a cut lip, while Weldon lay on his back with a swollen nose, wondering why the stars were shining in the middle of the afternoon.

It was some time before they felt equal to continuing their walk, but finally they rose to their feet, linked arms, and pursued their way rather silently.

'What's that?' suddenly demanded Riley.

A sound of sobbing could be heard proceeding from the other side of a low stone wall. The two climbed over and came upon the small victim lying in a heap on the ground.

'Hullo, little 'un,' said Riley. 'Cheer up! They've gone the other way. You're quite safe. What's your name?'

'Gale,' said the child between his sobs.

Riley whistled. 'I know old Gale—at least I mean Mr. Gale—had a kid in the bottom Form. That's how they'—with a jerk of his head in the direction taken by Smith and Tate—'have paid him out.'

'Come on with us,' said Weldon. 'We'll take care of you.'

The child tried to rise, but fell back with a cry. 'Oh, my leg! I was running away and got my foot in a deep rabbit-hole.'

'It's—it's a funny shape, isn't it, Wel?' said Riley, turning a bit white.

Weldon, the boneless, invertebrate imitation, dropped on to his knees and took command of the situation.

'It looks to me as if it's broken.'

'What shall we do?' gasped Riley.

'First aid,' said Weldon firmly. 'Thank goodness we know a bit! Go and see if you can find a strong, straight piece of wood, old chap.'

Riley departed, glad to get away from the small white face.

* * * * *

When Riley returned, Gale was lying flat on his back, whiter than ever, with his legs drawn straight down.

'Will this do? I got it from the hedge.'

'First-rate!' said Weldon. 'Now, let's have our ties and handkies.'

Three dirty handkerchiefs were torn into strips and fastened into lengths. With these and the ties the two legs were firmly bound together and fastened to the piece of wood which was placed beside the damaged one. Then Weldon rose to his feet.

'You'd better get back to school and bring help, old chap,' he said. 'I'll stay here.'

Riley hesitated, but Weldon spoke decidedly. 'We shall be all right, and you can run faster than I can.'

Riley divested himself of his coat, and rolling it into a lump tucked it under little Gale's head. 'That a bit more comfy, kiddie? I shall get on quicker without it,' and he started at his best speed.

Preparation was in full swing when he arrived at the school. Forgetful of everything but his errand he rushed into the class-room.

'Please, sir,' he began, but got no further.

Mr. Gale rose. 'How dare you burst into my presence like that, sir? Leave the room this instant and make yourself decent.'

There certainly appeared to be reason for Mr. Gale's wrath. Riley's lip was swollen, one eye was partly bunged up, his hair was dishevelled, he was minus coat and tie, and his shirt collar was open at the neck. Moreover he was fully twenty minutes late, a little detail he had completely forgotten.

'Please, sir,' he began again, but was again interrupted.

'How dare you attempt to argue! Take this note and go straight to the Head.'

Once more Riley made an effort, but Mr. Gale caught him by the shoulders and pushed him unceremoniously out of the room.

'Ole-didiot! Ole-didiot!' burst out Riley loudly and fiercely as he found himself in the corridor. 'Ole-didiot!'

He turned and came face to face with the Head. It was a moment to make the strongest quail, and Riley did so. But it was no time to hesitate. 'Please, sir,' he began in a very different tone.

But the Head stopped him. 'Silence, Riley. You may precede me to my study.'

Sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way home, so without any further attempt at explanation the procession of two started.

In the study the Head produced an implement whose acquaintance Riley had made on several previous occasions. 'Your offence against Mr. Gale I do not know, Riley, but disrespect to authority I cannot and will not stand. Hold out your hand.'

The subsequent moments were painful. When they were over and the unfortunate martyr felt he could speak without a shaking voice he tried again.

'Please, sir——'

'Silence. Give me Mr. Gale's note,' said the Head. He read it.

'This is the fourth time you have been late back for Preparation, Mr. Gale informs me.'

'Please, sir,' began Riley for the fifth time in the last quarter of an hour, and then suddenly stopped. Everything seemed to come upon him. His eye hurt, and his lip hurt, and little Gale's funny shaped leg and white face had given him a shock, and he had run home in the broiling sun at top speed, and Weldon was waiting and longing for his return with help, and no one would listen to him, and he had been most unjustly treated, and the plams of his hands hurt, and—and—and his head felt funny, and——

He found himself sitting in the Head's arm-chair with a glass of water at his lips. 'Here, my boy, drink this,' the Head was saying in a tone he had never heard before.

Riley drank it and pulled himself together. 'Please, sir,' he began for the sixth and last time, 'it's little Gale. Weldon and I found him on the cliff—and Weldon thinks his leg's broken, and Weldon is going to be a doctor when he's old enough, so he did First Aid, and I came back for help, and Mr. Gale wouldn't listen, and—and—no one will listen, and—Weldon will think I'm such a long time.'

It was only the fact that he was too old to cry which prevented him from breaking down utterly.

The Head didn't need telling twice even such an involved tale as this. In two minutes he had telephoned for a doctor and an ambulance. In five he had interviewed Mr. Gale, and explained the situation, and in a quarter of an hour they were all on their way to the rescue with Riley in attendance to indicate the spot.

* * * * *

It was some time later in the evening. Riley and Weldon were once more being interviewed by the Head on the affairs of the afternoon when Mr. Gale entered the Study.

'I should like to thank these boys,' the Form-master began awkwardly, but Weldon sprang forward.

'How is he, sir?'

'Fairly comfortable. The doctor said the bandaging was wonderfully well done, and may have averted worse consequences.'

Weldon's face flushed with satisfaction at the result of his first attempt at real surgical work.

'I hope, sir,' continued Mr. Gale turning to the Head, 'that you did not—did not act upon the note I sent——'

'I did not, Mr. Gale. I had a little matter of my own to attend to first, and when I heard Riley's story I postponed yours.'

Riley's jaw dropped at this casual reference to a very painful episode, but the Head proceeded:

'Now, boys, as I don't believe you have had anything to eat since dinner, you may go and see what the housekeeper can do for you. I believe she has some excellent cake put away for special occasions. Tell her, with my compliments, that to-night is a suitable time for bringing it out.'

He shook hands with both boys and Mr. Gale followed suit.

Outside in the corridor Riley gave his chum a hearty thump on the back. 'I'm proud of you, old chap! Some day you'll make a top-hole doctor.'

Weldon laughed, 'I hope you're not qualifying for a top-hole martyr. You've had some jolly good practice to-day.'

Riley looked horrified. 'Great Scott, no! Martyring's no catch. But sometimes'—with a grim at the thought of the cake—'there are compensations. Let's find the housekeeper. Come on!'

C. E. THONGER.

ELFIN TRICKS.

HE caught the swiftest of the winds and rode him

Into the sky, until he reached the stars;

He took one for a crown

Before he tumbled down,

Frightened by the soldier-men in Mars,

Then he loosed the little wind and thanked him.

He kissed the fallen petals of the fruit trees,

And turned them into silken fairy frocks.

But his little sisters cried,

Because, when they got inside, [rocks!

They were fixed therein like limpets on to

So they wept and called him 'Horrid little tease.'

In spring he loves to imitate the cuckoo,

And hiding in a half-awakened beach,

He cuckoos far and wide

Until the country-side

Assembles underneath to loudly screech:

'O cuckoo somewhere else, you silly cuckoo!'

There is nothing left to do he has not done,

But this is what he loves to do the best:

He enjoys a dewdrop bath

In a leaf beside the path

[rest,

When the moon shines down, and other people

Then he dances in the dawn to greet the sun.

JEAN GORDON.



“Come back here, you silly little thing.”

THE CHICK THAT WENT A-ROVING.

'CLUCK, cluck! bed-time, chicks!' called Mother Buff, bustling across the farmyard at sundown.

The chickens, who had scrambled through the fence that divided the kitchen garden from the farmyard, and were now busily scratching and pecking in a freshly-planted bed of seeds, came tumbling back like tiny balls of yellow down blown by the wind; and following their mother to the coop, were soon fast asleep, snuggled under her wings.

At least they were not *all* asleep. In Mother Buff's golden brood there was one black chick called Smut; and he was now wide awake, thinking of the strange new world that he and his little brothers and sisters had discovered that day the other side of the fence. How he would love to explore it, if only he could slip away without any of the others knowing!

In the soft warm darkness of Mother Buff's wings he waited and waited until he felt quite sure that she was fast asleep, then he crept out. The bars of the coop were narrower than he expected, but with a good hard struggle he managed to squeeze through them.

'Oh dear, how pale the sun looks—I wonder if it's feeling very ill!' he exclaimed, looking up at the sky.

'That's not the sun, it's the moon, you silly chick,' squeaked a mouse, on her way to a supper party in the granary.

Now Smut had never seen the moon before, because he was always safe in the coop directly the sun went to bed each night, so the great white ball in the sky puzzled him very much; but the little mouse was in a hurry to get to the party, and couldn't stop to answer questions, so Smut scrambled through the fence into the kitchen garden.

'Hello! who are you?' asked a bunny, who was busy nibbling the crisp green lettuces.

'I'm Smut, and I live in the farmyard.'

'I'm Furrytail, and I live down in the meadow.'

'I wish I had a warm fur coat like yours—I'm so cold,' shivered Smut.

'Well, come home with me—I've finished my supper now,' said Furrytail, taking a last nibble. 'Come, I've such a snug little burrow—you'll be ever so happy there.'

Smut squeezed himself against the bunny's soft fur coat: it certainly was the most comfy thing he had felt since leaving the warm shelter of Mother Buff's wings.

'All right, I'll come!' he cried; and the next moment was scampering along after Furrytail as fast as his tiny legs could carry him.

'Here's my burrow,' said Furrytail, at last.

'Oh, how dark it looks down there!' exclaimed Smut in dismay, looking down the hole in the ground.

'Never mind, it's quite warm and snug inside—come along,' replied Furrytail, disappearing into it.

Smut was just preparing to follow, when something that looked exactly like a big woolly hearthrug on four legs came bounding across the moonlit meadow.

'Why, it's Ben—I wonder what he's doing here,' he said in surprise.

Now the chick didn't know that when he scrambled out of the coop, Ben, the sheep-dog, was lying awake in his kennel, trying to decide just where to bury the nice juicy bone that Molly, the dairymaid, had given him for supper. While he was thinking out this serious matter, the sound of tiny voices came to his ears, and, peeping out of his kennel, he saw Smut talking to the mouse near the granary door.

Of course, Ben knew lots of wise things about sheep. He could always lead them back to the flock whenever they tried to stray away, and he also knew how to take care of the lambs: so when he saw Smut running away from Mother Buff's coop he felt very worried for fear the foolish little chick would come to harm. Creeping softly out of the kennel, he followed Smut across the meadow, and just caught up to him as he was going after Furrytail down the burrow.

'Come back home, you silly little thing, else you'll get lost,' cried Ben.

'No; I'm tired of that stuffy coop—I want to see the world,' replied Smut, spreading his ridiculous little tufts of wings and trying to flutter away. But whichever way he turned, Ben was always there in front of him, gently heading him towards home, just in the way the sheep were brought back when they strayed, until at last the little truant was headed right back to the farmyard.

'Directly you've gone to sleep, I'm going back to Furrytail's burrow,' cried Smut defiantly.

But Ben was much too wise to take any risks of that kind: he just ran the chick right into

his own kennel, and lying down across the doorway, went to sleep with one eye open.

'Chuck, chuck—biddy, biddy—breakfast-time, chicks!' called Molly, as she came into the farmyard next morning. 'Why, where's Smut?' she cried, when Mother Buff strutted out of the coop, followed by her fluffy brood.

'Cheep, cheep!' came a tiny voice from the inside of Ben's kennel.

'Ben, have *you* got Smut?' she asked, looking at him severely.

Ben looked very apologetic; and as he didn't possess a tail to wag, he just quivered his ears to explain that he really hadn't done any harm to the little black runaway.

'It's a very good thing Ben has him safe in his kennel,' said Farmer Brown, coming out of the granary at that moment. 'There's a large rat in the trap, and it would have killed any of the chickens that happened to be out last night.'

When Smut heard this, he was very glad that Ben had taken such good care of him; and his little yellow brothers and sisters were so glad, also, that they all fluttered across the farmyard to Ben's kennel, and helped him to eat his breakfast, just to show how very much they loved him.

LEWIS DUTTON.

LATE SUMMER.

AMID the ripening wheat-ears
The cornflowers shimmer blue,
The bindweed's pink-rayed chalice
Brims o'er with sparkling dew;
And hosts of pretty poppies
Are nodding in a row,
Like red-robed maidens dancing,
As soft winds come and go.

Tall spikes of purple loose-strife
Flaunt by the water-side,
Beneath the rushes near them
The marsh-birds love to hide;
The last gold iris withers
Beside the placid stream,
But soon, her opened seed-pods
Will show a blood-red gleam.

The hills have donned a mantle
Of heath and gorse-bloom gay,
And round them in the sunshine,
The bees hum all the day;
The dainty harebells tinkle
Upon the open wold,
Where bracken fronds are blazing
With amber, bronze, and gold.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 151.)

OUT on the common Mr. Featherstone sat his piebald pony, like one petrified. The soldiers—a company of yeomanry, with drawn swords—were sweeping down on us—scabbards clanking and steel chains jingling.

Some of the Bulldogs and Ditchlings stood their ground. 'Down with the sojers!' shrieked the Rasper. 'Drag 'em from their horses.' Many had nothing but their hands, having placed their weapons in the waggon, but some had their bludgeons and meant to use them. The standard-bearer, throwing down his banner, had been among the first to fly. A tall man stepped forward, picked it up, flung out its folds and held it aloft—it was Amos.

With the soldiers was a company of police officers. On they came. The Rasper raised his gun and fired into their midst. The soldiers were among us, their swords flashing as they laid on with the flats—Bulldogs hung on to

stirrup-leather and bridle-chain, but only to be speedily shaken off. The flag wavered—Amos was down.

Now the soldiers had passed through us and were belabouring the crowd and forcing them into the lane. The Rasper had received a blow on the head that kept him quiet for a time, a score of the Bulldogs and Ditchlings were on the ground, more or less disabled, those who still showed fight were speedily overcome—the rest ran away.

The military did not pursue, but drew up where the road debouched on to the common. The police officers went in among the crowd like shearers among the sheep, picking out the men they wanted. Mr. Featherstone, on his piebald pony, and about thirty men, including the Rasper, were arrested. The waggon, having been brought up and emptied of its contents, was used to carry those who had received hurts that prevented them from

walking, and eventually the soldiers closed round waggon and men, and, in the gathering dusk, led them off in the direction of Horsham.

In all the tumult nothing was seen of the Captain and his big black horse.

When the soldiers had passed through our ranks, driving the Bulldogs before them, Dick and I went to the place where Amos lay—he had not moved since he had been struck down, but lay outstretched on the turf, his banner trampled and broken by the horses' hoofs. We found no wound on him, but he was quite unconscious. As we looked down, Jemmy crept up and stood beside us; at the same time two of the police officers, who had dismounted, approached. They looked on Amos in silence a moment; then one, kneeling, loosened his neckerchief and thrust his hand into his vest.

'He's breathing,' he said—'heart's beating. He's not one of those we want. I saw him go down—horse's hoof caught him in the small of the back—afraid he's done for—poor fellow. He won't stand the jolting of the waggon.'

With the help of the officers, we lifted poor Amos Clutterbuck on to a shutter, and in the twilight carried him to one of the little cottages where the hollyhocks grow: a good old soul gave up her bed to him, and one of the police officers, who seemed to be somewhat of a doctor, sat beside him all night.

When we saw Amos in the morning he had regained consciousness, though his legs were quite dead, they said. He was very pale and drawn-looking, but he gave a bit of a smile, and said feebly: 'We got the worst of it that time, but Freedom will come some day.'

CHAPTER IX.

JO TAKES UP THE PEN.

ROGER wished me to write an account of all that happened at the 'Mulberry Tree' whilst he and Dick were away. 'Jo,' said he, 'I am sure you can do it—just one short chapter to be inserted in my narrative to make the events clear to the reader. It is not at all difficult, you have only to describe what took place under your notice.'

That is all very well, but I am not good at writing in the ordinary way, and when it comes to describing things I get in a muddle. As I say, it is all very well for Roger, he is always among books and has his head full of

the sort of language used in them. I believe he could write one of the Leading Articles in the *Sussex Mercury* if Grandad would let him. He has already written several pieces which Grandad thinks are promising, and some poems too.

On the whole, I do not much like his poems, there is too much of Phœbus and Neptune and such ancient characters for my taste: his 'ode,' as he calls it, on the Destruction of the Bastille is the best, although it is very high-flown. Dick says it is 'gush,' but of course he could not do anything like it himself. I particularly mention this poem, because Grandad thinks so well of it that he has printed it in this week's *Mercury*. Every week there is a column in the *Mercury* called 'The Miscellany,' and at the foot of it usually a short poem by Mr. Palmsalm—you will know it by his initials underneath, P.A.P. Mr. Palmsalm was unable to send his contribution this week, so Grandad inserted Roger's Ode, showing that he thinks well of it.

And now I have to try my hand: you see I get so little time. It is all very well for Roger and Dick; they think that as soon as the breakfast things are cleared away, I have nothing to do. They would find out their mistake if they had Aunt Phil at their elbow from morn to night.

Now, to begin. When Roger and Dick left for Brighthelmstone we were high busy—we were in the thick of turning out the downstairs rooms. We had, of course, Margery the maid, to help, but you know what maids are—they can see nothing of themselves, but have to be told everything, and cannot be trusted with a duster where there are any knick-knacks about. Of course the small back parlour could not be turned out this week, as it had been turned into a bedroom for the use of the strange gentleman who could not be carried upstairs, as they are so steep and twisty.

Having the gentleman in the house makes a great deal more work: Aunt Phil is continually in and out of the kitchen, cooking delicate messes for him, which makes a great deal of washing-up for Margery. There is a great deal more for me to do. However, I do not grumble at that—I don't mind work. When any one is sick or in distress, it would be a strange thing if we minded putting ourselves about a bit.

(Continued on page 162.)



"Mrs. Soady handed me a letter for Grandad."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
 Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 160.)

THE gentleman is rather bad, I fancy—a sword-thrust in the side is apt to lead to complications, they tell me; it was well we got the doctor so promptly. He has a hole in his side you could lay two fingers in, they say; if it had not been for his ribs it would have proved fatal. I have seen him but once, and that was when I took in his breakfast. He has dark eyes, which look at you very hard, and black hair—I should guess that he has a temper of his own. He looks like a foreigner, but speaks as good English as I do; he said 'Thank you—thank you. I am sorry to give you so much trouble, little lady'—as polite as could be. I don't think I like him much, he stares so hard, but perhaps that is the effect of the wound.

It was Wednesday, one of Grandad's busy days. His publishing day is Thursday, when the *Sussex Mercury* comes out, so Wednesday is a rush; on that day he does not come in to dinner, but has a little lunch taken into the printing office, where he works from morning till night—sometimes far into the night. He sets up the type and prints off all the copies himself, excepting that when it happens that he is behindhand with his work, then Aunt Phil and the boys help. I like to see him at work at the printing press: he turns off eight hundred copies, and sometimes more, every week—it's wonderful. Just think of it. In his Leading Articles, which deal with the affairs of Sussex and the nation, he speaks to eight hundred people at once. This is nothing to what the London newspapers do. No wonder the printing press has gained such an influence in these days.

On this particular Wednesday, as the boys were off to Brighthelmstone, Aunt Phil and I dined alone. In the afternoon Master Downer looked in, as he frequently does, as he says, for five minutes, which really means half-an-hour, and as often as not he remains to tea. It is most inconvenient—Aunt says so; after she has been working hard all the morning she badly needs a little rest—it is very inconvenient—I should tell him so if I were in her place. I don't think she really cares for him—but there—I don't know.

It was not till it began to grow dusk that we felt any uneasiness about the boys. We had expected them home at the tea hour, but knowing what boys are, we concluded that, having done their errand, they had made up their minds to see the sights of Brighthelmstone; I should have done so myself, I know, for Brighthelmstone is by the sea, and a great number of the most fashionable folk are to be seen there. Since the Prince Regent is having a Summer Palace built there, Brighthelmstone bids fair to become a place of importance.

Well, we thought that the boys must have wandered about in the aimless way boys do and had given no thought to the time; but when it grew dark, and Grandad came in from the office, we felt that something must have happened to them.

Nine o'clock struck—then ten. Grandad especially was alarmed—I had never seen him so put out: he would not touch his supper, but paced up and down the room, then went to the corner of the street, and finally insisted on going out, on the road to Brighthelmstone, to seek them. I felt very angry with the boys, upsetting the entire household in such a manner, as if we had not sufficient trouble with a sick stranger in the house, and to-morrow publishing day too. I was sure Roger and Dick had been up to some mischief—you see, I know those boys better than Grandad does.

We were a miserable household when, at midnight, Grandad returned, having found no trace of the boys. Nothing more could be done that night. Grandad was pale and tired out; he said he would walk to Brighthelmstone in the morning, and we all went to bed as miserable as could be.

The first thing in the morning Grandad started on his search, leaving us downhearted enough, but with sufficient work to keep our hands busy for the day and prevent us from moping. The *Mercuries* had to be delivered by some means or other, and there was only Aunt and me to do it, and the sick gentleman had to be attended to as well.

Twenty-nine copies of the *Mercury* had to be directed and sent off by the evening post, others had to be left at the Coach-office and

shops to be called for, the greater part had to be delivered at the subscribers' houses in the town or in the outskirts. Margery was of no use for this work, as she could not read the addresses; we had to leave her to look after the house and attend on the stranger, whilst Aunt and I buckled to and spent the whole day in delivering the newspapers. Aunt was quite worn out, for her feet hurt her. I think Master Downer might have lent us some assistance; if he did not care to do such work himself, he has plenty of men and boys employed in his works, and could easily have spared one or two, but he never appeared when he was really wanted, and Aunt would not ask him for the world.

In the evening I went to the Post-office at Mrs. Soady's, to send off the newspapers by the six o'clock post, when Mrs. Soady handed me a letter for Grandad. You may guess how delighted I was to see that the cover was addressed in Roger's own handwriting. I hastened back in great excitement and reached the 'Mulberry Tree,' just as Grandad returned, looking very tired and depressed. It seemed that he had gone to the fashionable inn at Brighthelmstone, to which the boys had been sent, only to find that Lord Henry had left for London the day before, and that no one knew anything about the boys or the letter—at any rate, no one but the ostler, a very queer man, who took Grandad to another inn to see another ostler; but this ostler, who was supposed to know all about it, had disappeared.

It was most confusing; but this did not come out at the time, for we were too eager to learn the contents of the letter. It was from Roger—a most silly letter that told next to nothing we wished to know. These were the words:—

'Dear Grandfather,

I am writing this in a great hurry for fear you should be anxious about Dick and me. I am sorry to say we met with a great misfortune on the road. We were robbed of the letter by two men on horseback. I cannot say how sorry we are. We did our best. Lord Henry Gordon has gone to London. We are not losing sight of the thief, and I think we shall get the letter back to-day. We are on the way to London with a lot of people.

'Yours respectfully, ROGER.

'P.S.—We are very sorry. Please do not be anxious.'

You see they have lost the letter or had it stolen from them. That comes of trusting boys with anything of importance. What does

he mean by saying they are on the way to London with a lot of people? What people? It is perfect nonsense. I don't know what Grandad thinks of it—he looks very worried; he has to tell about the letter, and I don't know what the gentleman will think of it. It is only a letter, of course, but he'll think we cannot be trusted—a pretty pass we have come to when two boys cannot be trusted with a letter.

(Continued on page 170.)

TWO KINDS OF DOG.

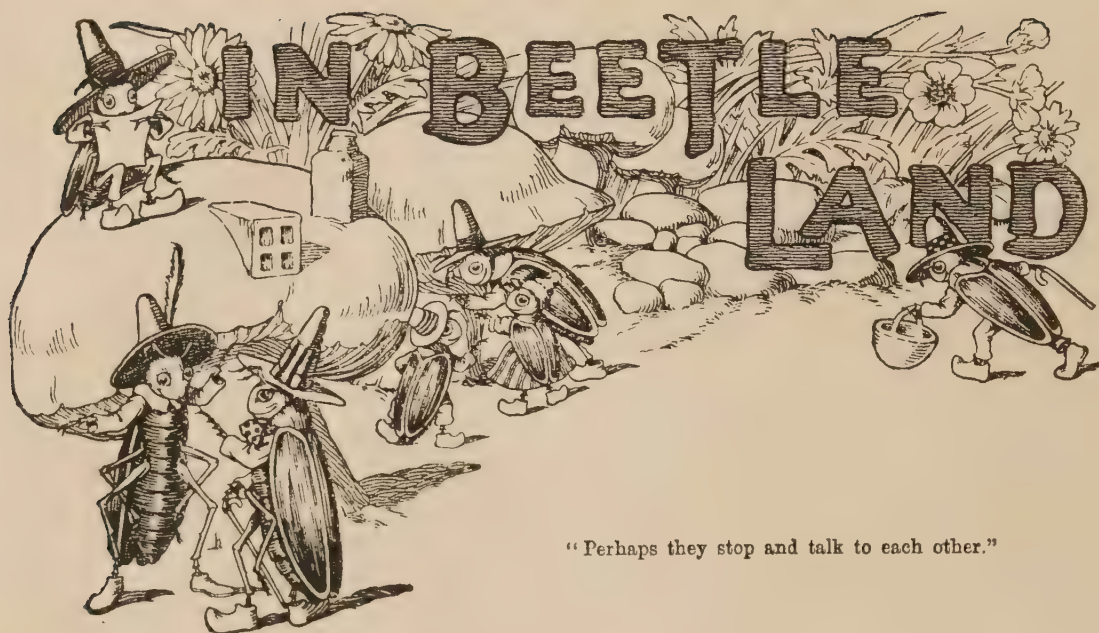
HOW different life for dogs can be,
Of lowly birth and high degree!
In towns in Belgium by the sea!
Tripping along, the lapdog goes,
With bells upon his neck and bows;
A quaint and bearded face he shows,
Following a mistress in French chiffons,
Himself the latest thing in griffons.

The milk-cart dog is like a bear,
Or Bernard dog the worse for wear,
Beneath the cart, with might and main,
All day he hauls a harness chain,
Padding along with straining paws,
A muzzle on his panting jaws,
So that he may not bite nor bark,
Nor enjoy himself till it is dark. M. I. K. C.

A DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

MADAME DE CHAUSSANDE lived with her daughter Isaura, who was about sixteen years of age in the year 1793, quietly on her estate at Carpentras. But in those days, when even gentleness excited hatred, she became suspected by some of her tenants, was arrested and brought before the revolutionary tribunal at Orange. The affectionate daughter would not leave her mother; of her own free will she followed her into the prison, and soothed, as well as she could, the misery of her confinement there.

At last both were brought before the Commission, and condemned to death. Isaura's courage and beauty touched the heart of the executioner more than any of the other barbarians—he offered to marry her. The judges consented and Isaura was informed of the conditions under which she might be saved. With an heroic resignation the girl inquired, 'Can I thereby save my mother?' The President replied that by this step she could only purchase her own life. 'Very well,' exclaimed Isaura, 'lead us then to death.' Both were executed.



"Perhaps they stop and talk to each other."

WHERE is Beetle Land? In the fields, in the woods, all over the place, or where the flowers and mushrooms grow. Any place where the merry little beetles run about is Beetle Land.

Perhaps, if we did but know, they have their newspapers, just as we have, and stop and talk to each other, when they meet in the street, about the news of the day or what has happened to Mrs. Beetle next door—that she has not been out doing her shopping lately, or the wonderful colour of Mr. Beetle's new wing-cases. Gossips, mother would call them, if they lived in our road.

Now in one corner of Beetle Land where the flowers and mushrooms grow lived little Tommy Beetling and his little wife. They had selected a nice mushroom for their house, and had hollowed it out inside so that it was very comfortable.

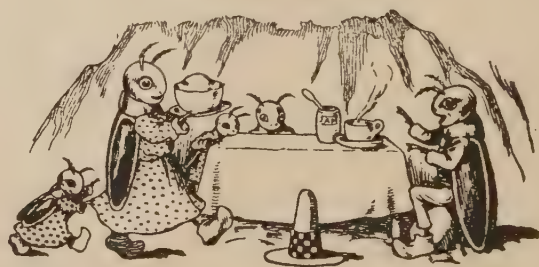
Tommy dearly loved his home, and cared nothing about the news in the papers or what the neighbours were doing; but every day he went out with a little basket to collect nice things for dinner, which in Beetle Land is like doing the shopping; for he would not trouble his wife to do so when she had all the work of tidying up the comfortable home.

But Tommy made a great mistake in not bothering himself about the news in the papers, for if he had done so, he would have known that a monster bird, called a thrush, had been seen in the neighbourhood, and all wise beetles were told to be very careful and not to go out in the day-time unless they were really obliged, in case the monster should eat them up.

So it happened that one day, when Tommy came back with his basket, there was the monster outside his own front door, and Mrs. Beetling was peeping out anxiously for him to come back.

Tommy dropped all his things out of his basket—he was so frightened—and wondered whatever he could do.

Just then a loud rattling noise was heard.



"It was very comfortable."



"There was the monster outside his own front door."

It was only a boy frightening the crows away from the cornfield close by; but off flew the thrush in a great fright, and little Tommy was inside his home in no time, where Mrs. Beetling made a great fuss of him.

'I have been out to-day, too,' she said, 'and it does not matter that you have dropped all

our dinner, for I have brought in a lovely one myself. I heard the news about the monster when I was out, and another time, my dear, I should read the paper if I were you, and then you would know what is going on and be more careful.'

P. P. BILLINGHURST.

ADDING TO HIS COLLECTION.

'DAVID, your porridge is as cold as charity,' said the good wife of a farmer on the West Coast of Scotland one day. 'What makes you so late for breakfast? Were you kept waking with the lambs?'

'No, Mrs. Muir,' answered the young shepherd, who lived with the farmer and his wife. 'It was just an ill dream I kept dreaming all night long, and when at last I got rid of it, I was so weary I overslept myself.'

'What was the dream?'

'Well, to tell the truth, it was about my collection of birds' eggs,' said David, looking a little sheepish, while a smile ran round all the other faces at the table.

Besides being a shepherd, David was a very daring cragsman. The collection of sea-birds' eggs, with which he had filled his mother's tiny cottage, was one of the finest in Ayrshire, and it was the only subject which unlocked his silent tongue.

'Did you dream your eggs all hatched out into great auks and ostriches?'

'No; I dreamt that my mother came to me in the dead waste and middle of the night,' the other replied, 'and said, "David, you can take back the promise you made me, never to raid the sea-eagle's nest. Go now, and harry the eyrie; bring back the eggs by hook or crook." I was glad when I heard her say that, for my collection needs those eggs to be complete, and the eagles always build in such a chancy spot, my mother has aye forbidden me to climb for them. She is a good mother; I am all she has got, but often I have rued the promise. So, in my dream, I just made a leap for the lantern and my climbing-rope, and off I set for the sea-front.'

'How did you come at the eyrie in your dreams? Up from the water, or down from the crags?'

asked the others with interest; for this particular eagle's nest was built on a dangerous ledge on a beetling cliff hanging over the sea. How to rob it had been the trouble and despair of all the fowlers round for years.

'I did as they used to in Orkney,' said David. 'I just sank a stake in the cliff brow, tied a

rope round it, and swung off. For years I seemed to spin and crawl over the face of the bluff, waiting for the day to dawn and the mother-eagle to get off the nest. She did so at last. I lowered myself, and got three out of the four bonnie eggs.

'One I broke, the other two I put safely in my cap. I climbed the rope again, and came cannily home, leaving my cap and the eggs in the barn. Why, I do not know, everything seemed sensible-like till then, but a dream is bound to have an odd kink in it somewhere. And oh, but I am bruised, and weary!' said he, as he rose, stretching himself. 'I might have been doing the deed, not dreaming it, all night long. But I must away to work; I am late enough already. Where are my cap and my crook?'

The crook was in the kitchen, but not the cap; nor was it to be found in the hall, or David's bedroom.

'Try the barn!' said some one, laughing.

The whole party trooped across the yard, and as David flung open the barn door, he started.

'My cap is on the shelf right enough, said he, but the queer thing is that my climbing-rope is beside it, and I always kept the coil in my bedroom.'

Gingerly he lifted the cap, and there lay the two eggs of the sea-eagle. Solid and real he found them; as scarcely believing his senses, he touched and touched them again, and the others stood gaping round.

'David, your dream was a true one,' said the farmer. 'Sleeping, you have done a deed which would daunt a waking man.'

'No wonder I feel stiff,' said David, smiling widely as he clasped his treasure. 'This will round off my collection grandly.'

'You had better take the rope back to your room,' counselled the good wife, 'and tie yourself to the bed-post when you go to sleep, in case you are playing any more cantrips in the night. And I must not give you baked crab for supper again.'

'Never fear me,' said David. 'I have got the one thing I have ever wanted, and I'll never walk in my sleep again!'

M. K. CARRUTHERS.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER X.—A PRISONER.

A MOMENT later Godfrey heard the barking of the dog again. Surely this time it was nearer? The dog couldn't have broken loose! Not that it would matter much if it had. Godfrey looked to his right, where the gravel path disappeared round the side of the hotel. Then he started so that he almost lost his hold on the wire.

The dog was there, capering excitedly over the grass on the further side of the path: and going towards it, across the path, was a man! Godfrey knew at once that this was the man they were waiting for; he was short and thick-set, with a little red, close-cut moustache, and wearing a dilapidated cloth cap and a worn suit of clothes, while in his hand he carried a stout stick. His side was turned to Godfrey as he stepped on to the grass, his head turned away in the direction of the dog.

Of course, he must have come out of that door at the back! What asses they were not to have thought of that; waiting there all these hours with that ridiculous ambush, while the man calmly got away elsewhere! Now he would get into the forest, and the whole of that day, at any rate, would be wasted. For that matter he might even escape altogether. If only it were possible to warn the others, so that they could go for him at once, giving up the idea of a surprise, and trusting to luck to be able to tackle both him and the dog. But Clive and Kenneth, hidden round the further side of the porch, would not have seen him and would be still expecting to trip him up with that silly bit of wire!

Godfrey knew that if he called to them the man would hear too, and then no doubt he would get out of sight in a quarter of a minute, before they could get at him. No use either to rush at him alone; that would only mean getting another cut on the head from that stick, whereas if they could all attack him at the same moment from different sides they would have quite a chance.

Godfrey pulled violently at the wire; a sharp tug and then several shorter ones, in the hope that Clive would take it as a signal; or else that he would let go of the wire and look out, and see what was happening as he leant

forward to pick it up again. But Clive must have been holding it firmly, and nothing happened. Still, it was no use letting the man escape like that, and suddenly Godfrey made up his mind that the only thing to do was to make the best of it, give a shout to the others and then run across the path to the grass and try to spring on to the man's back, where the stick couldn't reach him and hold on until Clive and Kenneth came up.

'Clive! Clive!' he called, and then, letting go of his end of the wire, he jumped forward. As he reached the grass he stumbled; the cloth that he had tied round his boot had come untied and, catching his toe in its loose end, he fell full length.

At the sound of his call, Clive looked round the side of the porch, and as he saw the man and the dog he jumped to his feet.

'They're out!' he cried. 'After them! come on! You collar the dog, Kenneth; we'll get the man.'

Then he saw Godfrey fall, and for a second he hesitated, with a wild idea that the man must have used a revolver. But Godfrey got quickly to his feet, and Clive called to him to get out on the right, while he went to the left.

But the man seemed to be making no attempt to escape. He had turned at Godfrey's shout, and stood with a pipe in his mouth, looking at them quietly in surprise. Then Godfrey seized him roughly on one side above the elbow, while Clive took hold of his right wrist, twisting it suddenly, to make him let go of the stick.

'Here!' cried the man angrily, 'what on earth are you doing? Let go, you rascal!'

He struggled violently, letting his pipe fall to the ground. But the boys held on grimly, trying to pull his hands behind his back with the idea of tying them. The man swung round, first to one side and then to the other, kicking out at the same time with his feet. He was immensely strong, and although Clive, by a sudden jerk, made him let go of the stick, he was fully a match for the two of them. Plunging suddenly forward, he kicked Godfrey on the shin, and then, turning, dragged his left arm free and lunged with it at Clive, missing his head, but bringing a stiff blow to his shoulder.

(Continued on page 175.)



"The boys held on firmly."



" I am sorry the boys lost your letter, sir. "

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
 Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 163.)

I HAD to take the stranger's breakfast into his room the next morning. I felt half ashamed; he was up and dressed, and seemed much better. He said: 'Good-morning, little lady—I thought you had deserted me,' just as if nothing had happened. I thought it better to mention the subject, so I said, 'I am sorry the boys lost your letter, sir.'

'Lost it?' he said sharply.

'Had it stolen from them,' I corrected.

'So you know all about it then; I ought not to have trusted the letter to a couple of thoughtless boys.' And he looked vexed.

'It is not the first time they have been trusted with letters and parcels,' I said. 'Roger and Dick are very careful as a rule, especially with other people's property.'

This was stretching it a bit, but when I come to think of it they really are very careful—both Roger and Dick, especially Roger—if they do not get up to any nonsense. And how could they help it? Two boys are no match for two highwaymen on horses—though why two highwaymen should rob boys of a letter, and in broad daylight too, is a mystery to me. I said something of the sort to the gentleman.

'Master Harryott showed me what the boys wrote—it bore the post-mark of Cuckfield; they give no description of the men who robbed them. Have you had no further letter from them?'

'No,' I replied, 'and what Roger means by going up to London with a lot of people I cannot understand. How they can get up to London I don't know; they had but two shillings in their pocket that Grandad gave them, and some bread and cheese and a meat pasty—I don't know how it will all end. I felt like crying, it was such a dreadful puzzle. The gentleman seemed to think more of his letter than of the two boys; however, he was kind enough in his way, telling me to wipe my eyes and cheer up. He said he must rouse himself and go to see the magistrate. He was not fit to go; he could scarcely limp across the room, and made an awful face in doing so; fortunately the doctor called shortly after, and he and Grandad persuaded the gentleman not to venture out.

Friday is Grandad's slack day. The week's *Mercury* is off his hands, and it's but rarely that any one comes into the bookshop, so, as he says, he is a gentleman of leisure that day, but he soon tires of leisure, and as often as not begins planning out the next week's issue. You see he begins by making a 'dummy' copy of the *Mercury*—that is a folded paper just the size and shape of the *Mercury*; then he plans out on it the spaces for advertisements and for the town news and the country news, the London news and the doings in the Parliament Houses and about Cattle and the Markets, and all that sort of thing; then, when the London newspapers come, he cuts out with a pair of scissors the interesting passages, and pastes them in the dummy copy, most of them under the heading 'Westminster Chimes,' leaving room for any local events due to take place later on; then he arranges the scraps for the 'Miscellany,' and last of all writes his Leading Article.

It being Friday and his leisure day, he spent a goodly portion of it with the stranger. They seem to get on very well together; Grandad talks a great deal when he gets on the subject of Politics, and the strange gentleman treats him with a great deal of respect, which is right, seeing that Grandad is old, and has had much experience, not that the stranger is young by any means; I should think he must be nearly thirty. Grandfather, you must know, is a Reformer, but a moderate one; he is very much opposed to anything like violence; he believes that the people must be educated and reforms come gradually. The stranger and he seemed to be very much of one mind on Politics, and on Poetry and Literature also; they have both read a great deal and admire the same great thinkers and authors. The stranger has seen much of foreign parts, and can tell many interesting things; he came into the kitchen in the evening, and sat with us for an hour, and was very entertaining. I like him much better than I did at first; he has got nice eyes and speaks in a soft voice—he reminds me of some one, but I cannot think who it is. I was glad Master Downer did not call in; I don't think they would have got on well

together. We should have had a very cosy evening had it not been for thinking of the boys.

Another day and no more news of the boys. Aunt Phil is taking it to heart; she had scarcely any sleep last night through worrying about them; from her ordinary manner you would think that Aunt did not feel things much, but I am sure she does. Something must be done, but I don't know what. The strange gentleman—his name is Mr. Hamilton, rather a nice name, I think, it sounds aristocratic—sent a message through the Doctor to Mr. Joseph Puttyman, one of our magistrates; I hope the authorities will set inquiries on foot. People cannot disappear like this in a civilised country.

(Continued on page 182.)

AUTUMN.

OH, Autumn is a Gypsy boy
Who ever loves to stray;
His red and yellow rags of joy
Change colour day by day.

He wanders over down and weald,
Through bracken bent and brown,
He saunters past in lane and field,
Flaunting his berried crown.

This is the song he sings to you:
'Oh, Children, come and play
Among the grass-spears tipped with dew,
Where leaves fall golden gay.
See—here the wood-nuts ripen best;
Here jewelled cobwebs spread;
Here in a last year's magpie's nest
Squirrels hide berries red.

'Hark!—I'll sing you the Wind's new song,
Teach you the Dead Leaves' Dance;
Come—days grow short and nights grow
long,
Don't lose a fleeting chance;
Come—ere long I must bid good-bye.'
Thus, wrapt in evening mists,
Autumn the Gypsy dances by,
To wander where he lists.

JEAN GORDON.

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 148.)

Ignition.—Another point with reference to the combustion of ordinary fuels is that it does not take place until a sufficiently high temperature has been reached, although there are substances which will flare up spontaneously as slow oxidation causes them to reach ignition temperature. If, for instance, a gas leak has occurred and the air in a room is mixed with gas, no explosion occurs until the inquisitive person, who looks for a leak with a lighted candle, enters the room. It is necessary to start the combustion with a spark or a flame of some sort, as ordinary fuels will not combine with oxygen when they are cold. The fire, when laid, does not burn until a match has been applied.

The Internal Combustion Engine.—Many early experimenters produced engines in which they attempted to do away with the boiler and its many causes of loss by utilising the explosion which occurs when a mixture of gas and air is ignited as a source of power. After the earlier somewhat crude and primitive efforts had paved the way to better things, two inventors almost simultaneously hit upon a method of

utilising this means of producing power from gaseous fuels. These were a Frenchman—Beau de Rochas—and a German—Dr. Otto—and as Otto's engines soon became well known they were copied by many makers and were very extensively used, with the result that his name has been retained for all engines which work in the same manner as that which he invented, and they are said to work upon the Otto 'cycle' of operations. Otto's engine was fairly noisy, but it followed others which sounded like guns, and it was therefore called 'Otto's silent engine.'

The Otto, or 4-stroke Cycle.—Let us consider how this engine works. It has a cylinder usually of hard cast iron in which moves a piston, operating a crank by means of a connecting rod—much like the steam engine already described, except that the cylinder is open at one end, there being no slipper and piston rod, as the piston itself carries the cross head and is made long so that it acts as a slipper, the cylinder forming the guide. In the closed cylinder head there are separate inlet and exhaust valves—usually of the kind known as

'mushroom' valves—closed by strong springs and opened by the levers and tappets described below.

Starting with the piston at the inner end of its stroke, if we give the fly-wheel half a turn the piston will move outwards and if, during that time, the inlet valves are opened a mixture of gas and air in the correct proportions for complete combustion will be drawn into the cylinder. You will note that in gas engines there are usually two inlet valves, one controlling the gas supply and the other the mixture, the reason for this being that it is possible with this arrangement to adjust the proportions of gas and air more correctly than would otherwise be possible, and, further, when the work which the engine is called upon to do varies, the quantity of gas and air can be adjusted (this is generally done automatically by the governor) and a saving thereby effected.

At the end of the outward stroke these valves close, and if the fly-wheel is turned, still by hand, in the same direction as before, the mixture of gas and air is compressed into the end of the cylinder. Some means of igniting the gas at this moment is provided; generally an electric spark produced by a coil or by a magneto-electric machine—as will be explained later on. This causes the mixture to burn very rapidly or, in every-day language, to explode.

This rapid combustion does not cause a loud noise, as the outer air is not disturbed, and it is this air disturbance which constitutes the noise, but it means that the heat of combustion has been generated, the mixture has been made very hot in consequence, and has, therefore, increased very greatly in pressure.

The pressure due to compression is often from 60 to 100 pounds per square inch, while that immediately after ignition may be from 250 to 350 pounds per square inch. This pressure causes the piston to move outwards, driving the crank, crank-shaft and fly-wheel round for half a revolution, thus doing mechanical work, and on its next return the other valve, known as the 'exhaust' valve, is opened and permits the burnt gases easily to escape.

Experience, combined with theory, has shown us that the engine works most efficiently when the compression pressure is high, but that if we make it too high the gas may fire

up of its own accord before the engine piston arrives at the end of the stroke, and this is dangerous.

You will have noticed that it has taken two revolutions of the fly-wheel or four strokes of the piston to complete the whole of this series of operations, and that it is only during the third of these strokes that any heat units, produced by the combustion of the gas, are being converted into mechanical energy. During the rest of the time the fly-wheel, which has stored up the energy given to it by the gas, is keeping the engine rotating and carrying out the functions which we have already described.

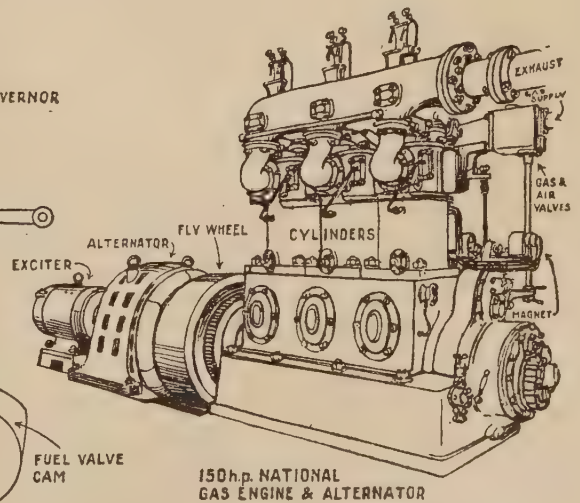
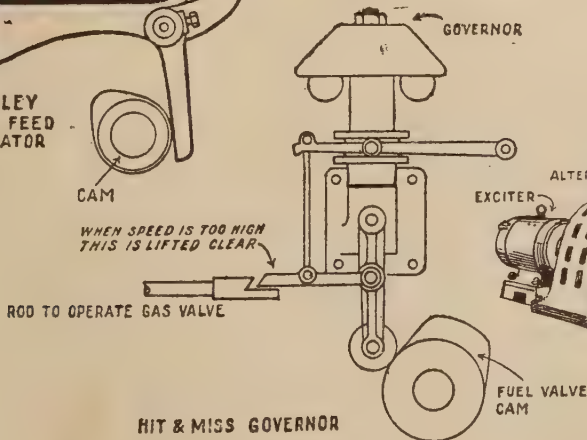
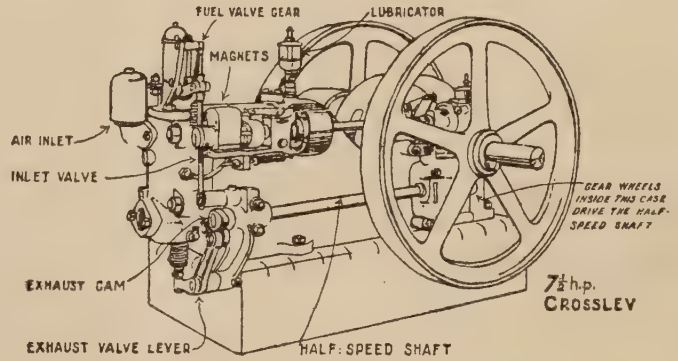
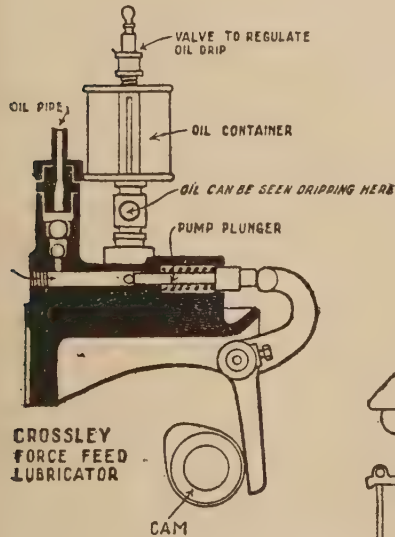
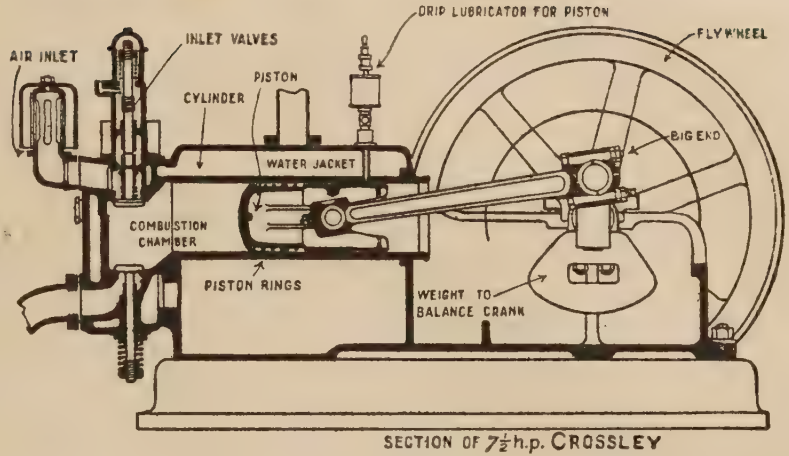
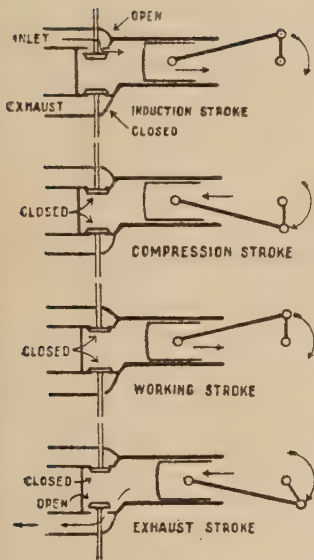
For this reason this is often called 'a 4-stroke engine.' Another point which you will realise is that this engine, unlike the steam engine, cannot start itself, but has to be turned either by hand or by other means until the first firing stroke has taken place. This is one of the disadvantages of the gas engine and much ingenuity has been expended in devising starting arrangements, particularly for big engines.

How the Valves operate.—It will be seen that each of the valves has to be opened and closed once every two revolutions. To produce this result there is a shaft, usually along the side of the engine, which is geared to turn half as quickly as the engine crank shaft. This shaft is provided with a series of what are called 'cams,' i.e., irregular projections fixed to or cut on the shaft in such positions that they can cause the necessary movement of the levers and tappets to open the valves and allow them to close at the right moments. There are separate cams for the gas, mixture and exhaust valves and generally also for the ignition arrangement. We may summarise these operations as follows:—

Summary of Operations:—

- 1st stroke outwards, charging. Mixture valve and gas valve both open.
- 2nd stroke inwards, compression. All valves closed.
- 3rd stroke outwards, combustion, frequently called explosion. Ignition occurs at the commencement of this stroke. All valves closed. This is the working stroke.
- 4th stroke inwards. Exhaust valve open, burnt gases escaping to the air.

(Continued on page 203.)



Details of the Internal Combustion Engine.

THE JIGGY-MAN AND HIS QUEER COUNTRY.

I WONDER how many of you know where Korea is? Look on your map of Asia and find Japan. Then you will see that Korea is an arm of land running into the sea between China and the Japanese islands. Not very hard to find, was it? But having located the country on the map, how much do you know of the people who live in Korea? Not much, I expect. So I will tell you a bit about them, for they are very interesting folk.

If you were to visit Korea, one of the first things you would notice would be the curious garments worn by the women—not at all pretty, very likely you would say. In the house they wear very long, full skirts, gathered into a band round the waist, very much the same sort of skirt as those worn by Eastern dancing girls, whose pictures doubtless you have already seen.

Besides this skirt they wear short, low-necked jackets with tiny little sleeves, both these garments usually being of vivid contrasting colours. Over these, when they go out, they wear coats, much the same shape as those worn by the Chinese. But the women of Korea wear their coats up over their heads with the sleeves dangling down over their faces. 'Whatever for?' I can hear you say. Well, it is said to have happened like this.

Many years ago, fierce wild men used to invade the coasts of Korea and plunder and kill the natives, until the poor people lived continually in terror of the visits of these savage islanders.

One night the alarm was given that their enemies had been sighted, and such was their terror that all the men fled to the hills in frantic haste, leaving the women and children to follow as best they could. But the women determined at all events to try to save their homes; so each one hurriedly lighted a lantern and threw her husband's coat over her head, letting the sleeves fall down completely covering her face.

Then all the women rushed down to the beach together, yelling and shouting and waving their lanterns, while the sleeves of their coats dangled to and fro in the wind. The fierce islanders saw these weird-looking creatures capering about on the beach, and thinking there must be thousands of them, to judge by the noise and appearance, they all turned tail and promptly paddled back home as hard as

they could go. Ever since then, to commemorate the time when they saved their homes from the enemy, the women of Korea have worn their coats over their heads with the sleeves dangling over their faces. It must be rather humiliating for the men, don't you think?

Korea has one large city—the capital city of Seoul, or Seoule, as it is sometimes spelt. Apart from this town, however, nearly the whole of the population live in isolated villages where the people are practically cut off from the rest of the world. Let us go into one of these villages for a few minutes. Immediately you come near the houses you will hear a most extraordinary thumping noise and you will probably think that there is a war in progress and the head-man is calling out the army, or that it is a holiday and a dance is beginning, with drums for the sole orchestra.

But, oh dear me, no! Nothing of the sort! It is merely the women ironing their clothes! But you would still be wrong if you imagine that they are banging their flat-irons up and down on their garments, for they do not know what a flat-iron is in Korea. If we go a bit further into the village we shall see how they do their ironing and why they are making this hideous noise about it. Ah, there is a woman, seated on the ground in front of her house, apparently hitting the earth with all her force.

We will stop and watch her. She has two good-sized sticks in her hands, something of the shape of a policeman's truncheon, only bigger. These sticks are larger at one end than the other, the larger end being slightly flattened out. The woman holds the smaller end and, having laid the garment to be 'ironed' on the ground before her, proceeds to hit at it as hard as she can, first with one stick and then the other. It may be a very effective way of ironing the clothes, but I don't think it can be very good for the garment, do you?

But if these villages are as isolated as I have said they are, how do you suppose they get their ironing-sticks and all the other things they need about the house? The answer to that question is—the Jiggy-Man, one of the funniest of all the funny figures in this peculiar country. If you met a Jiggy-Man on the road you would probably think you were meeting a

moving mass of pots and pans and ironing-sticks and other household articles, and it would take you quite two or three minutes to discover the man!

The Jiggy-Man is the pedlar of Korea. But instead of pushing a barrow in front of him or carrying his wares on a box-tray as the pedlars used to do in this country, the Jiggy-Man carries everything on his back. When he sets out in the morning he first of all gets himself strapped up in a contraption called a jiggy (from which he gets his name). This is something the same shape as a ladder, only wide enough to fit right across his shoulders, and consists of two long poles of wood, one on each side, reaching right down his back and sticking out over his head. Slats of wood are joined to these side-pieces, very much, as I have said, in the shape of a wide ladder. The whole thing is strapped round the Jiggy-Man's shoulders and waist and on to the 'rungs' of his jiggy are then hung a perfect mass of pots and pans, tin-ware, ironing-sticks, and everything else he can think of that would be of use to the housewife or that would appeal to her to brighten up her home—for the Koreans are great lovers of bright colours and always try to surround themselves with vivid articles of every hue. Then the Jiggy-Man sets out on his travels, looking, as he journeys along the road, bent almost double under his load and leaning on his thick staff, like a moving heap of articles and not like a man at all. How would you like to come across a Jiggy-Man suddenly one day in the road or lane near your home? Not much, I fancy,

and yet it is quite a common sight in the highways and byways of Korea.

These are only some of the many, many interesting things in connection with this queer country, but I think that is quite enough for this time, unless you would like to try and find out other things for yourself. I dare say you could discover ever so many things that would amuse you if you tried—so don't forget Korea on the next rainy afternoon.

KATHLEEN ATTWOOD.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE primrose wears her yellow gown,
Her pale sweet blooms are fair to see,
When East winds blow o'er dale and down.

Where withered leaves lie thick and brown,
Beneath each budding coppice tree,
The primrose wears her yellow gown.

Now fluffy silken catkins crown
The willows, loved by thronging bees,
When East winds blow o'er dale and down.

Although at times the skies may frown,
And raindrops glimmer mistily,
The primrose wears her yellow gown.

The poets yield her high renown,
The children hail her flowers with glee,
When East winds blow o'er dale and down.

In sheltered gardens in the town,
In woodland dell, on sunlit lea,
The primrose wears her yellow gown,
When East winds blow o'er dale and down.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 167.)

'STEADY on!' cried Godfrey, and then he made a 'rigger' dive for the man's legs, bringing him heavily to the ground. Clive fell at the same moment and there followed a violent scrimmage on the grass, at first with the man on top of Clive while Godfrey tried to pull him off; then with all three of them on the ground together; and then Clive lost his temper, striking out wildly with both fists.

Before they could again get on their feet,

Kenneth, who had chased the dog to the edge of the forest without being able to catch it, ran to help them and slipped a noose of the dust sheet-rope round the man's legs and pulled it tight as soon as he tried to rise.

After that, the fight was quickly over. While the man swore vigorously, the knot round his legs was made secure, and while Godfrey and Clive each held an arm, Kenneth fetched a second rope and lashed his elbows tightly together behind his back.

The boys then stood up, watching their captive still struggling and exclaiming, but now powerless. His collar had been torn in two in the fight, his cheek was inflamed where one of Clive's blows had got home. Godfrey had a bad graze on his leg and Clive a damaged shoulder; and all were completely out of breath.

'That's a tough job,' panted Clive. 'I thought he was going to break away.'

'Gave me a beastly hack,' said Godfrey. 'How about the dog?'

'It's all right,' explained Kenneth, the least exhausted of the three. 'It's a friendly old beast, really. I expect it remembered the food we gave it. Anyway, it just backed away whenever I tried to get near. I edged it off into the forest and then came up here to lend a hand. What do we do now?'

'Better see if we can find this fellow's keys,' suggested Godfrey. 'Then we can get into the hotel and search his rooms. I don't expect he's kept the stuff on him.'

The man on the ground swore once more. 'What in the name of fortune do you youngsters think you're doing?' he demanded.

'Oh, that's all right,' said Godfrey easily. 'No use pretending you don't know all about it. Better hand over the keys without making a fuss.'

'He can't,' Clive objected. 'Not safe to let him have a hand loose.'

'All right,' Godfrey answered. 'You'd better search him, Kenneth.'

Kenneth bent down, feeling first in the man's trouser pockets, while Clive picked up the fallen stick and held it threateningly in case he tried to struggle. A second later Kenneth stood up, holding a bunch of keys. Then he ran towards the porch.

'Bring him along,' he cried a minute later. 'I've got it open. Come along, I'll give you a hand.'

Between them they dragged him, still protesting vehemently, across the gravel path and up the two steps within the porch. The door now stood open, and inside the hotel they could see a hall, carpeted, and furnished with chairs and a settee, all covered with voluminous dust-sheets.

'This will do,' cried Godfrey. 'We'll have a Court of Inquiry—sort of court-martial, you know. Drop him on the floor,' and while the man lay where he had fallen Godfrey sat in the centre of the settee, telling Clive and Kenneth to bring chairs to either side of the

man, where they could be on guard in case he tried to rise.

'Now,' said Godfrey, who had found time to brush down his clothes with his hands and to straighten his necktie, and was beginning to enjoy himself, 'now, the first thing is this: I suppose you are the caretaker of this hotel, aren't you?'

'Of course I am,' growled the man. 'And you're a set of young blackguardly thieves!'

'Stow that,' ordered Godfrey, 'and just answer questions. What have you done with that money?'

'Money?' the man repeated.

'Our twenty pounds,' Clive put in.

'Eighteen,' Kenneth corrected.

'If you don't tell us,' Godfrey declared, 'we shall drag you upstairs and make you show us where you've hidden it; and if you get hurt in the process we don't care twopence. Nothing to what you did to me, anyway.'

'What the—— what are you talking about?' demanded the man. 'I tell you I'm the caretaker of this hotel. James Thompson is my name. I've never seen you chaps before, thank Heaven, and I don't know what you're talking about. But I do know that you're a set of young scoundrels and I'll have the law on you at the end of it, and if you don't get a good term in quod for it I'm not an Englishman. I don't know what sort of law they have up here, but it'll be good enough to stop this sort of thing. What's your game? What are you playing at?'

'If it comes to that,' said Godfrey coolly, 'there'll be something to say about your knocking me on the head. I bet you'll get something pretty stiff for that, apart from what you'll get for taking the money. Highway robbery, you know.'

'Don't they hang you for that?' suggested Clive.

'Used to,' said Kenneth. 'Only look here, Godfrey, we don't know that he's hidden it. I vote we search him first, to make sure.'

'Right you are,' Godfrey agreed, and, bending down, Clive and Kenneth went through the man's pockets one by one, laying their contents on the floor. There was a tobacco pouch, a piece of pencil, a handkerchief, some letters, a purse containing eighteen shillings and fourpence, a pocket diary, and a note-book which was certainly not Godfrey's. But there was no sign of any bank-notes.

(Continued on page 178.)



“‘He will be all right there,’ said Godfrey.”

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 176.)

'THAT'S the lot,' said Clive, as he turned out the last pocket. 'We'll have to make him talk.'

'Talk?' repeated the man. 'Yes, I'll talk. To some purpose, sooner or later. It'll be a long time before you youngsters hear the end of this bit of work.'

'That's no good,' said Godfrey. 'You've jolly well got to tell us where you've put the money.'

'What money?' the caretaker demanded.

'The money you stole from me yesterday morning,' answered Godfrey. 'And my note-case, and the railway tickets. You'd much better cough it up at once, you know.'

'I haven't got your beastly things,' said the man. 'Don't know what you're talking about.'

'Oh, dry up!' said Godfrey. 'Drag him along you two. Makes me tired, keeping up that game of not knowing anything about it. We'll take him upstairs to his room and search the whole place.'

He got up and moved across the hall. A door at its farther end opened into a long, straight passage. Godfrey turned to the right, while Clive and Kenneth put their hands under the man's armpits and started to pull him forward.

'You might lend a hand,' said Kenneth. 'Jolly good weight. I suppose we couldn't untie his legs and make him walk?'

'No fear,' answered Godfrey. 'I've had one hack from him already. We might lock him in a cupboard, though, while we have a look round. We can easily find his room, because we saw the light in the tower. If the money isn't there, we shall have to go through every room in the house.'

'Here's a cupboard,' cried Clive, opening a door.

Godfrey looked inside. 'Not enough air,' he said. 'We don't want him suffocated.'

'Why not leave him in one of the rooms?' suggested Kenneth. 'We can lock him in, and he won't be able to get out of the window even if he got loose, because the shutters are padlocked: like this one,' he added, pointing to a strong padlock that fastened a bar across a window in the passage.

The others agreed, and as the door on the left, a short way ahead, 'was marked in big white letters 'BILLIARD ROOM,' they unlocked it with one of the caretaker's keys and took their prisoner inside. Kenneth went at once to the two windows, examining each in turn and making sure that neither could be unfastened without one of the keys which he kept in his pocket. Meanwhile, Clive ran back to the porch for an additional strip of dust-sheet, and in a few minutes they had passed this across the man's chest, under his tied arms, and then round one of the heavy legs of the table, leaving him in a sitting position.

'He will be all right there,' said Godfrey. 'Windows all right, Kenneth? Come along, then.'

The caretaker had been complaining indignantly and uttering violent threats ever since they left the hall, but the boys did not care, and in the midst of a new outburst they went back to the passage and locked the door.

'That's all right,' said Godfrey. 'I was getting sick of his growlings. Rot, you know, trying to keep up that pretence of not knowing anything about it! I wonder what he will say when we show him the stuff and say we found it under his mattress?'

'More likely to be under the carpet,' said Clive, as he led the way along the passage. Soon they reached a broad staircase, and up this they hurried. The landing on each floor ended in a long corridor similar to that which they had left, and in these corridors they could see locked doors on either side, leading no doubt to bedrooms, while here and there was marked 'BATHROOM' in white letters.

The boys made their way to the top floor and there turned into the corridor, hurrying along it until they judged that they were over the hall from which they had started. Here they found another staircase, smaller than the other, and in the form of a spiral.

'This will lead into one of the towers,' cried Kenneth and quickly they climbed it. There were two doors opening out of the landing at the top. Both were locked and Kenneth spent some minutes trying his keys. At last both

the doors were opened and the boys entered two rooms that were empty except for bedsteads.

'Can't be here,' cried Clive. 'If he's really the caretaker, he'd do himself better than this.'

(Continued on page 186.)

THE DAY-DREAMER.

I WONDER if you've seen her
Come loitering home from school?
She loves to stop and watch the fish
Leap in the shady pool;
And when the long, dark shadows
Steal down the grassy hill,
She lingers by the willows,
Beside the busy mill.

Forgetting that her mother
Is waiting all the while,
She dawdles in the cornfields,
Or perches on the stile.
A dunce at books and needle,
She knows each wild-bird's nest,
And where, amid the mosses,
The rosy elf-cups rest.

She may be hot and thirsty,
But seldom thinks of tea,
If she can watch the ring-doves
High in the leafy tree;
She wonders what they're saying
So sweetly—'Coo-coo-coo!'
But never can remember
That she has tasks to do.

She dreams of elves and goblins,
Of beasts, and birds, and flowers;
She fancies fays nod greetings
From all the woodland bowers;
She loves all out-door creatures
That she may chance to meet;
She knows where bramble-berries
Grow large and dark and sweet.

MAUD E. SARGENT

LANDS OF DESIRE.

Written and Illustrated by RUTH COBB.

VI.—THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS.

THE story of a mysterious island lying out to the west, in the midst of the unknown ocean, was common among most early European people.

The Greeks talked of Atlantis, an island which they believed had sunk beneath the sea, and the garden of the Hesperides. Britain

itself and the mysterious Isle of Avalon were associated with this idea. The stories were connected in people's minds with Paradise, a land peopled by the Blest. In one form or another it recurs again and again.

There is generally some foundation of truth in such beliefs. The early navigators were familiar with the lands bordering the Mediterranean, and when they sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, known to them as the Pillars of Hercules, on to the vast sea beyond, they began to feel that after all that might not be the boundary of the world, as had been at first believed, and that perhaps beyond the apparently endless ocean lay other lands as yet unknown to them. There seemed to be some definite proof of the existence of other lands, for on the coasts bordering on the western ocean, pieces of wood, pines and nuts were washed up by the tides, and they were of a kind quite unknown to Europeans. This certainly fostered the belief in the unknown land that lay beyond the setting sun. The Phœnicians, the most daring and adventurous of early people, sailed in their galleys far to the right and left along the borders of the western ocean. They brought back word how they had discovered off the coast of Africa a group of rocky islands, and they were named by ancient writers, the Fortunate Islands, and became associated with these same stories. No one but these adventurous navigators had ever seen them. So they remained in men's imaginations as half mythical islands, but really existing all the time.

The islands were not rediscovered until 1334, when a French ship was driven in that direction by a severe storm. From their latitude it was realised at once that these islands were probably the Fortunate Isles of the ancients. They were renamed Canaria, it is said, from the multitude of wild dogs of great size which were seen there, and are known to us as the Canary Islands.

The Spaniards, hearing of the discovery, wished to possess these islands and obtained a grant for so doing. They fitted out two expeditions, but each returned without having taken possession of the islands. Then about the year 1400 a man named Jean de Bellicourt sailed from Rochelle on the same quest; he was successful and appointed himself governor of the islands. In course of time he was succeeded by his nephew, who sold his rights to the crown of Spain. The Portuguese

THE ISLAND



RUTH COBB

then laid claim to them, and it was found that the second Belliencourt had committed a great fraud and had also sold the rights at the same time to Portugal. This led to great disputes



"Very mountainous with one high peak."

between the Spanish and the Portuguese, but the supremacy of Spain was fixed in 1493 and the islands have belonged to them ever since.

There are seven islands in this group, with several small islets. They are of volcanic origin with steep, rugged coasts. They are very mountainous with one very high peak. The original race that peopled them has long since died out and the inhabitants are now Spaniards. These people, who lived on islands that had been supposed to be mythical, themselves believed in stories of an unknown mysterious island beyond. They even thought that they were able to see it from their own shores; that on the far horizon it was sometimes visible; that in the bright light of the west it appeared to have a solid substance like their own rocky lands, but to be far more beautiful.

Expeditions were fitted out from the Canaries to explore this land of promise, but all in vain. When they first set out the explorers would feel sure that the island was still visible, but as they sailed nearer and nearer to the spot where they believed it to be it would gradually fade from their view, and their ship and themselves would be the only things visible on the apparently boundless sea.

The inhabitants of the Canary Islands have a legend associated with this mysterious island. With slight differences the same story is found

in Russia and other places. The American story of Rip van Winkle, who without knowing that the time had so passed slept on for a number of years, may even have developed from the same source. An American author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has related them both. According to him, in the fifteenth century, an aged pilot arrived in Lisbon after having been driven by storms far from his usual course. He told a story of a strange island upon which he had landed. He found wonderful cities upon it and people who were Christians. They told him that they were descendants of a band who had fled from Spain when that country was conquered by the Moors, and had since



"You are the original of the portrait!"

had no news of their fatherland. The old man on returning to his ship had been caught in a severe storm and had not been able to find the unknown island again.

His story caused much excitement in Spain

and Portugal. Some people thought they remembered having heard of how, in the eighth century, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of exiles, had fled across the sea, hoping to found seven cities where they might live unmolested. A young nobleman named Don Fernando de Alma determined to fit out an expedition to find this island and its inhabitants. He was given a commission to declare himself governor and set sail with two ships. He sailed first for the Canaries, then the furthest known land to the west. On leaving those islands the two ships were separated in a storm. So severe was it that the crew of Don Fernando's ship were in despair. Suddenly the storm ceased, the clouds vanished, and before them the sailors saw a beautiful mountainous island. A stately barge came off to them from a noble city that stood by a river's mouth. A Cavalier boarded them and in an old Spanish language welcomed the strangers to the island of the Seven Cities. It appeared that he was the Grand Chamberlain and assured Fernando that as soon as his credentials were presented he would be acknowledged as Governor.

He invited him to go ashore in his boat, promising to bring him back later in the day.

Fernando passed an agreeable evening on land where everything was conducted in the manner of bygone days. He reluctantly entered the barge to return to his ship, but no ship was to be seen. The oarsmen sang a monotonous chant as they rowed on. Fernando became drowsy and then fell asleep. He awoke to find himself on a Portuguese ship bound for Lisbon and heard that he had been found senseless on a wreck, drifting about the ocean.

Reaching Lisbon once more he joyfully made his way to his house. To his amazement he found a strange porter at the door and heard that no one of his name had lived in the house for many years. He went to the house of his fiancée; he saw her on the balcony; he waved, but she did not reply. Hastily he entered the house and found her with another young man. 'Serafina!' he called. 'Her name is Maria,' was the answer. 'But you are Serafina,' he cried; 'you are the original of the portrait I know so well, that I see on the wall above you.'

'That is my great-grandmother,' cried the girl. So to Fernando, like Rip van Winkle, in what had appeared to be one night had passed many years. Such is the story told in the Canary Islands.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 171.)

ABOUT eleven o'clock there came a knock at the front door, making me start. The tradesmen always go to the side, so it is unusual to have such a rat-tat-tat at the front door in the morning hours. I was expecting every moment to hear some news of the boys, so I gave quite a start on hearing it. Margery was upstairs, but I could not wait for her, although I was untidy. I took off my apron, and hurriedly smoothing my hair, bounded to the door and opened it.

A gentleman was standing there—a small middle-aged gentleman with a sharp face, very neatly dressed and very polite; he raised his hat saying, 'Excuse such an early call, young lady, but I have been given to understand that a gentleman—a Mr. Hamilton—is for the present staying here. I am informed that he has met with an accident, and as I have the

pleasure of his acquaintance, I could do no less than take the liberty of calling to inquire.'

Here he paused. Such a formal speech spoken with so much deliberation almost took away my breath; I simply said 'Yes,' and he continued: 'I trust his condition is not such as to cause anxiety; has he seen a medical man?'

'The doctor says it is very serious,' I replied, 'but he is a good deal better now, though he must not walk about much, and he must not go out.'

'Dear! dear!' said the gentleman; 'it must give you a great deal of inconvenience.'

I was keeping him on the doorstep all this while. You see, we have no proper reception-room, the little parlour we use for that purpose was occupied by Mr. Hamilton, so I should have had to ask him into the kitchen.

'Dear! dear!' he repeated, 'I have come some distance on hearing the sad news. Do you think Mr. Hamilton is well enough to see me? Will you be so good as to inform him that Mr. Chatsworth—Mr. Jonas Chatsworth—would esteem it a favour if Mr. Hamilton would see him? He can assure him that the interview shall be brief. You see, young lady, as Mr. Hamilton is unfortunately confined to the house, I may be of some little service to him.'

I delivered the message to Mr. Hamilton, and by his permission showed the visitor into the little parlour. Mr. Hamilton was looking particularly cross at the time, I thought, and snapped me up rather sharp, as they say, when I delivered the rather lengthy message. He was not nearly so nice as he was the evening before—a pity he has not a little more of the polish of this Mr. Chatsworth—I don't know though—Mr. Jonas Chatsworth has a little too much. It is difficult to hit the happy medium, as Grandad says—I don't like the name of Jonas.

Yes, I was right in my first impressions of Mr. Hamilton—he has got a temper of his own. I could hear his voice in the parlour quite loud; the partition is none too thick. He may have a hole in his side, but his lungs are not affected. Mr. Chatsworth and he must be strange sort of friends; I should think poor Mr. Chatsworth was wishing he had not crossed the doorstep. I could not hear anything he said, but Mr. Hamilton called him names. Oh no, I was not listening, but when people shout, how can you help hearing? Aunt was surprised at the noise when she came in from shopping; however, it did not last long.

You would have thought by the way Mr. Chatsworth came out of the little parlour that nothing had happened, he was so unruffled and polite. 'I am afraid our friend is a little excitable,' he said, on taking his departure. It is astonishing how some people can keep their temper.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARREST.

It is all very well for Roger to say I am to write one short chapter, but there is a great deal to tell; I am making it as short as possible, and have left out several things that ought to be set down. I am saying nothing about the disagreement between Mr. Hamilton and Master Downer—or about Margery's strange

behaviour; they are not matters of the greatest importance, perhaps, but the reader would better understand the coldness that had arisen between those two gentlemen—if you can call Master Downer a gentleman—and also that Margery's giving notice at such a time was very awkward and most inconsiderate.

However, I am now able to write this quite calmly, but the events of that day were most bewildering, and the most dreadful thing of all has now to be related. I hardly know how to set it down—as for our feelings we scarcely seemed to have any—we were so amazed as to be almost stupefied.

It happened little more than an hour after Mr. Chatsworth left. Margery was laying the cloth for dinner, and Aunt was dishing it up—it was boiled leg of mutton with caper sauce. Grandad was in his office making up his dummy copy, a new client had been in with advertisements and a play-bill for the Globe Theatre to be inserted in next week's *Mercury*. I saw them through the little glass window in the door; Grandad had just seated himself at his work again when there came another rap at the front door—not a rat-tat-tat this time, but just a single knock. My heart gave a jump, for again I thought it must be some news of the boys.

Margery opened the door: a man's voice—rather a rough one, quite different from Mr. Chatsworth's—asked, 'Is Master Harryott at home?'

'If it is any business will you please go round to the Office door?' I said over Margery's shoulder.

'Oh, this will do!' said the man, who was accompanied by another as rough as himself, and they brushed past us into the kitchen. As I have before said, the kitchen is our living-room, excepting when we've got the use of the little back-parlour where Mr. Hamilton now is. This is a rather large house, but, you see, the press-room and Grandad's office—both on the ground floor—rather pinch us for space, which makes it very awkward. Margery was setting the dinner-table, and Aunt was over the fire dishing up, and these two rough men, in their big overcoats and top-boots, seemed to take up all the room. They had the decency, however, to take off their hats, and when they saw Aunt to make a sort of bow and smooth down their hair, and speak in a more polite way.

(Continued on page 190.)



"Excuse such an early call, young lady."



"Godfrey examined the bed."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 179.)

KENNETH went to the window and looked out. 'I say,' he cried, 'we are jolly high up. Look here,' he added, 'that's where we were standing when we saw the light—over there on the grass. No, there, to the right. And we were facing the house, so it can't have been this tower at all. There was another, don't you remember? Two altogether.'

He unlatched the window, which was not shuttered, opened it and leaned out.

'The other tower is about twenty yards farther on,' he cried.

Clive was already half-way down the spiral stairs, and Kenneth dashed after him, Godfrey following more slowly. They went further along the corridor and soon reached a duplicate of the staircase. At the top of this were two more doors exactly corresponding to those they had already opened, except that the one on the left was standing ajar. The room within was fully furnished. A small wardrobe stood against one wall, a bed was in the opposite corner. There were two wicker-seated chairs and a small armchair, an oil stove, a carpet, a washstand, and a chest of drawers on which stood a mirror.

Clive fell on his knees at the edge of the room, feeling for a loose piece of carpet. Godfrey examined the bed, stripping off its coverings one by one, and Kenneth turned his attention to the chest of drawers, throwing its contents in a heap on the floor.

After half an hour's work, Clive emerged from under the bed.

'Carpet's nailed down all right,' he exclaimed. 'I say, this is going to be a long job. He's hidden the stuff all right. What do you fellows say to having some lunch?'

Godfrey looked at his watch. 'Two o'clock,' he said. 'Right you are. There ought to be some decent food somewhere or other. I don't want any more of that tinned stuff. Wonder where he keeps it?'

'I know I'm jolly thirsty, anyhow,' said Kenneth. 'I vote we got on with something right away. There's a glass here, so we can get some decent water, and it might take ages to find the food. I vote for tongue again to go on with, and then we can get something better for supper.'

The others agreed and Clive ran off to fetch supplies from the kitchen. Godfrey and Kenneth continued to search meanwhile, going once more and with great care through a pile of clothes that by now had been collected in the middle of the floor. In ten minutes Clive returned with water, tongue, and biscuits, and they sat down to the meal, Godfrey taking the armchair, and the others making themselves as comfortable as possible on the bed.

'I wish he'd said what he's done with it,' said Clive. 'Saved no end of trouble.'

'If it isn't here,' said Kenneth, 'we'll have to look at the other rooms. It would take an awful time, though. There must be hundreds of rooms down all those corridors.'

'Keep him short of rations,' suggested Clive, 'and he will probably own up.'

'I hadn't thought of that,' said Godfrey. 'After all, we can't starve the chap. Do you think we ought to give him something now?'

'Better settle this question first,' said Clive. 'I expect he had a jolly good breakfast. That sort of man would. We can finish this room, and then give him a biscuit for tea.'

Kenneth finished his meal and got up to look out of the window. 'There's the old dog,' he cried. 'Awfully decent beast.'

'Why didn't you catch it when I told you to?' Clive demanded. 'It might have made no end of trouble, biting our legs while we were having all that scrap.'

'Good job it wasn't a bulldog,' said Godfrey.

'That's just it,' said Kenneth. 'If it had been a bulldog it would have gone straight for me and snapped all over the place. Then I might have dodged out of its way and have grabbed its collar. But this old beast thought I wanted to play with it, whenever I came near.'

'Poor sort of watchdog!' said Clive. 'I expect old Thompson makes a pet of it.'

'I don't suppose it will hurt us now, anyway,' said Godfrey. 'I vote we get on with this job again. We'd better sound the walls next, and then look for a loose board. We'll probably have to take up the carpet altogether.'

(Continued on page 194.)

FANCIES OF A SICK CHILD.

I WANT to fly with all the birds,
 To perch in swaying trees.
 I can hear their lovely whistling songs
 Above the whispering breeze.
 They carol, 'Come and flight with us
 Over the summer seas.'
 But though I try so hard to go—
 To leave my tumbled bed,
 Daddy bends down and murmurs 'No,'
 And Mummy shakes her head.

I want to join the fairies,
 When they play out in the sun;
 To wake with a kiss the sleeping buds
 Would be such fairy fun.

They're calling me now to play with them,
 They call me one by one;
 But though I want so much to go—
 I am so hot in bed,
 Daddy bends down and murmurs 'No,'
 And Mummy strokes my head.

I can almost feel the wings to fly,
 Off like a winging bird.
 My head is ringing with the notes
 Of all their songs I've heard.
 My feet are tingling with fairy steps—
 But I must not say a word.
 For though I want so much to go—
 I must not venture yet;
 Daddy bends down and murmurs 'No,'
 And Mummy's cheeks are wet. J. G.

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

By H. W. WHANSLAW, *Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.*

Illustrated by the Author.

VI.—ROUNABOUTS AND SWINGS.

'At the same Fair at Coventry I had the pleasure for the first and last time of taking a turn in a whirlingig, being myself placed in a small chair, while my brother rode on a wooden horse. It was my sister's nurse who allowed us this indulgence, my mother's sense of decorum being much hurt when she was told of it.'

Reminiscences of Mrs. Sherwood when about six years old, in 1781.—From *The Life and Times of Mrs. Sherwood*.

WHO invented the Merry-go-round? Was it an invention, or was this jolly old joy-ride an evolution of the see-saw? Nobody knows, nor can anybody tell, to a tick of the clock, just when and where the first roundabout came to be. There are so many kinds of merry-go-rounds, ranging from 'giant-strides' to elaborate riding-machines, and they are to be found in so many parts of the world in some form or another, that to put a finger down on any one sort, and say that this was the first of its species, would be another impossibility. There is a Turkish picture of a fair in the seventeenth century, at the South Kensington Museum, and, amongst the amusements, is shown a most extraordinary roundabout just like a huge maypole, or a giant-stride, round which a number of staid-looking gentlemen in long robes and enormous turbans are flying, each seated on a board, or something, at the end of a rope (fig. 1). This looks suspiciously like the original ancestor of the 'chair-o-planes' of to-day. Of a truth, 'there is nothing new under the sun.' If we go to 'Greenland's icy mountains' we might find there little Eskimo boys seated upon a lump of ice, and being spun round and round by

their companions by means of poles, a game they have been playing perhaps for centuries. If the proprietor of the most elaborate riding-machine could go over to the Balkans and visit a Bulgarian fair, he would see there a very primitive type of roundabout with 'horses' and carriages for the happy little rider and a hefty gentleman supplying the motor-power.

Apart from the many varied methods of carrying the passengers, ranging from hobby-horses to elaborately carved and gilded cars, there are two very distinct types of merry-go-round, one class the roundabout proper, the other kind the vertical machine, or 'overboats,' as they are called (fig. 2), in which the riders sit in boxes, or boats, and are given the combined thrills of a swing and an 'over-and-over' ride at the same time. They look like crude copies of the 'great wheel' that originally stood in Earl's Court Exhibition Grounds and at Paris, a replica of which can be seen at Blackpool to-day. This 'great wheel' was a joy-ride, a merry-go-round on a large scale, though its movements were exceedingly slow in comparison with a fair-ground riding-machine. It represents, probably, the last word in the overboat type of machine, but the

first word was said long years before even the first great wheel was dreamt of.

In the picture of the Turkish fair, previously mentioned, overboats are shown, and travellers from all parts of the world tell of similar kinds of machines in use in China, India, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere. Comical-looking affairs some of them are, too, more of a danger than



FIG. 1.

A and B, Turkish Merry-go-rounds of the Seventeenth Century. In B, the riders were probably expected to knock the hat off the man with the shield. C, a modern Turkish Roundabout, with 'Horses.'

a pleasure, with their rickety framework structure and general home-made appearance. But the riders get their fill of fun and have their over-and-over ride, and doubtless repeat the treatment again and again. In an old print of Bartholomew Fair, 1721 (fig. 2), exactly the same kind of overboat as is used in China and elsewhere is being used, and the principle of them has not varied in the slightest degree in those of the fair-ground of to-day. There is, of course, a two-boat or see-saw variety often met with at shows, in which the weight of one swing-boat has sufficient force in its descent to raise its opposite partner to the top, and the momentum thus obtained carries the boats repeatedly over a number of times. One of the special 'joys' of riding in this class of machine is to be 'stuck' at the top of the beam, viewing the fair from a most exalted position, but at the same time wishing to goodness that some one would come along and hire the bottom boat, and so get the things moving again.

So much for the 'overboat'; and now, to consider the claims of its rival and competitor for the public's fancy—the roundabout or whirlingig.

Here is a tee-to-tum on a large scale. A

trip on a roundabout might be likened to a ride on a gigantic top, but the likeness would end at outward appearance, for the principle of action is not top-like, but an advanced form of the giant-stride; the central point is at the top of the middle shaft, and the horses, or cars, swing away from it. The Turkish merry-go-round already pictured shows the thing in its early stages of existence, simplicity itself and unadorned, but as the years went by the roundabouts became more and more elaborate. In 1808, again at Bartholomew Fair, there was a roundabout which was so far advanced as to have, not only hobby-horses for the gentlemen, but *sedan chairs* for the ladies, and this was, in all probability, a very old machine, as sedans were at that time an ancient institution, though still in vogue. This machine derived its motive power from the simplest of all sources, it was pushed round by men. At a later date horses and donkeys were used for the same purpose, for all this was long before the days of steam. When the first steam roundabout was used, somewhere about 1860, it must have caused a great sensation, and the speed of the ride must have been an even greater one to the folk who up till then had been content to quietly and sedately enjoy the gentle rotation of the man or horse-propelled show. After steam came electricity, but still the quaint old type



FIG. 2.

A, Overboats at Bartholomew Fair, 1721. B, Moorish. C, Indian. (B and C are both modern.)

exists, and even to-day one can see, side by side with a great machine, a diminutive merry-go-round being propelled by either a man's strong arms or by means of a ratcheting arrangement and a big grinding wheel like one sees on a mangle.

Amongst the multitude of riding devices there are to be met with some strange and exceedingly ingenious ideas. There are, of course, the horses, with their snorting nostrils

and golden manes, and the 'gallopers,' the advanced form of the hobby-horse with its up-and-down movement to add to the sensation. There are cockerels and 'proud peacocks,' ostriches, whales, and strange and wonderful animals and birds to which no naturalist on earth could give a name (fig. 3).

Then there are gondolas, yachts, motors and seated types innumerable. The old, flat table-top ride has competitors to-day in the form of 'switchback,' 'scenics,' and other rides in



FIG. 3.

A Real 'Pedlar': a modern 'Juvenile Set' on a float.

which the passenger gets most, if not all, of the sensations to be obtained on a big switch-back railway, together with a view of a wonderful waterfall, a scenic effect, as the cars go round and round. These rides are invariably accompanied by music, and from some of the modern organs used by roundabout proprietors it is possible to hear a complete orchestral concert of the finest classical music. A big riding machine of to-day costs many thousands of pounds, apart from its organ, which, even if it be a good second-hand one, may run the proprietor into a bill of several hundred pounds (fig. 4). The hundreds of electric lights that make the thing a blaze of brilliancy and reflect every facet of the cut glass and polished brass fittings are controlled by the dynamo driven by the tractor to the head of which it is fitted. When the fair breaks up and the shows take to the road again, the roundabout is carefully taken to pieces, and all the parts, accurately numbered, are packed on to the trailers, and the tractor that supplied the power in the fair now hauls the whole show to another 'tober,' which, in the language of the travelling showman, means a fair-ground.

It will be seen from the reference to the overboats that they are not only allied to the

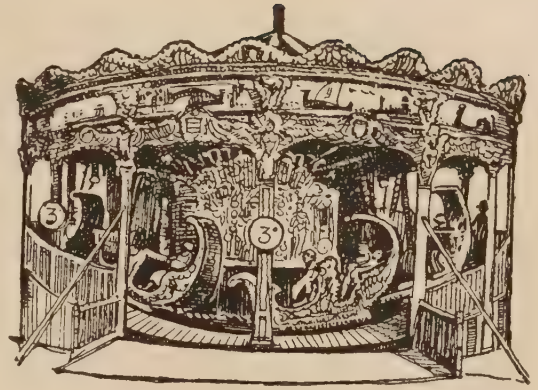


FIG. 4.

A big 'Riding Machine' of to-day.

roundabouts, but also to the swings. They are really swinging boats with a merry-go-round action, and somewhat similar types are the chair-o-planes, in which the swings are attached to a giant-stride centre, and swing high into the air as they circle around, after the style of the Maxim flying-boats to be seen at amusement parks and pleasure beaches. But the swings proper, the good old-fashioned



FIG. 5.

The Swing-boats.

swing-boats have a long, long pedigree to their credit. Their style has varied little, as their action is pretty much the same as any other swing, although one can meet with varieties, such as huge swinging boats holding twenty people or more, and controlled by machinery. But a swing is a swing, whether it be a simple trapeze or a big boat, and the ride is the same in every case, though the true effect of seasickness is best obtained when seated in a 'boat'

(fig. 5). One of the most interesting things about these swinging boats is the way in which the gentleman in charge of the set stops the action of one of these boats when the time allowed for the ride is expired, or there happens to be a queue waiting for rides and he wants the boat. Incidentally he takes the money *first*, so that if he thinks the pressure of business gives opportunities for a short ride and a merry one, he is on the safe side as regards the cash, no matter what the irate riders say with regard to the brevity of their aerial trip. When the time is 'up' he just gets hold of a long, thick plank which is fixed to one side of his frame of supports, and supporting the free end on his shoulder he takes the impacts of the swinging boat upon the plank, forming a kind of brake until the boat stops. If it is a 'Juvenile' set he just catches hold of the back of the boat and holds on until it stops.

When the fair is over and the merry-go-round moves on, the swing-boats are taken to pieces and follow the road too, for the country fair could never do without its swings, for, after all, excitement is the spice of life.

ANIMAL CRIMINALS.

BAD CHARACTERS WHO SEEK AN EASY LIVING.

SEA-GULLS have been recently accused on the South Coast of poaching young flat-fish. The plaintiffs were the local fishermen. A court of fishery experts inquired into the matter, however, and the sea-gulls were found to be innocent, and were acquitted accordingly.

This is not by any means an unusual accusation to bring against birds or animals, and unfortunately it is seldom so unfounded on fact. In America, when food for the grizzly bear is scarce, a number

of these animals will band together and destroy sheep and cattle. These depredations continue until the succulent blueberries and huckleberries appear, when the bears turn vegetarian.

The sparrow is quite a hardened criminal among birds. One of his worst acts of violence is causing serious trouble among the house-martins, and is nearly ousting them from the country. The house-martin is quite a model citizen and a good architect. He builds a very cosy nest, which Mr. Sparrow immediately covets. The martin's genius lies entirely in building and not in fighting, so he is easily routed from his home by the sparrow, who does not suffer for his villainy.

Detective Wren is a most astute person in bird-land. He can discern the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of an enemy, and forthwith produces such a noise as to completely discomfort and expose the miscreant.

There are many professional poachers in nature, who depend almost entirely for their existence upon what they can steal from the preserves of others. The skua, for instance, flies near a flock of sea-gulls who are searching for food. Immediately a gull catches a fish the skua harasses it to such an extent that the gull drops its meal. With a lightning dive the skua seizes the fish and makes away with it.

One of the greatest enemies of the angler is the cormorant. This ugly bird's a skilled fish-catcher and has, moreover, a gourmand's appetite. A pair of these criminals will seriously deplete a trout stock in a very short time, if allowed to go unmolested.

Viciousness is associated with the eagles and vultures, but not so often with the swan, although every one knows that it is a bad-tempered bird as a rule. There was recently a case, however, of a swan that attacked a man in a motor-car. It broke the wind-screen, and then broke the driver's nose with a blow from its wing of such force that it rendered the man unconscious. A. RUTHERFORD.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 183.)

'SORRY to intrude,' said the man who had before spoken, 'but our business is with Master Harryott, if you'll be good enough to inform him as two gentlemen are waiting to see him.'

Grandad came in from the press-room, and taking off his spectacles, began polishing the glasses with his silk pocket-handkerchief. The man made his rough sort of bow, and com-

menced a drawling speech as if he were saying a lesson.

'Master Josiah Harryott, at the sign of the Mulberry Tree, publisher and printer of books, etcetera, I believe?' Grandad assented by a slight nod of the head.

'Publisher of a newspaper called the *Sussex Mercury*?' Grandad nodded again.

The man had drawn from a capacious

pocket some papers, and among them a copy of the *Mercury*, which he presented to Grandad.

'This is a copy of your newspaper, the *Sussex Mercury*, dated September 17th.'

Grandad took the paper mechanically, looked at it, and returning it said 'Quite right.'

Whereupon the man continued his speech, occasionally glancing at his papers.

'It is my painful dooty to inform you that you are charged with publishing seditious matter—and infamous libels on His Majesty's Government calculated to bring the said Government into contempt, and cause disaffection among His Majesty's subjects. To answer which before a Magistrate I hold the warrant for your arrest.'

Grandad stood for a moment with his hands behind him, and his head thrust forward a trifle—an attitude very characteristic of him—then drawing himself up to his full height, said, 'This is really an absurd indictment. No one could be more careful in their statements than I have been. I am no libeller. My political views are Moderate, and I have never advocated anything of an inflammatory character. There is no foundation whatever for such a charge.'

Mr. Hamilton had entered the kitchen, and seated on the old sofa listened gravely, but did not speak.

'It is not for me to argy the matter,' said the police officer. 'If you can clear yourself so much the better. My dooty is to take you before the Magistrate forthwith and without delay, but I always like to make things comfortable. If you want to take any dockments or papers with you, or put your house in order, so to speak, I can give you ten minutes before we start.'

It was then that Aunt Phil broke forth; I had never before seen her in such a passion.

'Never you mind, Father,' she cried. 'Infamous libels indeed! If this isn't an infamous libel I don't know what is. To charge a most loyal and honourable man with infamous libels! I should like to know what scoundrel has set you on to this dirty work, my man'—and really she did say such things as almost took my breath away.

'Well, mistress, it's no good flaring up at me,' said the officer. 'I don't meddle with politics. I leave it to those whose business it is—I got to do my dooty, that's all I know

about it. I like to make things as comfortable as I can for all parties. It isn't far to the Magistrate's Office, but if the gentleman would like a coach, I'll send my man for one.'

'No,' said Grandfather, 'I'll have no coach. I'll not be taken from my house and smuggled off in secret. I'll walk through the town with these Police Officers, and let the people see how a respectable man, and I may say a respected man, is treated.'

'Just as you please,' said the officer 'It's all one to me. I don't suppose there'll be any interference with us in discharging our dooty.'

'Good-bye, Philadelphia; I trust it will prove to be something of a mistake, and that I shail return quickly. Good-bye, my child—' but there, never mind what he said to me. 'Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton; this is an unpleasant business; make yourself as comfortable as possible, and perhaps you will be good enough to give my daughter the benefit of your advice. Good-bye, Margery; take care of your mistress. I only wish it was all right with the boys.'

We were miserable before, but judge how miserable we were after Grandfather had gone; but I am not going to speak at all about our feelings. We found out later in the day that, after a brief examination by the Magistrates, Grandfather had been committed to prison—only think of it, Grandad in prison.

Mr. Hamilton was very kind; he said to Aunt, 'You helped me when I was a lame dog, I hope I may be of some assistance to you now you are in trouble—one good turn deserves another, you know. Unfortunately I am a lame dog still, but a lame dog, if he is a willing dog, may be of some use till the master of the house comes back. Don't you grieve, Miss Philadelphia, there are worse places than a prison. I have been in prison myself and ought to know—don't look so shocked—it was a French prison in my case, and I was a prisoner of war. Oh, there are worse places than a prison, that is to say when you have not deserved it, and know that you must be set at liberty in a few days. Master Harryott will be marching back before I can crawl as far as the Parish Church, and as for those two young monkeys I should not worry about them—boys are like cats, they always fall on their feet.'

Of course we knew that Mr. Hamilton was only making light of our troubles to cheer us up, and he did cheer us up.

(Continued on page 199.)



“ ‘Infamous libels, indeed!’ she cried.”



NEW COMERS IN THE NEW WORLD



"Clive made his way along the corridor."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 186.)

AN hour later the boys stopped their work, feeling that they had exhausted every possibility of anything being hidden in the room. They had taken up the carpet and thrown it out on to the landing. They had cut the covering off the mattress with their penknives, and scraped off a piece of wallpaper where the wall had sounded hollow. Clive had taken the oil lamp to pieces and covered himself with oil in the process, while Kenneth was black with soot from reaching up the chimney. Only Godfrey had managed to keep comparatively tidy, because he, as usual, had reserved the easiest and cleanest jobs for himself. But now they all felt that they were at the end of their tethers.

'It's not a bit of use,' said Godfrey. 'I'm jolly sure it isn't here. Let's have a look at the other room on this landing.'

But this room proved to be empty of furniture, without even a carpet, and a quarter of an hour's inspection of chimney, walls, and floor, left no doubt that it contained no secret hiding-place.

'What shall we do now?' asked Kenneth, as he tried to brush the soot from his arm.

'Jolly long job, going through the whole hotel like this,' said Clive. 'I vote we put the screw on that chap downstairs till he opens his mouth.'

'How are you going to do it?' asked Godfrey. 'Seems jolly obstinate.'

'Still,' said Clive, 'he's been tied to that table-leg for about two hours without his dinner. If we go down and say we'll give him a decent meal if he owns up, but that if he doesn't he can stay where he is all night, I guess he will tell.'

'I vote that if he doesn't, one of us should go out of the room and the others can say we've sent for the police at Aberguthrie,' said Kenneth. 'Scare him, you know.'

'All right,' Godfrey agreed. 'Seems about the only thing to do. Let's have something to eat first, though. Suppose you run and get us some grub, Clive.'

'I know I'm sick of biscuits,' grumbled Kenneth.

'Well, we can't waste time looking for anything better now,' returned Godfrey. 'And anyhow, we only want a snack now for tea. We can get the better stuff for supper after we've dealt with the chap downstairs.'

CHAPTER XI.

CLIVE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

CLIVE went down the spiral staircase to the corridor below. He was about to turn towards the stairs up which they had come earlier in the afternoon, when he decided that while he was there he might as well explore the rest of the corridor, to his right. There was always the chance that there would be another room that the caretaker had occupied; a sitting-room of some sort. After all, it wasn't likely that the man lived in one small bedroom when he had the whole of that hotel to choose from. A wonder they hadn't thought of that before!

The doors in this part of the building were smaller than those nearer the staircase, and all the rooms they had looked into had been quite tiny. Of course, then, these must be the servants' quarters, and in that case if the man used a second room it would be somewhere about here.

Clive therefore turned to the right and made his way along the corridor, trying the doors as he went. A pity he hadn't thought of this earlier, then he could have got the keys. Suddenly he came to the head of another staircase, leading downwards. The flight immediately below him was uncarpeted, which seemed to suggest that it was not used by visitors to the hotel.

He decided to go down. After all, he mustn't keep the others waiting all day, and anyhow it wasn't much use exploring without the keys, and this staircase might prove to be a short cut to the hall.

He ran down the stairs, noticing that after he had passed the next landing, the staircase became carpeted and also considerably wider. In a few minutes he stood once more in the ground-floor corridor, and turning to the left he soon reached the hall. He wondered how old Thompson, or whatever his name was,

was getting along, tied up to the billiard table all this time; but it wasn't any use going to see, because, of course, that key was with the others in Kenneth's pocket; and anyhow, they'd all be going there after tea, to make the fellow own up to what he had done with the money.

Clive ran through the porch, stopping to pat the spaniel, which was now sitting on the gravel path.

'I expect you'd like some biscuits, old chap,' he suggested. 'All right, I'll bring them in a minute.'

(Continued on page 207.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

Written and Illustrated by H. W. WHANSLAW, Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.

VII.—'AMUSEMENTS.'

'At present (about 1800), snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and other trinkets of small value, or else halfpence, or gingerbread, placed upon low stands, are thrown at, and sometimes apples and oranges set up in small heaps: and children are usually enticed to lay out their money for permission to throw at them by the owners, who keep continually bawling, "Knock down one you have them all." A halfpenny is the common price for one throw, and the distance about ten or twelve yards.'—*Joseph Strutt: 'Sports and Pastimes of the People of England.'*

NO real fair is complete to-day without its roundabouts, and swings, and joy-rides of every description, such as the 'Helter-skelter Lighthouse,' the 'Razzle-dazzle,' which is another variation of the merry-go-round, and the 'Cakewalk,' a thing that jerks its passengers into what appears to be the last word in paralytic convulsions. The last two features may not be met with at every fair, but some sort of a gliding ride like the Helter-skelter is almost universal. The idea of climbing up a rickety ladder through the centre of the lighthouse, and then sitting on a mat to toboggan swiftly round and round the outside of the thing, seems to appeal greatly to the fair-going public's taste, for such attractions as these are immensely popular (fig. 1). There are, of course, many variations of this side-show, some of which are more or less permanent fixtures at amusement 'parks,' such as at the pleasure beaches of some of the great seaside resorts, Blackpool, Southend, and many other places. But the proprietor of the genuine 'lighthouse' type is a real 'pedlar of pleasure,' and takes his structure from place to place when all the rest of the show moves on.

However, whether it be a 'lighthouse' or a big 'slide,' the principle of the mat-ride down a highly-polished slope is always the same. The forerunner of this type of show was a very different kind of thing, a sort of aerial ride. Before the advent of the Helter-skelter this thing was the great fun at the fair, and it consisted of a long wire that sloped gently down from a station at one end to a lower station at the opposite end, and the

riders, or 'fliers,' hung on to a bit of wood affixed to a runner on the wire, and so went swinging along until they reached the opposite end, where a mattress broke the shock of their impact (fig. 2). This might be described more accurately as an aerial switchback. The switchback proper, being essentially a fixture, and much too big to be a travelling amusement, does not come within our present scope, but there is a most interesting connecting link between it and the Helter-skelter type of show that might not pass unnoticed. This was a gliding ride used in Russia about 1845 (fig. 3). It was a temporary fixture, and the riders rushed down its undulating slopes, *not* on mats, nor in the well-known type of switchback car, but on 'horses' and in little *chariots* on low wheels.

This type of amusement in which the participator has a personal and, more or less, sole control of his movements, is on an entirely different footing to the big rides where quite a lot of people are carried around, as on the roundabouts, although occasionally one can meet with a bicycle roundabout, where the riders make the thing go round by their own exertions. But the word 'Amusements,' as it is known in the showman's world, consists of far more than riding-machines and gliding devices. Under its heading comes the good old cokernut shy, the Hoop-la, and the 'old Aunt Sallies' (fig. 4), the 'Touch'ems' and 'Strikers,' and scores of other shows. All these, except the 'strikers,' are tests of skill, *some* of the cokernut shies particularly so. In most cases the winners receive 'prizes' for their skill, and

oh! what wonderful prizes they were. All the potters of Sèvres and Dresden, of Wedgwood and Royal Doulton, never turned out anything like the vases and whatnots that one *could* take home to mother after a day at the fair, and the boxes of chocolate so big, and so empty, the cigars (?) and the cigarettes, all to be won with a little skill and a lot of shies. To-day there is a growing tendency to improve the quality



Fig. 1.—The Helter-skelter Lighthouse.

of these prizes, and, in addition to the good old china of the best Houndsditch brand, it is possible to win more useful articles, in the shape of household utensils, umbrellas, manicure sets, teddy bears and 'Wilfrids.'

To describe *all* the varieties of 'throwing games' would be, alone, an immense task. The 'Aunt Sally,' sometimes life-sized, dolls fully dressed whose heads were to be knocked off by the expert, at other times nothing more than stick 'bodies' surrounded by fluffy wool through which the ball would pass without having the slightest effect. Then there were those huge tin faces with grinning mouth showing a splendid set of teeth made of clay pipes.

Up in the north of England the writer met with a curious variety of this 'joint' in the shape of a row of miners' heads, and the thrower had to knock the candle off their hats. 'Touch-ems' are another kind of throwing game, where four or five white bottle-shaped objects rather like skittles are stood one above another, and are to be knocked down

apparently with the slightest touch, but their name is deceit, for it takes a particularly strong 'touch' to shift those heavily-weighted ninepins.

Shooting galleries, too, are to be seen at every fair. These, again, have many varieties, from the old type of Winchester range, where one shot at a target through a tunnel-like aperture (fig. 5), and the regulation bottle-smashing and dancing-ball range, to the more advanced class of show with its constantly moving targets of animals, and the extremely elaborate Continental range, at which, when the target is struck, the little metal figures of men and women actually perform, by mechanical means, a comic puppet play, or do all kinds of tasks and trades. This type of show is exceedingly popular and can be met with quite frequently at French and Belgian fairs.

All these throwing games and shooting galleries, however, are more or less modern innovations to a fair ground when it comes to a comparison of ages between them and the merry-go-rounds, the swings, the travelling theatre, and the rest of the pedlars of pleasure. The latter type can claim an ancestry in which these more modern amusements have no part.

How these minor sports originated no one can say with any degree of certainty, but there is,



Fig. 2.—The Aerial Flight.

however, a fairly established connection between these throwing games, or 'cockshies' and the old brutal, mediæval sport of throwing sticks at animals and 'cocks,' for, when this custom was abolished, *toy cocks* on heavy lead stands were made to take their place, and were given

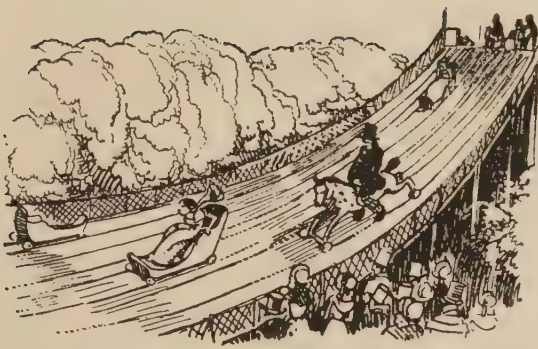


Fig. 3.—The Russian Mountain; a Parisian Switch-back of 1845.

as the prize when knocked over. In the earlier days of the cokernut-shy the sportsmen had to throw these same short sticks at the nuts, instead of the balls that are now used, and there were some simple varieties of throwing-games at the old-time fairs, according to the quotation from Strutt at the head of the chapter, though, in an old print of 'Bartholomew's' of 1721 there is no sign of such a 'joint' at all.

There is certainly a very good likeness between the rifle range of to-day and the



Fig. 4.—The real 'Old Aunt Sally.'

archery 'battes' of centuries ago, but, whether from those same bow-and-arrow competitions the bottle-smashing range of to-day developed or not is also a matter for speculation rather than a certainty.

It sufficeth us that with the march of science and progress new features are being added, and fresh varieties of amusements to be met

with in our fairs almost every day. The stalls, once lit with flaring naphtha lamps, are now a blaze of coloured electric lights; there are electric rifles, and the writer has even seen a shooting-range with naval quick-firing guns on swivel mountings, and tiny, moving battle-



Fig. 5.—A First-class Rifle Gallery.

ships as targets, all of which means that the travelling showman of to-day is doing his level best to keep up with the times and to see that his patrons get exactly what they want. But at the same time one hopes that with the ever-forward movement the quaint little shows and the old-time atmosphere may not be entirely obliterated.

DOG IN THE MANGER.

OF course, Athalie was the musical one of the family. There could be no doubt about that. Even Barbara knew it perfectly well. So it was quite right and natural that when Aunt Jane decided to attend a course of classical concerts that winter, she should take her elder niece with her, and not the younger one, and any sensible person would have seen it so.

Only, unfortunately, Barbara did not. She was Athalie's chum and 'pair,' and always accustomed to go 'halves' with her in everything; and the idea that there should be a treat on hand for the one from which the other was excluded seemed to her grossly unfair; the fact that Athalie was a little musician, whereas she herself hardly knew one note of music from another, she did not consider at all. She had never been to a 'classical concert' in her life, and had no idea what it would be like, but she concluded from Athalie's raptures that

it must be something very delightful—perhaps as good as a circus.

So when Athalie danced into the schoolroom, waving a note and crying excitedly, 'Oh, Barbara, something *so* nice! Auntie is going to take me to another lovely concert! She says she wants a "dear little appreciative companion" again (isn't that sweet of her?) and she sends me a ticket, and will call at our house on her way,' Barbara turned round with a frowning face, and said crossly, 'I think it's horribly unfair! You went last time—it's my turn now—but Auntie chooses *you* again. It's a shame!'

Poor Athalie stood still, all the joyful excitement in her face giving place to dismay. 'Why—why, Barbara!' she faltered, 'do you want to go? Would you like it?'

'Of course I would! I like fun as much as you do, but you're the favourite, so you get my share as well as your own!' snapped Barbara.

Athalie was silent a minute, and any one might have seen the struggle going on within her; then she held out the ticket, and said sweetly: 'Well, then, *you* go this time! Auntie says she only wants "a companion," so it's not bound to be me. Take the ticket—do—I'd rather you would!'

In a nicer mood Barbara would have refused; but the Green-eyed Monster had possession of her just then. 'It's only fair—it's my turn,' she kept saying to herself, all the time she was putting on her best hat; but somehow the happy, holiday feeling of treats would not come, and it was Athalie, in spite of her disappointment, who looked by far the happier and more cheerful of the two when Aunt Jane arrived.

'Why, what does this mean?' she exclaimed, seeing that it was Barbara, and not Athalie, who was dressed to go out.

'It's Barbara's turn, Auntie, so I want you to take her instead of me, please. We always take turns,' Athalie explained simply.

Aunt Jane looked keenly at both little nieces for a moment, and then said quietly, 'Oh! I see. Well, come along, Barbara.'

Barbara found the drive to the concert-hall a dull one, for Aunt Jane made no attempt to talk and amuse her, and somehow made her feel that she thought her a very selfish little girl. But entering the big bright hall was exciting, and as the musicians assembled, Barbara got ready to enjoy herself. She

wondered if they would play her favourite waltz and 'Tipperary,' and if there would be any other sort of entertainment—such as conjuring—besides the music.

The first item was a Concerto by Bach, and Barbara, knowing it to be a favourite with Athalie, waited for it to afford her the same delight.

She waited in vain! For Barbara was no musician. The lovely, subtle harmonies and cadences fell on almost tone-deaf ears; a barrel-organ rattling lively airs would have appealed to her far more. She tried in vain to 'catch the tune,' as she expressed it; the Concerto seemed to her as dull as her own five-finger exercise!

In ten minutes she was yawning, and secretly counting the items on her programme; there were now nine more which she must sit through somehow, all of the same dreadfully 'classical' sort! She got 'pins and needles' in her foot from sitting still, and then, oh the tortures of not being able to move about! She tried to enliven matters by whispering to her aunt, and an old gentleman sitting just in front turned round upon her and said 'H'sh!' in a fierce way that frightened her out of her wits. A classical concert seemed to her the dullest function in the world. As a 'dear little appreciative companion,' Barbara was not a success!

Moreover, the thought of Athalie left at home haunted her dreadfully.

'Well, child, how did you enjoy it?' Aunt Jane asked, when at last, to Barbara's unspeakable relief, they came out.

Barbara grew very red, but though she might be selfish, she was truthful. 'N-n-ot much!' she mumbled, hanging her head; and then with a burst, 'but I can't think why—Athalie did!'

'Because she is musical, my dear, and you are not,' Aunt Jane replied quietly. 'You know the old saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison." Athalie would have understood the concert, and therefore enjoyed it, but I felt sure you would not care about it, which was why I did not arrange to take you. As it is, you have deprived poor Athalie of a very great pleasure without gaining any yourself.'

Barbara blushed more hotly than ever. 'I've—I've been a regular dog-in-the-manger!' she faltered, and a tear came trickling down her nose.

The drive back was very silent. But as they neared home, Barbara said suddenly, in a rather quavery voice, 'Auntie, do you really think Athalie is—is awfully musical—that she'd play beautifully if she could learn? Well, then—you know you said I might choose my birthday present, and I chose a term's dancing lessons, because they're such fun; d-don't you think it would be a good plan if—if you did not give them to me after all, and let Athalie have a set of music lessons instead?'

'I think,' smiled Aunt Jane, softly, 'it would be the very nicest plan we've ever made together!'

And then she bent down and kissed Barbara.

DORIS A. POCKOCK.

A DOG'S WALK.

'MY Missus takes me marketing on Mondays,
Upon the lead sedately,

For Madam is so stately.

They pat my head in bakers' shops,

And give me cake and lollypops;

But pussy-cats I may not chase,

With other dogs I must not race,

When Missus takes me marketing on Mondays.

'The Girls take me a Dog's Walk on Sundays;

O how I dance and trip it!

My mother was a whippet.

Through lanes and fields I scamper,

Where river meads are damper,

And there I hunt for water-voles,

And chase the rabbits to their holes—

The Girls take me a Dog's Walk on Sundays.

M. I. K. CARRUTHERS.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

By W. RAINEY, R.I., *Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR.

(Continued from page 191.)

'NOW what we have to do is to keep things going whilst the master is away,' said Mr. Hamilton. 'For instance, there's the *Sussex Mercury*: that must be published next week at all costs. I have never edited a newspaper, but I should very much like to try my hand if you will allow me. I know something of the political world, though the knowledge has never brought me any profit. If Miss Jo would show me how her grandfather spaces his Dummy, as you call it, and arrange the advertisements, I could do the literary part; but as for setting up the type, that is quite beyond me.'

'Oh, Aunt can do that to perfection,' I said; 'she is used to it. She's as good a compositor as Grandad—in fact, she is quicker, and never makes a mistake. What fun it would be if we could do it all between us, and bring the *Mercury* out on Thursday just as usual! Wouldn't Grandad be delighted?'

'Well, why not?' said Mr. Hamilton. 'I am sure it would grieve Master Harryott if the *Mercury* failed to appear. I dare say we could get a message delivered to him acquainting him with our intention of doing so, and that would be something off his mind. Do you know, Miss Philadelphia, it occurred to me as very probable that the person or persons who set this charge afoot were personally hostile to Master Harryott, or were his political opponents

and acted in this way with the intention of wrecking the *Mercury*. The present Government is now aiming a blow at the public press, and has given the magistrates power to arrest persons suspected of exercising a seditious influence and keep them in prison without bringing them to trial. I should say that, in your father's case, it is an act of personal malice, or an attempt to destroy the *Mercury*.'

'It is quite possible that it was done to damage the *Mercury*,' Aunt replied. 'As for a personal enemy I don't think my father has one. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your suggestion. It would indeed be a blessing if we can keep the *Mercury* going.'

'It will be a blessing to me to have something to occupy my mind, or I shall get rusty and irritable,' said Mr. Hamilton. 'Tomorrow is Sunday and nothing can be done. I propose that Jo gives me my first lesson on Monday morning. We have but three days; we shall have to set to with a will and work like negroes. Mr. Harryott has already made a good start, I understand, which is very fortunate.'

Mr. Hamilton's proposal was a great relief to Aunt and me—a bright ray of hope when everything seemed so dark; his cheerfulness and the spirit he threw into the prospect were inspiring. I believe Aunt had had it in her

mind to endeavour to keep the *Mercury* going unaided, but it would have been quite beyond her, especially the literary part. We were filled with a new hope; we should have a great object to work for, and such a triumph if we succeeded—if we succeeded. Of course we should succeed—we must succeed!

Master Downer called in the evening, full of the arrest, but he worried us rather than helped; it seemed that every one in the town was talking about it—the sight of Grandad marched through the streets between two police officers had caused a great sensation and set afloat all manner of stories. I wished Master Downer had stayed at home, instead of coming here to upset Aunt with his stupid chatter. He said he had not heard the news till late in the afternoon, he had been so busy; two of his men had left without giving notice, which put him about a great deal—just as if we were in a state of mind to listen to his petty affairs. He said: ‘What between living in daily fear of having your machinery smashed on the one hand, and having your *habeas corpus* suspended on the other, a moderate-minded man was never safe.’ He said that the *Mercury* must be kept going at all cost, if it were only as a protest against such high-handed proceedings, but he did not say anything about how it was to be kept going.

I think Aunt was rather ashamed of him. As I expected, Mr. Hamilton and he did not get on at all well together. Of course Mr. Hamilton was quite polite, but I could see that he had but a poor opinion of Master Downer.

Sunday was dreary in the extreme, although we were buoyed up by the new hope. The people in church kept looking at us, and so they did coming along the streets on the way home. It was a day of drizzling rain, and that did not improve our spirits. Just think of it—a Sunday dinner and Grandad in prison. I will say no more about it, but just tell you of the *Mercury*.

Mr. Hamilton started work early on Monday morning. Aunt having excused me the upstairs work, I joined him in the office and explained Grandad’s method of spacing the dummy. Mr. Hamilton had read this week’s *Mercury* from beginning to end to make himself familiar with its tone, as he said. Grandad had already set out a portion and the headings of the different divisions were there, also all the advertisements that run on from week to week were pasted in. There were several notes

for the ‘Miscellany,’ and a little pile of cuttings from the London newspapers. The advertisements were troublesome, because they are received up till Tuesday night. As the number that might come in by that time was quite uncertain, ample space had to be left, and if there were not enough to fill it, something else had to be provided. We had received some of the London newspapers, but room had to be left for the latest news. The ‘Miscellany’ was soon filled, but Mr. Palmsalm’s poem was a disappointment; it was inspired with indignation at Grandfather’s arrest. Mr. Hamilton said he could not insert it—it was too strong; he tried very hard by striking out line after line with a blue pencil, but could not make it suit the tone of the *Mercury*. It was strange that Mr. Hamilton found the most difficult part the easiest, all the literary portion and the politics came quite readily to him, and the Leading Article he wrote in an hour. He left room, however, for a second ‘leader’ to be inserted at the last moment when the latest news from London arrived.

(Continued on page 202.)

A CLEVER GANDER.

A GOOSE is always taken as a type of stupidity, but there are many instances recorded of intelligence and affection shown by these much-despised birds. A friend of Buffon’s, the great French naturalist, had a tame gander who became greatly attached to its master. ‘Jacquot,’ for that was its name, on one occasion followed its master on a walk of many hours through a wood; and another time, hearing his voice through an open window, the gander entered a friend’s house, and to the no small alarm of the family, ascended the stairs, and made its way into the room where they were sitting, uttering loud cries of joy when it discovered its master.

We have often seen a poor blind person carefully led by a clever little dog. In a village in Germany, a blind old woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, who used to take hold of her gown with his bill. When he had safely conducted the poor woman to her seat, he would go back to the churchyard and graze there till service was over. When he saw the people coming out, he went back to his blind mistress and led her safely home.

One day a gentleman called at the woman’s house, and when he found that she was not at home, he told her daughter that he was very much surprised at her mother having gone out. ‘Oh, sir,’ said the girl, ‘we are not afraid of trusting her out, for the gander is with her.’



"The sheets were regular pictures."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
 Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 200.)

BY the evening we had made wonderful progress; the dummy, with patches put in and spaces left, looked like a chess-board, only not so regular, of course. In the evening Aunt began setting up the type, and continued to do so by lamplight; she is used to it, having done a great deal for Grandad. I am not much use at it, and Mr. Hamilton is no use at all. Aunt Phil is very patient, and is a genius at spelling and the stops, and it is surprising how quickly her fingers move. Fortunately, Mr. Hamilton writes a very clear hand, which reminds me that he never wears his beautiful diamond ring now: I suppose he is afraid of damaging it when at work.

By the six o'clock mail we had another letter from Roger—if you can call such a thing a letter. However, we were very glad to have it, as it set our minds at rest to some extent. He wrote:

'Dick and I are quite well, and have arrived in London. What a marvellous city is this London—the centre of the world's commerce. Words fail to express one's feelings, but I shall have a lot to tell you when we come back. We are anxious to hear how you all are getting on at the dear old Mulberry Tree. It seems as if we had been away a very long time. How is Grandfather's rheumatism? Please write us a letter at once, addressed to the Coffee-house, No. 4, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London.'

'ROGER.

'P.S.—I am thinking out a little poem—an ode on seeing London for the first time.'

Did you ever see such a letter, and we dying to know what has happened to them?

I do not think I will write any more, except to say that our *Mercury* was a glorious success. Mr. Hamilton is wonderful. I have heard several people declare that the Leading Articles were perfect, and nearly as good as Grandad's. When the sheets came off the press they were regular pictures. On the front page was a notice in large type—it was all Mr. Hamilton's doing.

'NOTICE.

'It is with great regret that we have to inform our readers that the well-known and highly respected Editor of the *Sussex Mercury*

was arrested on Saturday last for publishing in this newspaper articles described as being infamous libels on the present Government and calculated to bring the Government into contempt and to spread disaffection among His Majesty's subjects, and was committed to prison by the magistrates of this town. As to the truth or otherwise of these charges the readers of the *Sussex Mercury* are the best judges.

'Under the direction of the Sub-Editor the *Sussex Mercury* will be published as usual every Thursday till the Editor is at liberty to resume his duties.

'As it is expected that there will be a great demand for this week's *Sussex Mercury*, a second edition will be published, if necessary.'

CHAPTER XI.

DICK AND ROGER IN LONDON—ROGER'S STORY AGAIN.

WHEN Dick gets an idea into his head he's as obstinate as—as anything, he will not listen to reason. We nearly came to a quarrel: it was over money, or, I should say, the want of money. After that terrible experience, when the crowd was broken up by the military and poor Amos came to such a sad end, we were not only sick at heart, but were greatly perplexed, not knowing what course to pursue. The Captain had disappeared, and with him the letter: Dick's one idea had been to hang on to the Captain until an opportunity offered of obtaining possession of it. That hope was now lost, and Dick was very sore about it. He now became just as obstinate in his determination to push on to London and clear himself before Lord Henry Gordon.

That was all very well, but there are such things as ways and means to be considered. We had only tenpence-halfpenny. The old lady at the cottage having refused to take any payment for our breakfast, we still had that sum. We were at least twenty miles from London, and making the most favourable calculation, it would take one day to reach London, one day to find Lord Henry and transact our business, and two days for the return journey: that is four days—four days' food and lodging.

Now, what can you do with tenpence-halfpenny?

Dick said he would go, if he had to do it, barefoot and sleep in the hedges. It was nonsense. Even if you did as he said and dispensed with the lodgings—though I confess the experience of sleeping out at Cuckfield was quite enough for me—there would be but two-pence-halfpenny and a fraction per day for two boys—that is a penny-farthing each, which at the present price of food is ridiculous, and we could not reckon on people giving us a free breakfast every day. My advice was to return home as quickly as possible whilst we had the tenpence-halfpenny to pay expenses on the journey, and place the matter in Grandfather's hands.

Dick said I could go back if I wanted to, and he said some very unkind things. Of course I did not want to go back, but what can you do when circumstances are too strong for you? Certainly, I had common sense on my side. When Dick is in the wrong he always loses his temper, and says many things he is afterwards sorry for. We never have come to blows, but he's very aggravating.

I had drawn Dick aside to discuss this money matter, but in the midst of it, Jemmy came up, and Dick would not stop. Jemmy stood listening awhile, and then said: 'Well, you're nice young gentlemen for a tea-

party, to be quarrelling like this; I should think you've caught the disease from the Bulldogs. What's all this about tenpence-halfpenny? What have I done that you're leaving me out?—going to give me the cold shoulder, are you?—suppose I'm not good enough to associate with young gentlemen,' and he turned away offended.

I appealed to him, for he, at any rate, has some common sense, but he appeared to consider himself slighted. 'I don't see what I've done to be left out of it,' he repeated in a displeased tone. 'I thought we was comrades, at any rate for the time being. I don't see what you're making all this fuss about tenpence-halfpenny when I've got two guineas in my pocket, beside loose silver. Do you think I've done two years at the "Rose and Crown" for nothing? Um!—too proud, I suppose? If I lent you half-a-guinea you could pay me back when you got home, couldn't you?'

I am very much opposed to borrowing, but both Dick and I had money at home, and we could return the loan by post when Jemmy was settled in London. After a little argument, we agreed to accept Jemmy's offer, and the money matter being thus settled, I could raise no further objection to continuing our journey to London.

(Continued on page 214.)

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I. Mech. E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAX.

(Continued from page 172.)

THE TWO-STROKE ENGINE.—For a great many purposes to-day the engines which work on the Otto principle are very effective, but for some reasons it would be better if the engine could be arranged in such a way that every outward stroke of the piston was a working one, for the engine would run much more smoothly if this were possible, as it would get impulses twice as often. In addition, a two-stroke engine should be able to produce twice as much power as an equally good four-stroke engine with the same sized cylinder. The illustration (p. 204) is a section of a simple form of engine which works on the two-stroke cycle. It shows a petrol engine, but gas engines have been made to operate in a similar manner. The crank chamber

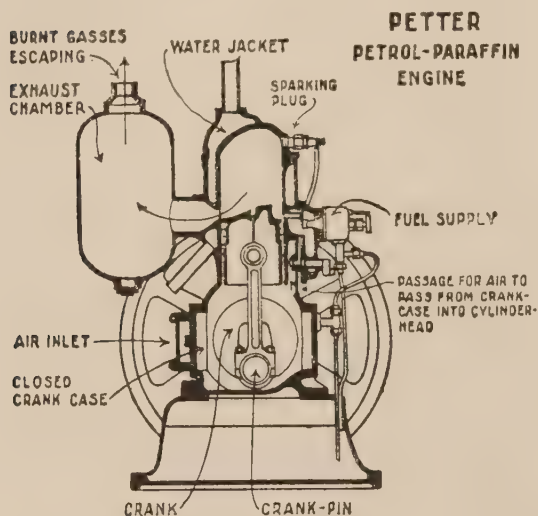
is totally enclosed, and gas and air connections with a 'non-return' valve, generally a leather flap, are so arranged that, during the upward or inward stroke of the piston a charge of mixture is drawn into the crank chamber. When the piston moves downwards or outwards this charge is slightly compressed, so that when at the bottom of the stroke the piston uncovers the end of the port leading into the cylinder and also uncovers the exhaust port, the mixture moves into the cylinder and at the same time the burnt gases escape into the atmosphere, as shown by the arrows, the projecting fin on the piston preventing them mixing to any serious extent. On the next upward stroke this mixture is compressed and

fired exactly as happens in the third stroke of a four-stroke engine. The whole cycle thus becomes :—

Upward stroke. Compression above piston, suction below piston; at end of stroke, ignition.

Downward stroke. Combustion above piston, expansion of burnt gases, slight compression below piston; at end of stroke (1) release to exhaust of burnt gases, (2) transfer of mixture from crank chamber to cylinder.

Gas engines of this kind have been made, but it is much more usual for such engines to be built to burn petrol or oil. The engine has



the advantage of great simplicity, and the almost complete absence of valves, but it is scarcely as efficient as a four-stroke engine and may lose some of its fuel by mixture with the exhaust, a loss which is avoided in a special form of the engine which burns heavy oil and which is described later on. There are other types of two-stroke engine, with charging pumps, and other devices, but they are not very popular and for most purposes, especially for engines of moderate size, the four-stroke cycle is generally preferred.

What happens to the Heat Units produced?

The combustion of gas results in the production of a number of heat units depending upon the quality and quantity of gas completely burnt. Of these heat units some are usefully

converted into mechanical energy during the working stroke by the expansion of the heated gases pressing the piston outwards, but many are unavoidably lost.

The exhaust gases, when they leave the cylinder, are still hot and under some pressure, although the conversion of heat units into mechanical energy has cooled them considerably and, in consequence, they carry away much energy. The release of these gases under pressure causes the noise which the engine makes when running, and this indicates loss of energy to the atmosphere.

A further amount is lost owing to the fact that when the gas has been burnt the mixture is very hot indeed and would, unless prevented, very soon overheat the cylinder and the piston to such an extent that they would 'seize.' To avoid this the cylinder has to be cooled in some way, either by means of a jacket through which water circulates, or in small engines by fins on the cylinder wall in contact with the atmosphere. A considerable proportion of the total heat generated is lost in cooling water or to the air. Overcooling wastes heat units, undercooling endangers the lubrication of the cylinder, and we have to compromise between these extremes.

Large Gas Engines.—Although the engine which has been described is capable of doing good work, particularly if of moderate power, it has many faults which show themselves more in large than in small engines. It is, for instance, obvious that it will tend to go faster during the third stroke than in the other three, a fault which is corrected as far as possible by the provision of a very large and heavy flywheel which helps to steady the speed.

When the engine is called upon to produce a very large amount of power, the employment of a single cylinder would be impossible, as not only would the flywheel have to be enormous, but the cylinder, would have to be so large and thick-walled that it would be almost impossible to keep its walls at such a temperature that the oil would not burn. Large Gas Engines, those, for instance of 1,000 horse power and upwards and many smaller ones are, in consequence, usually made with several cylinders, so arranged that each is producing power when the others are working in some other part of the series of operations.

There are usually four or eight cylinders

as, by adopting one of these numbers, we can ensure having either one or two cylinders doing useful work. An external view of a large three-cylinder gas engine in which the cylinders stand vertically over the crank-shaft looks very different from the engine shown in section on p. 173, but it really acts in exactly the same way—being in fact three such engines side by side with a crank-shaft and other parts in common to all of them.

Further particulars relating to Gas Engines.—The only other points relating to gas engines, to which I need refer, are the governing of

A small gas engine usually has a 'hit and miss' governor. The 'tappet' which opens the gas valve is too short to push forward the valve stem to open the valve unless a small steel piece which hangs from the governor lever is between them. Immediately the speed goes above that for which it has been adjusted the centrifugal governor raises this piece so that the gas valve is not opened and a blank cycle when the engine does no work is the result. A slightly different arrangement is shown in the diagram. This is a very cheap form of governor gear and it quite prevents the engine 'running away,' but it involves a period of a least four revolutions, sometimes six or eight, with only one impulse and the speed may fluctuate badly between the impulses.

On larger engines the governing is a much more complicated matter and the governor has to control the gas and air valves in such a way that while gas is saved on light loads the 'mixture' is not made so 'weak' that it fails to burn. Most large gas engines have very carefully worked-out arrangements for this purpose.

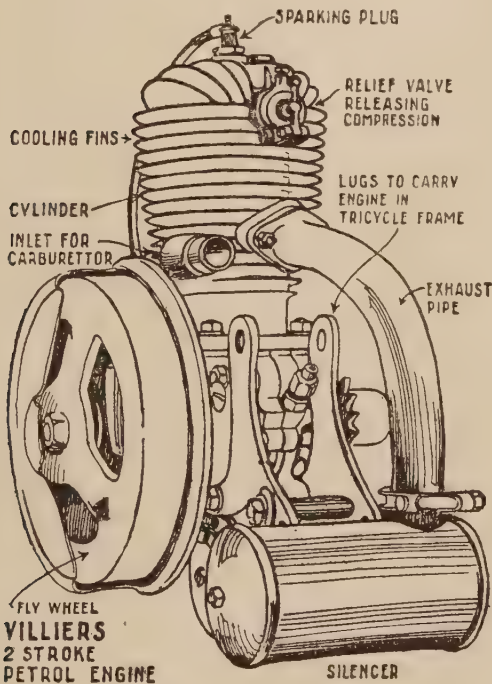
Lubrication.—The lubrication of the piston is a matter of vital importance in Internal Combustion Engines. The 'flame' temperatures of the burning gases would soon destroy the oil on the cylinder wall, and leave the cylinder and piston to 'seize,' unless the oil supply was sufficient and suitable.

Generally a small pump supplies a drop or two of oil at definite intervals through a pipe, under pressure, between the piston and the cylinder wall; other pumps or other connections from the same pump supply the connecting rod ends and the crank-shaft bearings.

Sometimes a 'drip feed' arrangement in which the oil drips from an opening in the bottom of an oil vessel on to the top of the 'skirt' of the piston of a horizontal engine, is used; but whatever arrangement is adopted it is absolutely essential that suitable oil, generally what is known as heavy mineral oil, shall be supplied regularly.

Fuel for Internal Combustion Engines.—Now that we have some general idea of what an internal combustion engine is and how it operates we can consider the subject in a broader manner.

Although the Internal Combustion Engines already described have been gas engines, it by no means follows that the fuel which they



the speed and the lubrication of the cylinder, as the description which accompanies the diagrams will enable the functions of the various parts to be followed without further explanation.

Stationary gas engines have to be provided with governors, as their speed must be kept fairly constant for most of the purposes for which they are used. At one time governors were fitted even to motor-car engines, but it is now realised that the driver must be able to 'race' a car engine at times, so that a governor would be a nuisance.

burn is the coal gas which we can obtain from a public gas supply and which is generally called by engineers 'Town's Gas.' It is, in fact, unusual for a large gas engine to burn this gas as it would be an expensive form of fuel, although small engines generally do so on account of the convenience of having a supply ready to hand without the trouble and expense of carting fuel and of removing ashes to and from the works.

What other Fuels are available.—There are several other methods by which fuel can be supplied to the Internal Combustion Engine, some making gas on the spot from coal and others using oil in some form or other. For stationary engines used in workshops, a gas producer is often used. There are several forms of this apparatus, but a description of one type will enable us to understand the general principles on which the others operate and we have, therefore, chosen the one known as the 'Suction Producer' as it is much used for small plants and is, in addition, sometimes used on motor lorries and even in small craft, being, therefore, of wider interest than some of the others which only differ from it in what are essentially details.

(Continued on page 211.)

FAREWELL TO THE SICKLE.

'LOOK, Queen, your baby's right hand is as red as if it had been steeped in wine!' said the maidens to the young wife of the King of Connaught, as they dandled her infant son in her bower one day.

'It is crimson from the wrist downwards,' said the old nurse; 'I have washed it with soap, and anointed it with oil, but the mark is there and will stay.'

'What does it matter?' asked the old king. 'My son's fingers are not a woman's that they must show white and unstained over harp strings and embroidery silks. Count it no blemish, dear wife, but a sign for good. Cahel of the Red Hand is his name, and he shall live to be a great warrior, the strength and shield of his elder brother, Roderick.'

As the old father foretold, so it fell out.

When the O'Connor died, and Roderick was chosen to be the last High King of Ireland, chief amongst the champions, most beloved of the princes, was Cahel his noble young half-brother. In every gap of danger, in every front of battle, he was to be found.

But the queen, his brother's wife, grew very jealous of him, and the greatness of the torch that

burned before his fighting tent, and the love which the people of Connaught bore him.

Her own sons were nearly as old as Cahel, and she knew that her husband was weary of being High King, and longed to end his days with the monks. She feared that when Roderick laid down the crown, his brother would be chosen king, instead of her own son.

So she sought to destroy both him and his mother, both openly and in secret. At last, in order to save his mother, Cahel had to cross the Shannon, and flee into another province, where they lived in great poverty, the young prince working in the fields like a peasant, to earn their daily bread.

Meanwhile the jealous queen sent out spies, and searched for them so closely, that Cahel's mother knitted him a loose mitten to wear over the tell-tale hand.

Several years of this miserable life passed by, until as Cahel and his companions were reaping a field of rye one day, a news-carrier approached the harvesters, wishing to share their mid-day meal, in exchange for tidings.

First he told them one piece of gossip, and then another, till they wearied of his chatter, but at last he came to the important news.

'Roderick O'Connor has died in the monastery of Cong,' said he, 'and his queen is dead also. The people of Connaught have met and chosen as their new king, Cahel of the Red Hand, the banished hero. But nowhere is he to be found, though all the news-carriers and the riders of the province are searching for him, and it is feared that he is dead.'

Cahel rose to his feet, his heart swelled within him as he realised that his own true work and place in life had returned. With violence he hurled his reaping-hook down on the stubble.

'Farewell, sickle, and hail, my sword!' he cried.

Tearing off his mitten, he displayed his blood-red hand, and they knelt before him.

Cahel and his mother returned to Connaught, and he was crowned on the mound of Carn-free.

The king who had suffered poverty helped the poor till the end of his days. And against all evil-doers, and the Norman barons who oppressed his people, that red right hand was raised.

SOME VERY QUEER GAMES.

GAMES are games all the world over. But to young folks who like games which need running about, and strength, and perseverance, some of the queerest games are these in which Young India finds pleasure.

With boys in India a popular game is the

'Tortoise Race.' Three or more boys sit down in a row, with their knees touching their chins, and, crossing their hands, hold their feet, the right with the left hand, and the left with the right hand. Bunched up in this manner, they hitch themselves along to an agreed goal. If one of them lets go his hold with either hand he becomes 'dead,' and remains motionless on the spot where he 'dies.'

Of the others, the one who reaches the goal first returns in the same manner to the 'dead,' and says to him, 'Tortoise! what are you doing?' He replies, 'Waiting for some one who'll give me life again.' Immediately the victor goes round him in the same posture, when the other is said to have revived. The two move back, as before, and reach the point from which they had started, and the game is finished.

A very favourite amusement is that of 'The Twisted Towel,' which requires but little exertion in the tropical heat of India. Four youngsters sit down at the four corners of a square, and look at each other without turning round. A fifth boy with a twisted towel goes round and round the square, and silently drops it behind some one of the four. The latter must instantly pick it up, and capture the other on the outside of the square before he can come round and seize the vacant place. If he does not do this he must give up his seat to the victor, and go round with the towel.

There is another very popular sport called 'The Four Corner Game.' Three boys are at three corners of a large square, and another keeps moving round among them. Making use of the unoccupied corner, the three others constantly keep changing places, but taking great care not to

be touched by the fourth while moving from corner to corner. If any one of the three should be touched, he gives up his place to the victor, and goes round like him. The square, as one can easily imagine, is of rather large dimensions.

One of the most interesting games, and one especially typical of Young India, save in the northern parts of that great peninsula, is 'Sand-heap Game.' Boys stand in two rows of an equal number facing each other, with a heap of dry sand between the two lines. Each side has a captain, whose duty it is to direct his men. At his bidding one of his line steps forward, takes up at once two handfuls of sand out of the heap, and, holding it so as not to let any slip to the ground, goes over to the opposite side and silently challenges one of them. A struggle begins, fierce and grim. If the challenged youngster makes the challenger either drop the sand or open his mouth, then the challenger is counted 'dead,' and his captain sends out another to the contest. If, however, the challenger succeeds in freeing himself of his 'enemy' without dropping the sand or opening his mouth, then the challenged is counted 'dead,' and some other at the order of his captain takes his place, and renews the struggle with the victorious challenger. The game continues till all of one side or other have been counted among the 'dead.'

Another form of this sport is that in which both sides take up the sand, and then struggle like dumb people. Usually the youngster, who has had most counted as 'dead' counted to him in a previous game is appointed captain of his side. This is a kind of game well suited for the Anglo-Saxon boy.

A. TEGNIER.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 195.)

CLIVE climbed in at the pantry window and went into the kitchen. First he filled the glass with water from the tap and set it down on a table in the centre of the room, and then he opened the door into the larder, leaving it ajar so that there would be enough light to see by when he went down the steps. Even then, though, it was pretty dark, and he stopped to light a match. Then he stopped, in consternation.

The shelf was empty! Not a single tin, either of biscuits or of meat, was to be seen.

He looked on every shelf and examined the floor. But there wasn't a doubt about it. The whole place had been cleaned out!

Only that wasn't possible. There had been quite a number of tins there a couple of hours ago, when he had taken two or three for lunch, and of course the caretaker had been tied up and locked up all the time. All the same, there it was! The whole lot had gone!

Obviously, there was only one explanation. The caretaker must somehow have broken loose

and then have got out of the room. How he could have done it Clive didn't know, because they had been so sure that he couldn't move. Perhaps young Kenneth had overlooked another key in one of the man's pockets. They ought all to have searched him, of course, instead of taking young Kenneth's word for it. And now he would probably have got miles away by this time, and they wouldn't be able to get the secret out of him. Or else he'd have got hold of a weapon of some sort and be waiting to catch them. Desperate sort of fellow!

Still, the only thing to do now was to tell the others at once, and then they would all go down to the billiard-room and see if they could find anything to put them on to his track. In the kitchen it occurred to him to pick up their walking-sticks. They had left them when they went out to arrange the ambush, because in a close-quarters scrap such as they had expected it to be they wouldn't be of much use. But now, if the caretaker was going to try to ambush *them*, the sticks might be uncommonly handy; at any rate a good deal better than nothing.

Then Clive ran round to the front of the hotel, and looked carefully in at the door before going into the hall. He decided to go by the back staircase, because otherwise he would have to pass the billiard-room door, and if the caretaker was waiting for them, that was probably his ground; he would wait just inside the door, counting on their not knowing that he had got out, and then he would try to bash them on the head, one by one, as they came in. Still, that wasn't certain, and it was necessary to keep a good watch everywhere. He therefore went upstairs slowly, stopping at each landing to peer along the corridors and up the next flight.

He saw no one, however, and soon he reached the spiral staircase that led into the tower. Then he stopped and gave a low whistle. Kenneth's head appeared above the rail.

'What's up?' he said.

'Have you seen him?' demanded Clive, going up the stairs.

'Who?' cried Godfrey, coming to Kenneth's side.

'He's got out,' cried Clive, and rapidly he explained his discovery. 'You must have overlooked a key in his pocket,' he finished, turning to Kenneth.

'I'm sure I didn't,' answered Kenneth indignantly.

'Still,' said Godfrey, 'I don't see how he could have got free. We tied him up too securely! And if it comes to that he wouldn't want that lot of food; he must have been living on some better stuff than all that tinned grub.'

'That's all very fine,' said Clive, 'but we know he *was* taking it, because you caught him at it.'

'I don't suppose he wanted the food to eat,' said Kenneth. 'He probably guessed that we hadn't found anything else, and thought if he took it all away he'd be able to hide it and starve us out, you know. Not a bad dodge, from his point of view.'

'Anyhow,' persisted Clive, 'we can't let him get away. I've brought up the sticks, so that we can have something to tackle him with. The first thing is to find out how he got out of the billiard-room and then to look for tracks. Only we shall have to be jolly careful in case he's waiting for us.'

Godfrey took his own stick from the three that Clive had brought, holding it near its ferrule and cutting at the air with the handle.

'Come along,' he said. 'If he's anywhere on the staircase we shall have the advantage of being higher up, anyhow.'

'Did you lock the doors?' Kenneth demanded. 'The front door in the porch and that back door that he came out of before? We don't want him to get right away, and when he sees that we've got hold of some sticks and know that he's loose, he might try to run for it.'

'Didn't think of that,' Clive admitted. 'But as likely as not he's done a bunk already. I tell you what,' he added. 'I've found a second staircase, round to the left. I came up it just now and he wasn't hanging about anywhere there. Suppose I slip down there to the hall, while you two go down the big staircase. Then I'll lock the door. And if he's anywhere on your staircase I'll be able to come round and get behind him.'

'Good scheme,' said Godfrey. 'And if he isn't on the stairs we'll meet you outside the billiard-room. Only mind how you go. He was pretty fierce when he went for me, but he will be wilder than ever now that he's been tied up like that.'

(Continued on page 210.)



"Clive put his foot in readiness against one of the lower panels."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 208.)

CLIVE ran off, and Godfrey and Kenneth made their way along the corridor till they reached the head of the main staircase. Godfrey went first, keeping his stick ready and watching each of the doors in case one should suddenly be opened. At the staircase he peered over the balusters, and then started downwards.

But there was no sign of an ambush, and Godfrey and Kenneth reached the hall without incident, finding Clive awaiting them in the corridor.

'He's probably gone back to the billiard-room,' whispered Clive. 'We shall have to go in jolly carefully, or he will jump on us before we have got the door properly open. I vote Kenneth goes up quietly, keeping under cover of the wall while he unlocks the door. Godfrey and I can stand out of sight on either side of the door as a sort of "covering party," and as soon as Kenneth turns the key one of us can give a kick and send the door flying open; then we will all jump back, so that if he goes for us we shan't be there. Then, when he has missed his blow, we can all run in and collar him.'

'Providing he's there,' said Kenneth.

'Of course,' Clive agreed. 'I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he's half-way to Aberguthrie by this time.'

'Have to make certain, all the same,' said Godfrey, and then they quietly took up their positions, Clive on the right of the doorway and Godfrey on the left.

Kenneth leant forward, holding on to the lintel with his right hand while he noiselessly inserted the key with his left. Then he turned it as quietly as possible and reached down to the handle. He signed to Clive, who put his foot in readiness against one of the lower panels. Kenneth turned the handle and at the same moment Clive kicked violently, throwing it wide open.

The three boys sprang back and waited for the expected attack. Instead came a voice: 'How much longer are you blackguards going to keep me like this? You untie these cords, can't you?'

CHAPTER XII.

WHO WAS IN THE LARDER?

THE boys all ran forward at the sound, stopping in amazement in the doorway as they saw the caretaker still sitting on the ground with his back to the leg of the billiard-table. The strips of dust-sheet were still round his body and his legs and hands were still bound. Godfrey leant over him, examining the knots.

'He can't have tied these himself,' he exclaimed. 'They are all as tight as ever!'

'Are you three boys all mad?' demanded the man. 'You tie me up in this ridiculous way and then come and ask if I did it myself! Strikes me you're all barmy!'

'How did you get out of this room?' demanded Clive, while Kenneth examined the door for signs that the lock had been forced.

'Get out?' exclaimed the man. 'If I'd got out I shouldn't be here. Nor would you. I'd have laid you out or put the police on to your track.'

The boys stood in a half-circle round him. 'Do you mean to say you haven't got out?' demanded Kenneth. 'You've been in here all the time?'

'Of course I have,' growled the caretaker. 'Your knots are too tight. If you undo them I'll settle the three of you in no time.'

'I believe he's telling the truth,' said Godfrey. 'Sure you didn't make a mistake, Clive?'

'You come and see for yourself,' was the answer. 'Lock him up first, though.'

As they turned to the door, the man spoke again. 'It'll be all the worse for you in the end if you don't let me out,' he said, but the boys paid no attention and Kenneth once more locked the door.

'It's jolly funny,' he said. 'I don't believe he got loose. Don't see how he could have done. Suppose some one else has taken the food?'

'Who?' demanded Godfrey.

'Some one might have got in at the window, as we did,' explained Kenneth.

'Not likely,' said Clive. 'Besides, he'd have had to go past the dog, then, and it was sitting on the path, you know. We'd have been certain to hear it bark while we were upstairs.'

(Continued on page 218.)

A DOUBLE NEST.

ON the second of May, 1871, the nest of a tree-creeper was discovered built in a disused box in a bee-hive, amongst the comb. By removing a little door at the back of the box we were able plainly to see the nest with two eggs in it. It continued in this condition until May 29th, when, having occasion to use the box, the nest was taken out, and was found to be a most curious construction.

Not only was there the tree-creeper's nest, but, built on to it as it were, was the nest of a titmouse with thirteen eggs in it. A dead tit was found in the hive. The two nests were joined so neatly that one could not tell where the one ended or where the other began. The tit's nest was lined entirely with cow-hair, the other chiefly with moss and hay, mixed with a little cow-hair.

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 206.)

THE SUCTION PRODUCER.—On page 212 is shown a diagram of a gas producer intended to produce a combustible gas for use in a gas engine. Before describing the producer we will consider the nature of the operation which it performs. The fuel which is used is generally the coal known as anthracite, which consists, speaking broadly, of carbon together with a smaller amount than usual of various hydro-carbons; although in some producers ordinary coal such as is burnt in household fires can be used. Sometimes coke or charcoal is the fuel employed. If a *limited* amount of air is passed through a glowing mass of this fuel the carbon is only partly burnt and carbon monoxide is produced, as we saw was the case in the blast furnace. If, at the same time, a quantity of steam is passed through the fuel, it is broken up into hydrogen and oxygen, the former of which is combustible and therefore useful in the engine cylinder, while the latter combines with some portion of the fuel to produce still further carbon monoxide.

Turning to the diagram of the gas producer we see that it consists of a tall cylindrical furnace, lined with a heat-resisting material such as firebrick, which is filled to a considerable depth, generally from one foot six inches to three feet, with fuel, which has to be in fairly small pieces so that, while there is a free passage for air through the fire, there are no holes which admit of air passing through without coming in contact with the hot fuel. At the bottom it stands over what is called a 'water seal'; in fact, in some producers the fire rests on a bank of ashes deposited in the seal itself.

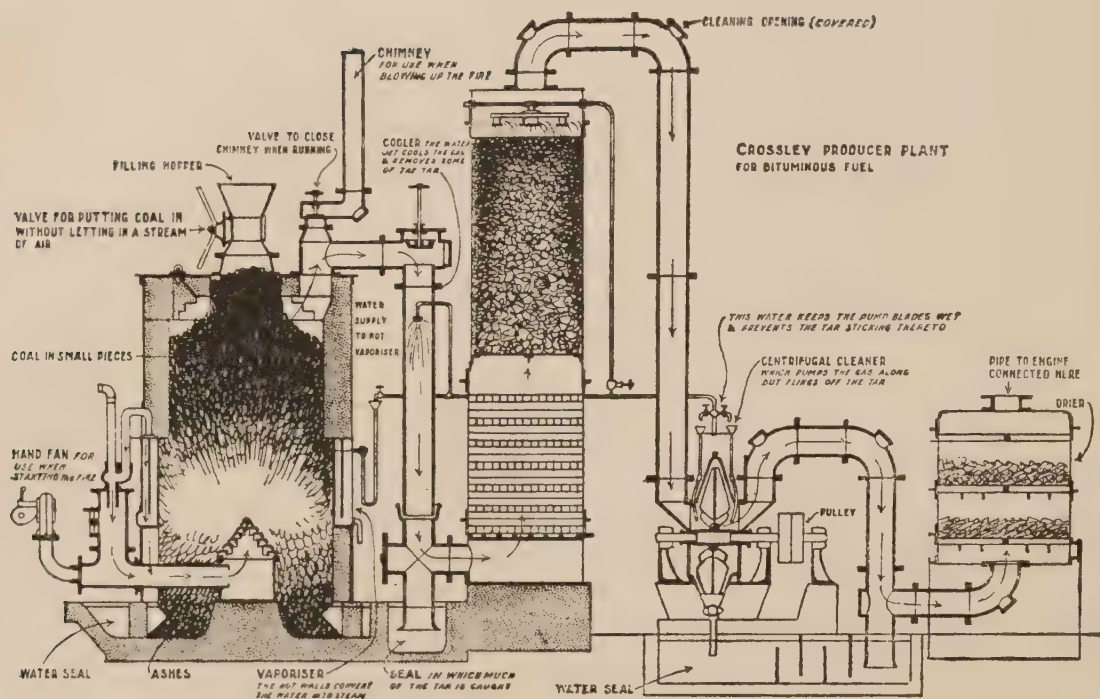
The air which is required in the process

does not pass straight through into the fire, but proceeds by a course shown by the arrows through the 'evaporator,' in which it passes over the outside of the hot gas-pipe over which a small stream of water is trickling. Here it becomes charged with steam, and the hot air mixed with steam enters the fire at the bottom.

You will note that air tends to make the fire hotter, as its oxygen promotes combustion of the fuel, while the steam tends to cool it down, as heat is required to separate hydrogen from oxygen, and therefore the proportion of air to steam has to be carefully regulated, for, if the steam is in excess, the fire will be extinguished, while, if the air is in excess, some carbon dioxide, which is incombustible, will be produced and thus some of the fuel will be wasted. The method of introducing the steam into the air helps to make the plant self-regulating, however.

On the closed top of the producer chamber there is a 'charging hopper,' which is closed above by a lid and below by a plate or bell somewhat resembling the arrangement used on a much larger scale in the blast furnace. These are never both opened at the same time, so that fuel can be introduced through what might be called a 'lock' without actually opening the producer to the atmosphere.

The hot gas which is produced consists of useful carbon monoxide and hydrogen mixed with the useless nitrogen of the air and sometimes a little useless carbon dioxide, in addition to a little tar and dust which must be removed before it is passed to the engine. It is, therefore, passed up and down the tall cooling and 'scrubbing' tower down which a supply of water flows in the form of spray and it emerges



as cool, clean gas. This seems to be a wasteful process, for we have removed and *lost* many heat units, but it must be remembered that it is necessary to cool the gas, as otherwise we should not be able to introduce it into the cylinder without it firing upon contact with the air.

A question which naturally arises is, 'Why should the air take the course indicated at all?' In this type of plant the engine causes the flow of air. When the piston is making its outward or suction stroke the pressure in the cylinder is considerably reduced, and air, in consequence, flows in through the producer and the scrubbing tower in order to fill up the partial vacuum thus created, and from this action the plant receives its name. It is for this reason that we have to use special kinds of fuel in the producer. If a coal which forms 'clinkers,' or produces a considerable amount of tar, is put into the producer, the passage of the air will be interfered with, either by the clinkers causing the small pieces of coal to stick together and wedge up in the producer, or by the tar clogging up the pipes, valves, and even the engine cylinder. Producers which burn our ordinary household coal (known as 'bitu-

minous coal') have special devices for removing tar. The gas made by this plant is not so 'rich' as Town Gas, *i.e.*, it will not generate as many therms per cubic foot; the French often call it 'gaz pauvre' in consequence, but it is much cheaper.

One cubic foot of Town Gas when burnt should give us about 450 to 500 heat units, *i.e.*, 1,000 cubic feet yield 4.5 to 5 therms, while a cubic foot of gas from the producer only gives 100 to 150 heat units or 1 to 1½ therms per 1,000 cubic feet, but the latter gas costs so much less than Town Gas that its therms are produced still much cheaper than those which can now be bought from the Gas Company.

Some Gas Companies may charge about eleven-pence for a therm, and while the cost of therms produced in a suction plant cannot be definitely stated, for they depend on so many factors such as the cost of coal and of its cartage, the cost of labour and difficulty of removing ashes, which vary in every case, its price ranges from one penny to three-pence each.

Another gas which is used in very large engines is the carbon monoxide which is pro-

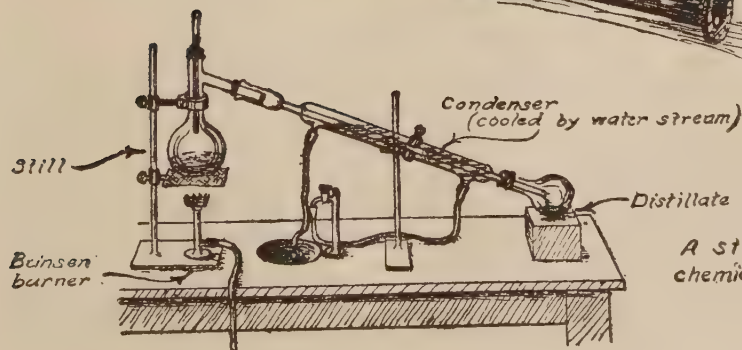
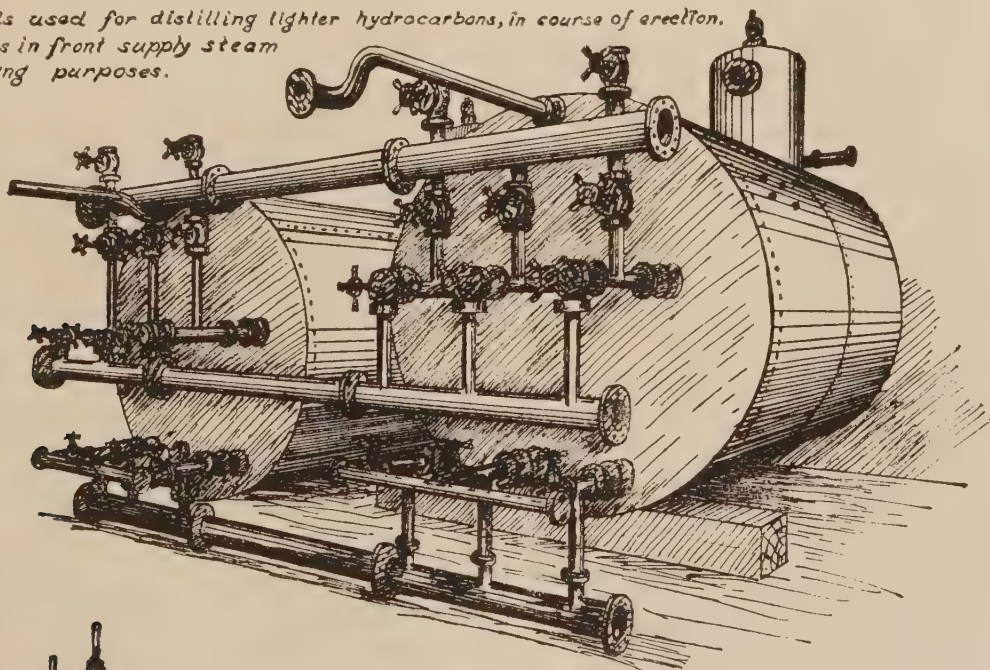
duced in the blast furnace. At one time, iron works used to burn their carbon monoxide to waste in huge flares at the furnace top, lighting up the surrounding country, or in the furnaces of its boilers; but now-a-days, after extracting what heat they can from it, they wash it to remove all traces of dust, and use it in gas engines. One cubic foot of blast furnace gas gives about 100 heat units, and as the big furnace already described provides about 5,000 tons of gas in a week, it is well worth saving.

Liquid Fuels.—The gases which we have already described are all derived, in some way or other, from coal which, as the reader knows, is obtained from certain seams in the earth's surface, usually called the 'coal measures.'

There is, however, a form of fuel which has come very greatly into favour during the last half-century, viz., oil.

Geologists tell us that coal was formed in the earth's surface, ages ago, from vegetable matter and that, in fact, the coal measures represent primeval forests which have been submerged beneath the sea and have had other strata laid down upon them. We do not quite know how oil was produced, though many geologists believe that it is probably due to the remains of animal life, which lived under the waters at or about the time when the primeval forests, which formed coal, were growing, and that, as a result of many centuries beneath the super-imposed strata, what we call mineral oil has been produced. It is obtained from

*Still used for distilling lighter hydrocarbons, in course of erection.
The pipes in front supply steam
for heating purposes.*



*A still used in a
chemical laboratory.*

wells all over the world, in America, Mexico, Burma, Persia, Mesopotamia and elsewhere, and as it issues from the well, generally under considerable pressure, it is a thickish dark-coloured fluid, sometimes very treacly, sometimes fairly mobile.

This fluid is called crude oil, and, after removal of any grit or solid matter it may contain, it can often be used without much further treatment in the Deisel engine. Chemical examination shows that crude oil is really a mixture of many of those compounds of hydrogen and carbon which we have already referred to as hydro-carbons. There is an interesting chemical fact with reference to these hydro-carbons, viz., that they exist in families or groups; and in one such group, that known as the paraffin series, every member has such a composition that its molecules consist of some number of carbon atoms combined with two more than twice as many hydrogen atoms, *i.e.*, the formula for a paraffin is C_nH_{2n+2} and crude oil is very often, and speaking in a quite general way, a mixture of various members of this family.

A very useful property of such a series as that of the paraffins is that the various members have boiling points and densities which increase as the number of carbon atoms in the molecule increases, so that some of the members evaporate at very low, while others will only boil at very high temperatures. It results from this that if we 'distill' the crude oil, *i.e.*, boil it and condense the vapour which results, the portion which is first boiled away (*i.e.* at the

lowest temperature) and condensed will consist of the lighter members of the series, and as the temperature of distillation is raised we shall get heavier and heavier oils, so that we can separate the various constituents of the original mixture by this 'fractional distillation' process. It is not done in quite this way, but the general principle is the same.

The very light members form what is known commercially as petrol, which consists of a mixture of the lowest liquid members of the family; later members form ordinary burning paraffin and still later ones are used as lubricating oils because they will not readily evaporate. When as many 'fractions' as possible have been obtained from the crude oil, the remainder is referred to as 'residue' oil, and even this can be burnt in some of the engines which are illustrated and described later in the chapter, although valuable chemical products, disinfectants and dyes can also be obtained, but these do not directly interest us.

Considering these as fuels we can divide them into three groups consisting of:

- (1) The lighter distillates forming petrol, which the Americans call gasoline.
- (2) Intermediate members which we call petroleum or paraffin and the Americans kerosene, and
- (3) The heavier members which are used for lubricating purposes, or burnt in Deisel engines, and the residue oil which is burnt in some engines and under boilers.

(Continued on page 238.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 203.)

OUR first consideration was to get back to the turnpike road. The mob, under the direction of its treacherous Captain, either from ignorance of the locality or intention, had been led in the direction of Horsham. It took us an hour to join the road again, which we did at a place called Reigate, from thence the road led through Banstead to Carshalton. It was evening when we reached the latter place. Our boots, which were sodden at Cuckfield, had dried in the sun and pinched our feet, making

our progress slow and painful. So footsore were we, that we counted ourselves very lucky on learning that a market-cart carrying vegetables and other farm produce, would in an hour's time start for Covent Garden Market in London, and that there might be an opportunity of riding. The waggoner seemed a good-tempered sort of man, and we concluded a bargain with him; it seemed that he was not taking a heavy load and that, with a little squeezing, there would be room for the three of us in the front. We agreed with him for

eighteen-pence, and, after a light meal, took our places in the waggon.

The pace left something to be desired, for I am sure we could have walked quicker; the jolting was far from pleasant, but it was a welcome rest to the feet. The motion made us drowsy, and more than once I fell asleep. I have a jumbled recollection of passing through several small places in the darkness, places bearing the most odd names—Tootling and Baa-lamb, according to the waggoner—of roadside houses with lights in the upper windows, and of a rather long wait at an inn to give the horses a drink of water. We had turned the collars of our coats about our ears, snuggled in among the market baskets, and sheltered by a great stack of cabbages, must have fallen into a sound sleep as we passed the outskirts of London.

Our first sight of London came to us on a sudden awakening: apparently we had emerged from a street of straggling houses on to a bridge, the waggoner, who was walking beside his horses, was prodding us with the butt-end of his whip, and his voice sounded odd in our drowsy ears, for it was accompanied by a medley of other sounds—voices and rumbling of wheels. ‘Wake up, young Masters—here we are.’ Our eyes opened in a moment; then, as we glimpsed the scene before us, they opened wide, indeed, with wonder—the dazzling lights near at hand, and those at a distance, like strings of glittering pearls, reflected and trembling in the water of the river—lofty buildings towering before us, their upper parts lost in the gloom of the sky; at the river-side buildings and lights, and beyond more buildings, and lights sprinkled everywhere. It was a display of the new coal gas burnt in the lamps of London, of which we had heard so much, but now saw for the first time. Trundling over the spacious bridge the waggoner pointed with his whip to the great buildings looming out of the darkness—‘The Parliament Houses—Westminster Abbey—Westminster Hall, and presently we shall pass the Palace of Whitehall,’ each well-known name, uttered in his homely voice, ringing in our ears as something familiar, yet incredible. We had no words to utter—we simply drew in our breath and looked—this was London and that was the river Thames. The realisation was big enough to occupy every corner of our minds and seal our lips.

Turning off the bridge and bearing to the

right, we passed Whitehall Palace and many other fine buildings. The streets were brightly illuminated, although it must have been close on mid-night, carriages were driving briskly in all directions, and quite a number of people were on foot—indeed, more than you will see in the streets of Lewes at mid-day. Again turning, we entered a magnificent thoroughfare of great breadth, with stately houses on each side. Many gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen were hurrying along the side-walk, or waited for the fine carriages which drove up to receive them. Carriages were dashing up, wheeling round and driving off, this way, that way: our lumbering waggon seemed like an elephant among deer. Now we were in a street more dimly lit and of less attractive appearance which led into a spacious market-place, where we came to a standstill among a number of waggons of like appearance and similar lading to our own.

The market presented a very different scene from that we had just witnessed; here also was plenty of life and movement, but the men wore rough and disordered clothing, or the round frock and gaiters of countrymen, and the few women who were seen were far from being clad in gay attire, and, as we have seen, the vehicles and horses were as complete a contrast. But it was a busy and cheerful scene over which the flaring coal gas threw its fantastic light. In the centre of the market was a long building divided into stalls, where choicest fruits were sold. It was open at the sides and ends for the ready passage of bustling buyers and sellers, the roof being supported on columns: the space around this building was thronged with market-carts and waggons, now in process of being unloaded of their freights of vegetables of all kinds, brought from the country for the morrow’s supply of the Metropolis—such quantities of vegetables as I had never seen, although, one might say, I am country-born. The piled-up carts—the heaps on the ground—the baskets, barrels, and sacks—the men on the waggons tossing the vegetables—the men catching and stacking them—the porters carrying them—salesmen counting or weighing them—clerks entering details in their books amid good-tempered banter, disputation, shouting and clatter on the stones—this, in the flickering light of lanterns and the flare of gas, was a scene to be remembered.

(Continued on page 222.)



“The waggoner seemed a good-tempered sort of man, and we concluded a bargain with him.”



"They dragged him to one end of the long seat."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 210.)

BY this time they had reached the kitchen. They went down into the larder and there was certainly no doubt that all the food had disappeared. Every shelf was bare. Godfrey turned to the locked door, tugging once more at its handle without succeeding in opening it.

'Wish we could get this open,' he exclaimed. 'I don't believe anybody came through the window, and in that case he must have come through here. And if that man Thompson had escaped from the billiard-room and come this way to pinch our grub, and then tied himself up again——!'

'I bet he didn't,' said Kenneth.

'Who took the grub, then?' Clive demanded.

'It would be a funny thing if we were wrong about the caretaker after all,' said Kenneth. 'I always said it wasn't proved, you know, and he does seem jolly certain. There'll be no end of a row if we've tied up the wrong man!'

'I should think there would!' said Godfrey. 'He'll make an awful lot of fuss, and if it comes to that we shan't have much excuse.'

'I don't see——' began Clive, when Godfrey interrupted.

'Look here,' he said. 'There are only three possibilities, aren't there? Either some one came in at the window and took the stuff this afternoon: that's possible, but then we know that some one has been coming through this door to take the stuff before and it isn't likely that this is some one else. If we rule that out and agree that whoever took it this time came the same way as before, through this door, then it was either that caretaker, or else it was some one else. If it was the caretaker, he must have been pretty smart in getting loose after we had tied him up, and somehow he must have unlocked the door of the room, and then got back and locked the door again and tied himself up just as we had left him. Seems to me that's impossible and we might as well rule that out too. In that case there must be some one else in the hotel!'

'I don't care,' Clive insisted. 'I believe it's the caretaker.'

'But if it isn't,' suggested Kenneth, 'it

would account for our not finding anything in his room upstairs. Only there'll be no end of a row when he finds out what we've done up there, cutting up his mattress and everything! And keeping him tied up without any dinner.'

'I vote we give him something,' said Godfrey.

'There isn't anything to give,' said Clive; 'and we shan't get any supper ourselves, at this rate.'

'Hadm't thought of that,' Godfrey admitted. 'Anyway, I don't think we ought to keep the fellow tied up any longer.'

'Can't let him loose!' exclaimed Clive. 'Even if he isn't the man that went for you, he was jolly fierce when we collared him, and we don't want all that over again!'

'Let's make a compromise,' suggested Kenneth. 'Keep him locked up, you know, but make him a lot more comfortable, and say we're sorry we can't give him a meal. Then, if we find we're wrong after all, he won't be likely to make so much fuss. He must be jolly uncomfortable, you know!'

'I think that's about the thing to do,' Godfrey agreed; 'and then we can find some tools and bash this door in, or else find the other side of it from the hotel, and settle the whole business.'

Clive still insisted that he was certain there wasn't anybody else than the caretaker. But Godfrey and Kenneth stood to their point, and eventually they all made their way back to the billiard-room, opening the door this time without special precautions. The man growled as they entered, but stopped when Kenneth crawled under the table and began to loosen the dust-sheets.

'Better put him in an armchair,' said Godfrey, and then Kenneth pointed out that round the sides of the room, against the wall, ran a long, leather-covered seat.

'Look here,' said Godfrey to the man, 'you seem jolly certain that it wasn't you that took our money, and now there seems just a chance that it wasn't. Only in that case there must be some one else living in this hotel. Anyway, we are going to make you a bit more

comfortable, and if we find we've made a mistake after all, you'll have to put that to our credit, you know. You can't blame us for taking precautions.'

'Blame you?' repeated the man. 'I should think I do blame you. Confounded young scoundrels! It'll be a long time before you hear the end of this.'

Between them they dragged him across the room to one end of the long seat and lifted him into it. His arms were still bound, and Kenneth now tied his right elbow to the wooden arm of the seat.

'How about his legs?' he suggested. 'Can't we let them loose? He must be so jolly cramped.'

'If you don't let me go——' began the man, when Clive interrupted.

'If you undo his legs,' he said, 'you'll have to look out for a good old kick on the shins. He's got Godfrey already.'

'Why not take his boots off, first?' suggested Kenneth. 'He can't do much harm in his socks, you know.'

'Right you are!' agreed Godfrey, and a minute later the man was sitting bootless, and stretching his cramped legs. He tried to rise, but his tied elbow held him fast.

'That's better,' approved Godfrey. 'Not half so uncomfortable. Now we will go and clear up the matter for good and all.'

(Continued on page 230.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

Written and Illustrated by H. W. WHANSLAW, Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.

VIII.—PENNY GAFFS AND SIDE-SHOWS.

'September 1 (1668). To the fair, and there saw several sights; among others the mare that tells money and many things to admiration.'—*Samuel Pepys*.

'On a sudden I had a hundred people about me crying, "Here, Monsieur, see *Jephtha's Rash Vow*, see the tall Dutchwoman," "See the tiger," "See the horse and no horse," . . . "See the *Siege of Namur*." So that betwixt rudeness and civility I was forced . . . to go home to my lodgings.'—*Monsieur Sorbière on a visit to London, 1698*.

NOWADAYS the words 'penny gaff' are used to indicate almost any sort of a side-show, at a fair, in a booth, or in some empty shop in a town, of which the landlord is not over-particular as to whom he hires it out. When the words are used to designate such shows as this, they convey a very wrong impression as to just what the real old penny gaffs were. Actually they were places where for the aforesaid sum of one penny, or in some cases twopence or threepence, a person could witness a form of dramatic entertainment which was neither a music-hall show nor a theatrical show, and yet, withal, a compound of them both.

At the 'penny gaff' of old, plays were performed, but the actors were more or less dumb, the spoken word was seldom used, because, by law, the lessees or proprietors of these places were forbidden to produce spoken dramas. So the play at a 'gaff' was a kind of pantomime and might be called in one sense the silent drama; the only occasion when the law was ignored being at some festival time, such as Christmas, when, during the course of the pantomime, or harlequinade,

which inevitably ended all the plays, clown and pantaloon indulged in a bout of witticisms, to the great delight of the crowd.

These extraordinary shows were exceedingly popular amongst the poorer Londoners, and the halls wherein the shows were held never failed to be packed to the utmost of their seating capacity.

The 'Rotunda' in Blackfriars Road was a very famous and popular 'gaff' in the middle of the nineteenth century, and there were others equally popular where 'standing room only' was the usual thing the late arrival could expect to find (fig. 1). The performances in these places would be repeated several times during the course of an evening, and the 'artistes' were not only worked to death, but were given only just enough wages to keep them from reaching that end by poverty and starvation.

The 'gaffs' continued in popularity for many years. In the 'seventies' of the nineteenth century they were patronised by as great crowds as flocked to them thirty or forty years before. But a day came when their sun began to set. Perhaps it was the rise of the music

halls, with their long and varied programmes and cheap seats, that drove the nails into the coffin of the penny gaff. Whatever it was, this cheap home of the drama has passed into the land of 'once upon a time,' and the place thereof knows it no more.

Now, the penny gaff was by no means a movable affair; its home was a substantial building, and although its actors might truly be called pedlars of pleasure, yet it has its place in this narrative only because of its old-time association with the passing showmen,



Fig. 1.—In a real 'Penny Gaff'—the Rotunda, Blackfriars Road.

and because of its connection, in name alone, with the so-called penny 'gaffs' that are more rightly designated 'side-shows.'

At a side-show one gets either 'edification' or amusement, generally the latter. It may be in a canvas booth at a fair, or a curtained-off section of a great hall, or even in one of the empty shops of a great town, that the side-show blossoms forth in all its gaudy glory. In many cases a lurid painting on a sheet of canvas hangs in a conspicuous place, signed at the bottom corner by the perpetrator, who invariably adds the word 'Artist,' in case one might imagine it was painted by the house-decorator, whose materials have been used for the job.

In addition to the painting, a huge card or sheet of tin sets forth the price of admission. If it is a card the doorsman handles it with conspicuous care, and sagely points to the large figure of a penny or twopence with his little cane. If it is a sheet of tin he uses it as a gong as well. A few framed photographs,

which may—or may not—represent what the audience will see, complete the exterior. It takes, as a rule, about three times as long to get the audience in as it does to show them what is inside when they get there, though in the majority of cases the crowd certainly get a fairly good show for their penny. To enumerate every type of side-show would take a lifetime, for practically *anything* might be put in a booth and placed on exhibition. A learned pig, like the far-famed 'Toby,' or a working model of a coal-mine or railway; one of those masterpieces of the taxidermist's art, consisting of a half of a monkey and the tail of a *cod*, carefully joined together and called a 'mermaid,' or a little old man who sits on a bench and shows us 'how they makes the glass bottles,' a marvellous old man, a real artist at his job (fig. 2).

It may probably be a 'Pepper's ghost' or a waxwork show like Mrs. Jarley's, in Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop*—a very faithful picture—or a highly educational affair entitled 'Prince' Tumpti-tumpti's 'Wild African Village,' wherein one sees much brown skin and rows of gleaming white teeth, and knobkerries from the Cape, Papuan shields, Abyssinian spears, West African grass mats and East African idols, and at the same time hears one's own English language spoken a great deal better by a native of Dahomey than by the open-mouthed crowd that listen to him. Throughout the whole show the tom-tom beats incessantly, and as a rule these native shows are particularly good.

The fair-ground side-shows seems to have been in existence for a very long time; in

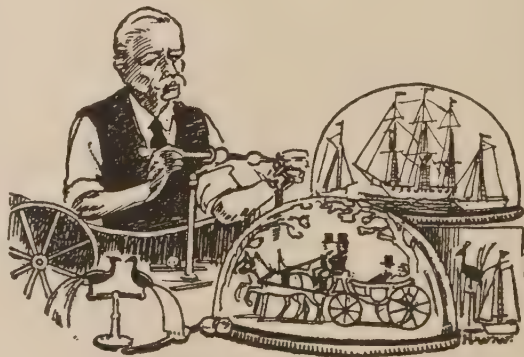


Fig. 2.—The Glass Blower and his marvellous work. One of them was appearing in the London Fairs a hundred years ago.



Fig. 3.—The 'African Village'—a 'Prince in Exile.'

fact, ever since there was a fair, a show of some sort. Giants, dwarfs, freaks of every kind, strange wonders brought from distant lands by seafaring men, performing animals, or what-not, were all to be met with hundreds of years ago, just as they are to-day (fig. 4). Ben Jonson brings quite a number of them into his *Bartholomew Fair* (1613). Another writer, of 1682, mentions the rope dance, a Dutch giant, and a performing bear.

At a much later date (1825) William Hone,



Fig. 4.—Side-shows at Bartholomew Fair, 1825—a Wild Malay, two Dwarfs, and a Giant Boy. From Sketches at the Fair by Mr. Samuel Williams.

who visited the fair, gives a list of no less than twenty-two of these side-shows, from menagerie and freak shows to wild Indian and 'tame' panoramas. In the list the freaks easily predominate, and nearly every show

has either a giant or a dwarf as its centre of attraction.

It is strange that this particular type of show should still be as popular as ever, for freaks of all kinds draw good crowds, especially in America. Barnum was an excellent showman, and knew this side of his business thoroughly, and got together the most extraordinary collection of side-shows that ever came in front of the public.

Another type of side-show is the shop-show, a development, in a way, of the old-time side-show that would put up in an inn-yard and make a rich harvest of pennies from the rustics that flocked to see its wonders. Sometimes the proprietor of one of these shows brought his marvels to London and made a shop-show of it, as did Mr. Ivan Ivanitz Chabert, who called himself 'the only Really Incombustible Phenomenon.' He took Number 87, Pall Mall, and twice a day, afternoon and evening, he astonished the Londoners—at three shillings, two shillings, and one shilling a time—by sticking his head in a fire, and eating red-hot charcoal, and drinking boiling oil, and



Fig. 5.—The Lady Fire-eater—Signora Girardelli.

literally *playing with fire*. His show was *not* a penny gaff. Evidently Monsieur Chabert was *not* the *only* Incombustible Phenomenon, for a certain Signora Josephine Girardelli did exactly the same sort of thing at Richardson's Theatre (fig. 5). Then there was the, 'Papyrusium,' a show of models and pictures 'done' in paper; and the young lady of Lyons, at

89, Strand, an armless wonder, who did most marvellous things with her feet. In 1820 there were two lots of performing *fleas* on exhibit in Regent Street. The proprietor of one of these establishments called himself 'a *collarer* of fleas,' and the owner of the rival show announced on *his* handbill that 'L. B. has no connection whatever with a Person who travels about the Country with a pretended *Fac Simile* of part of his late Exhibition.' These performing nuisances did some very wonderful things—if the handbills are anything to judge by, but the person who *dressed* them up as Wellington and Napoleon, and ladies and gentlemen, must have had not only good eyesight, but a delicate sense of touch.

They were all 'passing shows,' here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow. As soon as a district began to lose its interest, they would pack up and be off to some other place. One wonders if any of them ever made a fortune at their strange profession. Many of the freaks that have showed in America have made huge piles out of their seeming misfortunes—'Zip,' for instance, Barnum's famous human enigma, the 'What-is-it?' This strange creature is still alive, though he must be a very great age, but he is immensely rich too, and so are many others who got their living in the same way. But it is a

curious kind of existence—always on show, or else hidden away from the view of men, until some one pays to look. Truly, one half of the world knows not how the other half lives.

THE SENTRY.

WITH weapon bright, the livelong night,
I'm standing at 'attention';
And many curious folk I see—
Too many far, to mention.

'Who goes this way?' I sometimes say,
As a crooked elf walks by;
'A shadow from the land of Moon.'
'All clear! little friend,' say I.

And sometimes, too, I catch a glimpse,
On the table, bed, or chair,
Of strangers fleet, on silent feet,
And I challenge, 'Who goes there?'

'We're dreams,' they say, 'and we're on our way
To the place where the Child has gone.'
Then, if they are sweet, with a smile I greet—
'Hail! little friends, pass on.'

With weapon bright, the livelong night,
I'm ready for any foe;
So sleep, little Maid, and don't be afraid—
The night-light's on sentry-go.

LILIAN HOLMES.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 215.)

'WELL,' exclaimed Jemmy, diving his hands into his breeches pockets, 'if this doesn't beat cock-fighting.' It was Jemmy's way of expressing his feelings; Dick and I had no way of expressing ours.

We had a scalding hot cup of coffee at a stall that was being well patronised, and invited the waggoner to join us. He was a jolly sort of man, with red cheeks and a fringe of black whisker round his face, and had been cheery and kind on the journey, so we could do no less.

'What are you going to do with yourselves now, young Masters?' he said, after recovering from a mouthful of coffee that brought the tears into his eyes. 'You can't go knocking up the gentry at this time o' night, and you'll find

lodgings in London pretty dear, I warn you, beside which you be spoilt the night and wouldn't get your money's worth.'

'We'll have to walk up and down and whistle for the day,' said Jemmy.

'Look here,' said Dick, addressing the man, and frowning at him as if he were about to pick a quarrel instead of asking a favour, 'couldn't you make us up a bed under your waggon now you've got your horses out? Some bundles of hay and a few sacks would do nicely, your unloading wouldn't disturb us a bit—I've had enough walking about, and want to begin the day fresh to-morrow.'

'I was going to perpose something o' the sort,' said the waggoner, with a good-tempered grin. 'You're quite welcome. I could make

you up a tolerable bed easy enough, and it wouldn't cost me anything—just some hay and some sacks and a couple of horse-cloths, and you'd be as snug as dormice.'

'The very thing,' said Jemmy, 'you're one of the right sort. A friend in need's a friend indeed—there you have it in poetry. For kindheartedness you'll find there's nothing like the men who have to do with 'osses—I don't mean the betting sort, but them as put 'osses to their natural use. The very thing. I like the smell of 'osses, I've been used to it all my life; I'd as soon have it as a posy of mignonette. All this going on round about's real cheerful. Some people like to pull down the blinds and shut out the light and stuff their ears with cotton-wool, but I like to go to sleep and see other people working—you shut your eyes and smile to yourself and think you're a lucky dog.'

There was some truth in what Jemmy said; at any rate, I was not disposed to contradict it. Dick kept yawning, and every time he yawned, I followed suit. We tucked the horse-cloths round us and were quite warm, and I never had a better night's sleep in all my life.

CHAPTER XII.

NO. 4 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

WE were awakened in the morning by the waggoner, who was about to put his horses in the shafts and remove the roof from over our heads. We crawled out, and going to a pump at the far end of the Market, had a good wash, and felt fit for anything.

The waggoner bade us good-bye. 'Twice a week I come to Common Garden Market,' said he. 'I'll be up again on Wednesday night and back Thursday morning; so be you don't find situations to your liking in London' (he had got it into his head that the three of us wanted situations in London) 'I'll be main pleased to take you back as far as Carshalton, same terms as afore. I'll have a empty waggon there 'cepting for cake for the ship' (meaning oil-cake for the sheep), 'an' you'll have room to kick your legs.'

In the morning light the Market looked very untidy, but it was still full of activity. The salesmen at the stalls were busy rearranging their stock, making a fine display to tempt wealthy customers who would appear later in the day. Numbers of small carts and handbarrows were still unloading, and among the baskets and barrels, and in odd corners, poor

people searched for something eatable among discarded vegetables and damaged fruit. Through the clatter of the Market was heard the rumble of traffic in the great thoroughfare through which we had passed the previous night, and beyond it the silvery chiming of church bells.

We were in London: it was an exhilarating thought. We drank our coffee and ate our thick bread-and-butter at the coffee-stall with relish and great content in an atmosphere of boundless novelty.

Brushing the crumbs from his corduroys, Jemmy stood up, his legs wide apart, hands thrust into his breeches' pockets, his head moving from side to side, surveying the scene with a complacent smile.

'Well,' said he, 'there ought to be plenty of work for an ostler in this little village, but I'm not going to snap at the first job that comes along—not me. There's plenty of work for a really good man who understands his job to pick and choose from. There's no credit in this sort of work.'

Jemmy indicated the extent of the Market with a slow comprehensive movement of the hand. 'I'm for the west end of the town, where all the toffs live. I saw some slapping turn-outs last night after we'd crossed the bridge: lovely 'osses—make your mouth water—I think a Member of Parliament or a general or a lord would suit me—I wonder if that lord of yours wants a groom? There's no harm in inquiring, is there? At any rate, I'll come with you. How do I look, Master Roger—fairly presentable, as they say? It's a bad thing to sleep in your clothes; my waistcoat is all rucked up. I wish I had a bit o' looking-glass.'

This misgiving of Jemmy's had also entered my mind; it would not do to appear before his lordship like a young ragamuffin. I could not see myself, but I was none too well pleased with Dick's appearance; he had well washed his face, it is true, but his hair was far from tidy; a lock stuck out behind like a black-bird's tail, and his clothes were creased and dusty. We retired to the far end of the Market, and did the best we could for one another. Jemmy borrowed a brush at one of the stalls, and we made ourselves fairly respectable; and, with the confidence in ourselves which this conviction gave, we sallied forth in quest of No. 4 South Audley Street.

(Continued on page 226.)



“‘What are you going to do with yourselves now, young Masters?’”



"Dick related the whole story."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.L.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 223.)

TO give an idea of all we saw in London is quite beyond me; moreover, it does not belong to this narrative. Such broad streets, lofty buildings and handsome shops I had never seen or imagined. The streams of people and number of carriages were bewildering. It was not surprising that we lost our way. We had taken it in turns asking the names of places and buildings; then grew tired of it and gave it up; in point of fact, we did not like displaying our ignorance, and became shy of meeting the queer gaze of those whom we addressed. We found ourselves in St. James's Park; the sight of it was well worth losing our way. We were looking out for St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London, and Dick particularly wanted to see the Bank of England. We rather expected that the Tower of London rose from the middle of the town, and dominated it, as the Castle does at Lewes; we found, however, that these buildings lay in the opposite direction to that which we were pursuing.

At last we reached South Audley Street and stood looking up at No. 4. It was a fine house—straight up and down, but still a very fine house, with a Greek portico and a flight of steps leading up to the door. Dick and I straightened our backs and mounted the steps. Jemmy was, of course, to remain outside. He whispered in my ear, 'If the conversation turns on 'osses, you might put in a word for me.'

Dick rang the bell, and almost immediately the door opened. Judge of our surprise and delight when we saw in the gorgeous footman who stood before us the man who had befriended us at the Royal George Inn at Brighthelmstone. We had never given a thought to such a possibility, although it was not an unlikely thing to expect, and were as overjoyed as though we had met an old friend.

He gave us a smile of recognition and said: 'Well, young gentlemen, I think we have met before. I suppose you want to see his lordship. Come in. I'll inquire if he can see you. You are luckier than you were last time; his lordship is at home and, I think, disengaged. Take a seat a minute.'

This was, indeed, good fortune. It had not occurred to us till that moment that we might arrive at No. 4 South Audley Street only to find that his lordship was out, or even that he had gone away again or was sitting in the House of Lords. Yes, we were fortunate. Dick had the broadest smile on his countenance I had seen for the last three days. We were a trifle nervous, of course; such a magnificent entrance hall, with tapestry hanging, pictures, and marble statues, and the softest of carpets had an effect on one, beside which an interview with a lord is a thing to make any one nervous.

Our friend the footman reappeared on the staircase, and with a motion of the finger bade us follow him. As he led us up the staircase, he said in a low voice, 'I have told his lordship something about it. Don't be afraid; just speak out what you have to say; and speak up, for he's a little deaf.'

The footman tapped at a door, then opened it wide, and we entered. It was a soberly furnished room, and would have been dull but that it was lofty, and two fine windows reaching almost from floor to ceiling brightened it up. At the table sat an elderly gentleman, whose dress was somewhat antiquated. He wore the wig, cravat, and long-skirted coat of thirty years ago. His brow was severe and the lower part of his face fleshy, but his eyes were kindly. He looked like a man who would be genial and benevolent unless one were unfortunate enough to cross his will.

'Be seated,' he said, motioning with his hand as he turned slightly toward us and crossed his legs. 'So you have come a long distance to see me—from Lewes, my man informs me—on a matter of serious importance; you would scarcely have come so long a journey had it been otherwise.'

'Yes, my lord,' we both replied at once, but Dick spoke out so boldly that it seemed to me he intended to be chief spokesman, so I let him.

'Now tell me what you have to say without any beating about the bush,' said his lordship.

So Dick related the whole story from the finding of the wounded gentleman on the night

of the great storm to the disappearance of the Captain, quite correctly and with but one or two omissions, which I made good.

'Now give me a description of the wounded gentleman,' said his lordship. 'Is he old or young, tall or short, dark or fair?'

'His hair is black,' Dick replied, 'and he looked very pale. He is neither young nor old—about thirty, I should say.'

'Or forty,' I suggested.

'He is tall, I should think, from the length of him,' continued Dick. 'I only saw him lying down. He wore a big riding-coat and top-boots, with——'

'Never mind his coat and boots,' said his lordship. 'Is his appearance that of a gentleman?'

'Oh, yes,' replied Dick; 'and so is his dress—fine linen cravat and lace frills.'

'Then there is the ring on his finger, Dick,' I prompted.

'Yes, a handsome ring on his finger—a diamond ring, I should think.'

'Is he anything like that?' asked his lordship, suddenly turning and pointing to a portrait on the wall. The picture represented a handsome young man in military uniform leaning against a marble column, a very dark cloud behind him, and a battle going on very low down in the distance.

Dick looked at it critically. 'He doesn't look so young as that,' he said, shaking his head, 'and his face is not so pink.'

'Um!' his lordship grunted. 'Now tell me what the letter was like, and give me a full description of this Captain you speak of.'

Dick did so, saying how the letter was addressed, that there was a smear on the cover, and that there was something within that made it bulge a little at one corner. He also gave a very life-like description of the Captain.

(Continued on page 239.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

Written and Illustrated by RUTH COBE, Author of 'The Magnificent and his Times,' &c.

VII.—THE NEW WORLD.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was convinced that India might be reached by sailing westward. His knowledge of navigation was great. He had been to sea since he was fourteen years old, and had made many voyages along the Mediterranean Sea, and had even been as far as Iceland. He lived in a great age, when men were struggling for knowledge. The fall of Constantinople to the Turks, in 1453, had brought many refugees to Italy with their learning and old manuscripts and fragments of ancient art from earlier Greek civilisation. There was a great awakening in men's minds, and, by the invention of printing a few years later, the new learning was enabled to be spread throughout the lands.

Columbus came from Italy; he was born in Genoa in 1436. His father's name was really Colombo, but it became altered later, and to the Spaniards it was known as Colum.

Christopher's father was a weaver, and the boy was sent to the special schools for the children of weavers. Later he was apprenticed to his father, and worked for some time carding wool and weaving cloth. But his thoughts were elsewhere; he had always been fascinated by the ships in the harbour and

everything to do with the sea. This led to his going to sea at an early age, although when on shore he still worked at his old trade. But Christopher Columbus was not satisfied with being merely a seaman. He studied history and geography, and became a good draughtsman of maps—he understood everything to do with navigation. His mind became full of the idea that India, which European explorers had approached from their east as early as the times of Alexander the Great, could be found by sailing across the ocean on the west from the then farthest known western land, the Canary Islands; that if they only sailed far enough on the eastern side of India, land must be reached. He may even have heard tell of the legends of early explorers that had found land far out to the west. A map published in the year of the first voyage of Columbus shows how the most learned geographers of that day imagined what the world was like.

For many years his project was looked upon as visionary, and no one would pay any attention to it. The fitting out of even a small expedition was an expensive one, and Columbus had no money himself for such a scheme, and he became poorer, for the years passed, through his efforts to get his ideas taken up.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



A Map of the World published in 1492, just before Columbus discovered the New World.

He approached the states of Genoa, Portugal, France, England, and Spain, only to be disappointed again and again. In the year 1480 he made up his mind to turn his back on Spain, and with his little son Diego he journeyed on foot into France. At the convent of La Rabida, near Palos, he rang the bell to ask for a glass of water and bread for his little son. The monks were attracted by the distinguished-looking stranger, and it was

COLOMBVS LYGVNNOVI
ORBIS REPTOR



The only authentic portrait of Columbus, published in his old age.



The Arms of Columbus.

through the guardian of the convent that Columbus was finally brought into the presence of the King, Ferdinand, and Queen Isabella of Spain. Even then there was more delay, and some years passed before an arrangement was finally made between Columbus and the Spanish sovereigns. He was appointed Admiral Viceroy and Governor-General of all such lands as he should discover. Three ships were provided for him, and on Friday, August 3rd, 1492, the expedition set sail, the Admiral being in the largest vessel, the *Santa Maria*.

A large crowd had assembled to see the little vessels weigh their anchors, but few expected ever to see them again: the adventurers seemed to be going to certain death.

Columbus sailed first for the Canary Islands; off there he was becalmed for two days, but the vessels finally set sail into the unknown on September 9th. As the days passed the crew grew alarmed: the compass, owing to the strange latitudes, varied in a way unknown before. Many strange birds were seen, and the sea was covered with dense weeds. So thick were they that it was feared that the ship would become immovable, and all would perish.

After they had been three weeks at sea the voyagers began to expect to see land, and several times were deceived by the shape of distant clouds. The great length of the voyage began to tell upon the spirits of the crew, and they were inclined to be mutinous. Columbus tried to encourage them, but he also said that, 'whether they complained or not, he would go on until he found the Indies, with the help of God.' It was not until the 11th October, a moonlight night, that the look-out man on one of the smaller boats reported 'land in sight,' and an island was seen some miles ahead. The ships waited until daylight, and then anchored off the eastern end.

Columbus went ashore in an armed boat, followed by the captains of the other two ships. He sprang on to the beach, bearing the Royal Standard of Spain, knelt down and returned thanks, solemnly taking possession of the land in the name of his king and queen. Thus had Columbus succeeded in his enterprise, he had arrived at land, he believed he had discovered a new route to India. He did not yet realise that he had discovered a new continent. In reality he had landed at a small island, which he named San Salvadore. It was probably Watling Island. He continued his voyage, and soon after discovered Cuba and several

other larger islands. He returned to Spain on the 15th March, 1493. His arrival created a sensation; the majority of people had never expected him to return, but he had reached home again, bringing with him many, many strange birds and plants, and even natives from the strange countries he had to tell about. Columbus made three other voyages, and eventually reached the coast of South America. But he suffered many tribulations; the search for gold was the object of many who sailed with him rather than the thirst for discovery which actuated Columbus himself, and through misrepresentations he fell into disgrace with his sovereigns.

But Christopher Columbus had done much more than he himself and others of his own time could realise. His work was to have a lasting effect on the human race. It divided the new from the old order of things. He showed the way for others. He lives in men's minds as the man who crossed the Atlantic and discovered a New World.

A WISE DOG.

THERE was formerly a curly retriever in an English country town bearing the name of 'Shock,' which set an example of good manners and intelligence to the animals which are not dumb. He carried the cat of the stables tenderly in his mouth, and would have carried the kitten, but for a long while the kitten preferred its own means of locomotion. When an elephant got into trouble in the river near-by, this wise Shock was sent to turn him out, and his perseverance succeeded. He often insisted on carrying a bundle of umbrellas to the station, and safely delivered them to their owners, and then with many wags of his brown tail he demanded a half-penny for his trouble. This half-penny he carried to the nearest shop, laid it on the counter, and received his biscuit in return. Need we say this dog had a kind, sensible master?

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 219.)

THE boys left the caretaker struggling on the seat, and went out into the corridor, locking the door behind them.

'How about some tools?' exclaimed Clive,

and Kenneth suggested that they should first explore the ground floor of the hotel, in the hope of finding either a new way into the cellars, or else a useful weapon with which to

break down the door. They unlocked several doors, making their way into the lounge, the dining-room, and a smoking-room, where they were successful in finding a strong-looking poker. Then, when they had opened a fourth door, they suddenly found themselves once more in the big kitchen.

'Pity we hadn't that key from the first,' said Godfrey. 'Come along, you two; let's go for that door.'

They went at once to the larder, Kenneth suggesting that since the door was bolted, as they knew, on the other side, it would probably be easiest if they tried to bash it in at the hinge. Godfrey took the poker and rained a succession of blows, first near the top where he imagined one hinge to be, and then lower in search of the other. He succeeded in denting the wood, but otherwise little was accomplished. As he stopped for breath, Clive leant forward to examine the woodwork.

'Not much use just bashing at it like that,' he said. 'You'll have to get one end in somewhere and then try to use the poker as a crow-bar. I vote we cut at the wood where it's splintered, and then there'll be a hole to work in.'

He started at the top, while Kenneth followed suit lower down, enlarging the dents that Godfrey had made. Soon Kenneth stood up, announcing that his hole was large enough, but when Godfrey inserted the poker it was still impossible to push it far enough in for a proper leverage.

They then started cutting once more, while Godfrey stood and watched them.

Suddenly Clive looked up from his work. 'I say,' he cried, 'we never looked for that key.'

'What key?' demanded Godfrey.

'If the caretaker got out of that room before,' Clive explained, 'as he hasn't smashed the lock or touched the windows, he must have had a key. You know we said that Kenneth must have overlooked it.'

'No, we didn't,' said Kenneth. 'You did, but that didn't count.'

'Anyhow,' persisted Clive, 'we ought to have made sure, because if he has got a key he might get out again.'

'Perhaps we'd better have a look,' said Godfrey.

'Come along,' cried Clive. 'No time to be lost.'

And though Godfrey and Kenneth, feeling

certain that it was not the caretaker who had made his way to the larder, were less excited, they put down their tools and followed Clive. This time they took the short cut through the door of the kitchen which they had opened, so that in very little time they stood once more outside the billiard-room door.

Kenneth turned the key and they entered the room. The window opposite the door was open, with its shutter thrown back. The caretaker had disappeared!

'I say,' cried Godfrey, 'he's got away!'

'I told you he would,' exclaimed Clive. 'And this proves that he got loose before.'

'I don't see that it does,' said Kenneth. 'Seems to me it proves that he didn't. He didn't get out of the window before; we know that. And if he got out of the door last time, why didn't he go the same way now? If he had the key it would have been much less trouble than smashing this shutter.'

'What has he done to it?' Godfrey demanded.

Kenneth picked up a poker from the floor. 'Smashed the padlock with this,' he said. 'I say, we have made a mess of things, leaving him here without taking this out of reach.' He turned towards the fireplace. 'He could have taken the tongs, too, if he wanted them,' he added.

'Wonder where he's gone?' said Godfrey.

'Waiting somewhere for us,' suggested Clive.

'I don't believe it,' said Kenneth. 'I believe we made a mistake in tying him up. I bet he wasn't our man at all. In that case he won't be the kind of man to go for us; he will simply go off to Aberguthrie and tell the police, and bring them back to deal with us. Looks to me as if we are going to be in a mess.'

'He won't go to the police if he's the man that has got our money,' said Clive.

'I tell you he isn't,' Kenneth insisted. 'If he'd been that sort of man, he wouldn't have left this poker here. He'd have taken it with him and tried to murder us with it.'

'Something in that,' Godfrey agreed. 'Has he taken his boots?'

Clive looked under the table. 'They've gone, all right,' he said. 'What are we going to do now? Wait for him to come back with the police?'

(Continued on page 234.)



"The caretaker had disappeared!"



"The screws of the hinge were wrenched from the lintel."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 231.)

'We can't wait,' answered Godfrey. 'We're out to get that money back and there's a ten-to-one chance that we'll find it as soon as we've broken down that door in the larder. I'm going to get on with that job at once. If the police turn up, we can hand the job over to them. Only it will take the man about three hours to get to Aberguthrie and explain everything, and quite half an hour for anybody to come out here, even if they get a car. So we ought to have plenty of time to settle our business.'

'What are we going to do then?' asked Kenneth. 'Run for it?'

'Don't see the use,' said Godfrey. 'Bothered if I want to be a hunted criminal and all that, with a reward on my head—and that is what will happen if we try to get away. Besides, we don't know where to run to except to Aberguthrie, and we shouldn't have a chance there. I vote we get our money back and collar the man that took it. Then we shall have him as evidence of what we were after when we went for the caretaker. We can explain that we simply made a mistake and got hold of the wrong man; and say we're sorry, you know, and all that; and I don't see that they can do much. Anyway we can't do anything else.'

'Right-oh!' said Clive. 'I'm game if you are. But if we've only got three hours, the sooner we get on with things the better. That door is going to be a tough bit of work.'

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CELLARS.

THE work of breaking down the door proved rather easier than Clive had imagined. When the boys returned to the larder he and Kenneth at once set to work, enlarging with their pen-knives the grooves into which they meant to insert the poker in order to force the hinges. Clive soon had his ready, and in a few minutes Kenneth stood up, brushing the dust off his knees, as he declared that he was sure that would be enough.

It was decided to attack the bottom hinge first, and accordingly the poker was inserted into Kenneth's groove and pushed in as far as it would go. Kenneth's knife was put against

the woodwork to act as a hold to prevent the lever simply pressing a new dent into the lintel, and then, while Kenneth knelt to hold the poker close to the woodwork, Godfrey and Clive grasped it at the further end.

'All together!' cried Clive, and they put their weight on to it, stopping a second later to push the poker farther into the enlarged hole. Suddenly they heard a wrenching and a tearing, the poker slipped, and as it came away they all fell backwards. Kenneth was the first to recover himself, and setting his foot against the bottom of the door he pushed hard, finding that the lower hinge had been torn away.

'Now for the top one,' he cried, and they all stood up to set the poker in position. This proved more difficult, as Kenneth was not tall enough to reach up, and Clive found that he could not use much strength in pulling with his hands above his head. However, a chair was fetched from the kitchen, and after a few minutes' hard work, the screws of the hinge were wrenched from the lintel, and suddenly the door fell inwards. Kenneth darted across it, but Godfrey caught him by the shoulder.

'Mind how you go,' he whispered. 'We must be very careful.'

Clive had kept hold of the poker; and now he went forward, crouching, down a dark passage, while the others followed, feeling their way along the stone walls. Just beyond the top of the door as it lay on the ground, was a flight of steps, down which they went. It was then clear that they were in the cellars under the hotel, for they first discovered a number of barrels stacked against the wall. They were no longer in a narrow passage, but in a series of cellar-rooms, opening one into another. All were in complete darkness, so that Godfrey had repeatedly to strike matches, while Clive and Kenneth stood in readiness for an attack; but no one was to be seen. The third cellar had two doors, one on the right and the other on the left. Clive led the way first through that on the right, only to find that beyond was a single room without another door, and as empty as those which they had already seen.

(Continued on page 247.)

THE FOOLISH RAT.

MR. CAIN, the rat, lived in an underground retreat, on the borders of a potato field. Although he was very wise in many respects, he was very foolish in others.

He was like a good many small boys—he loved collecting. Boys collect postage stamps, marbles, and cigarette cards, but Mr. Cain collected potatoes.

You see, he was always under the impression that sooner or later there would be no food left for him, and he determined to store up so many potatoes that he would never be hungry.

Day after day Mr. Cain would go out in the field, and dig until he found a potato. This he would very cleverly roll between his two front paws to his burrow, and would then roll it down into his 'nest,' to be placed in a neat row with many others. He did this so many times a day for many months that his burrow began to get full.

But still the foolish rat continued, until one day his burrow did get full, right up to the entrance-hole. He could put no more in, and he had so tightly wedged the potatoes together that he could not get them out. Mr. Cain thus had to go far away to where he knew of a vacant burrow, and his work during the winter months was wasted.

* * * * *

A few weeks later the ploughman came with his team of horses, and ploughed the potato field. On the borders of the field he dug up Mr. Cain's old burrow, and was very surprised to find so many potatoes, and he wondered who had put them there.

MARY'S SIXPENNY APPLE.

MARY THORNTON'S home was a pretty little house on the top of a cliff, overlooking the sea. The garden was gay with flowers in summer, but no trees grew in this garden—only low bushes and shrubs. Right down in the sheltered valley, however, houses and cottages were covered with creepers and roses; apple and pear-trees flourished and bore luscious fruit.

Mary loved going to this valley, especially when the trees were covered with blossom or fruit.

'I wish Daddy would plant apple-trees in our garden!' cried Mary, one lovely autumn morning, as she skipped along by her mother's side.

They were just passing close to an apple-tree—one of its branches spread beyond the cottage wall, over the road, and was laden with fruit.

'Poor apple-trees! They wouldn't have a chance on the top of our breezy cliff!' laughed her mother.

'But I like apples very much!' sighed Mary, pouting. She lingered behind her mother, suddenly attracted by a large red apple, which chose that moment to fall off its branch, bounce on the wall, then roll on the ground towards Mary's feet. In an instant she picked it up and took a large bite with her strong white little teeth.

How good it was, and how juicy!

Just as Mary was enjoying her apple, her mother turned round to see what had become of her.

'Mary, where did you get that apple?' said her mother.

'It tumbled off the tree, and I picked it up,' said the child.

'But, Mary, that apple is not yours. It belongs to Mrs. Bott, who lives in that cottage. You know we always buy apples from her.'

'Oh, Mummy! I didn't mean to take it. It was only a dusty apple on the road!' cried Mary.

'It hadn't time to get very dusty, had it?' said her mother gently.

'Mummy!' exclaimed Mary, very red and hot as she opened her little bag, and took out sixpence—all it contained. 'I'll give that to Mrs. Bott for my apple!'

'A good idea. We'll go and find her,' said her mother.

Just then, hearing voices, a pretty, smiling old woman, the owner of the tree, came to look over the wall. Mary hid shyly behind her mother, feeling guilty and nervous, though she had meant no wrong, as her mother knew well.

When Mary had stutteringly explained how she came to be munching one of Mrs. Bott's apples, she held out the sixpence, wet and sticky with apple-juice, to the old woman.

Mrs. Bott was going to refuse the sixpence, but catching sight of Mary's mother, who was making signs to her to accept it, she took it. 'Wait a minute, my dear,' said she, as she picked three of the largest, rosiest apples she could find. 'There, that's sixpennyworth! Next time you want an apple, just come and ask me, child.'

'Thank you! thank you, Mrs. Bott!' said Mary, skipping joyfully away.

'A dear little child, and a good, sensible mother. God bless them both,' murmured Mrs. Bott, gazing after them down the road.

E. E. CARTER.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

IF a pail of water be placed within six inches of either side of the stem of a pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will in the course of a night approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of the leaves on the water. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus, or scarlet-runner, it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If after it has twined some distance up the prop it be unwound, and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of the plants grow near to each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of the spiral, and they will twine round each other.

[From 'Chatterbox' of Fifty Years Ago.]

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

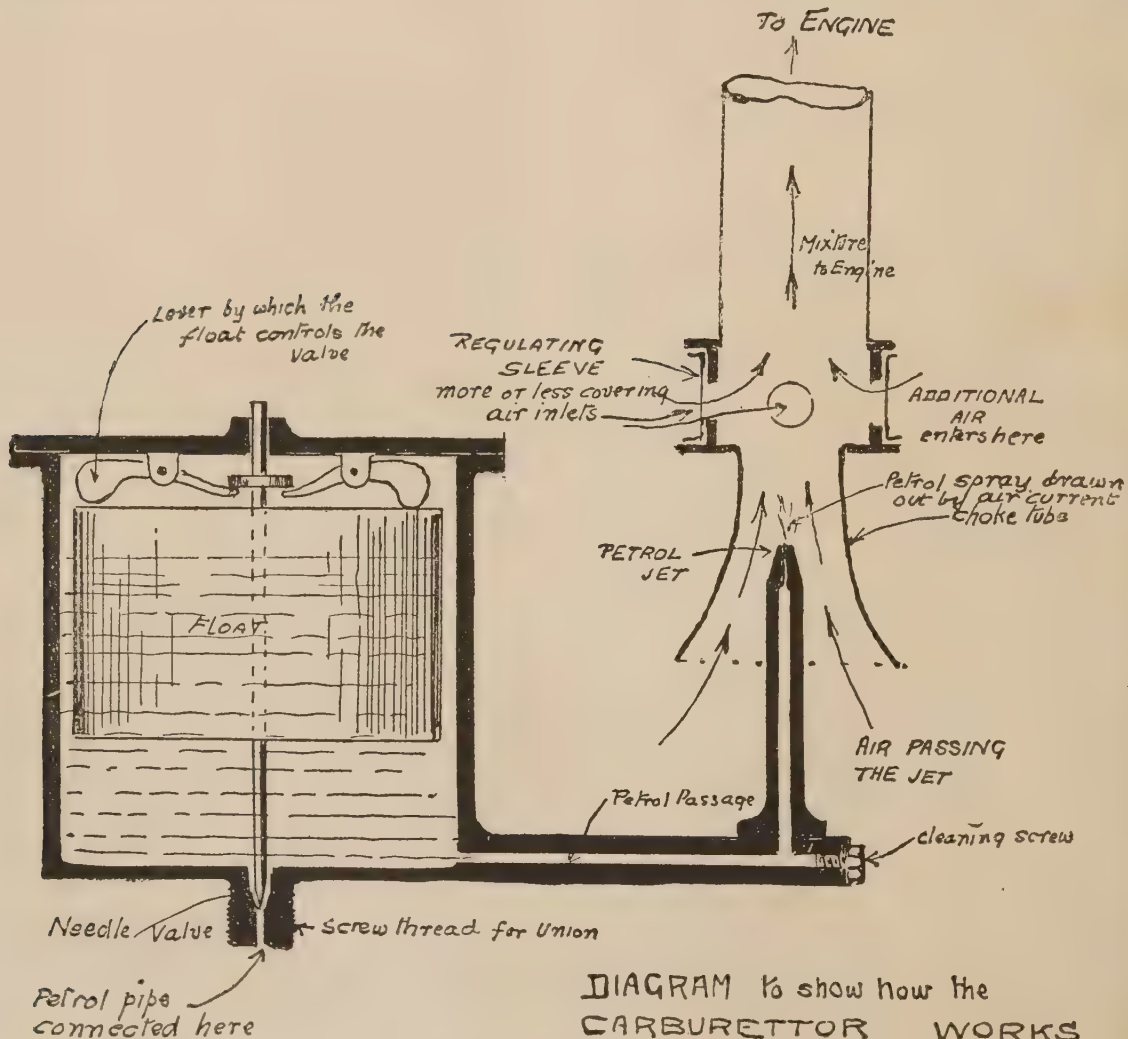
By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

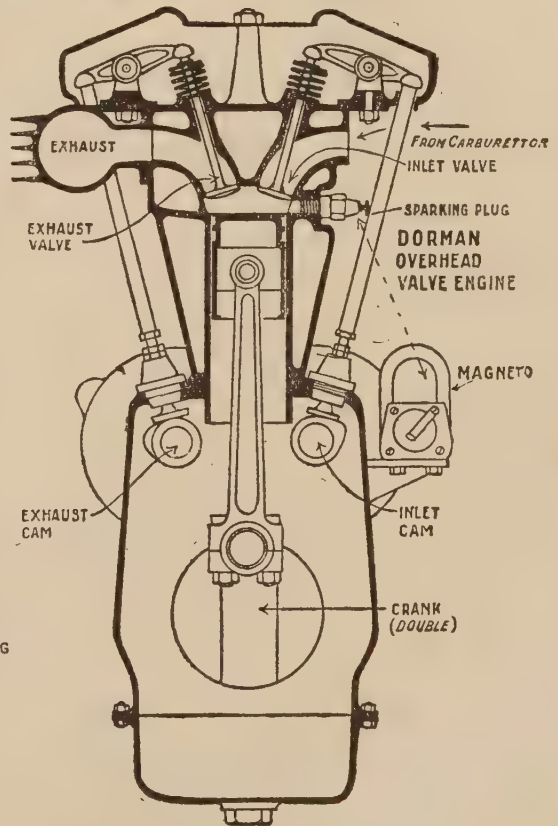
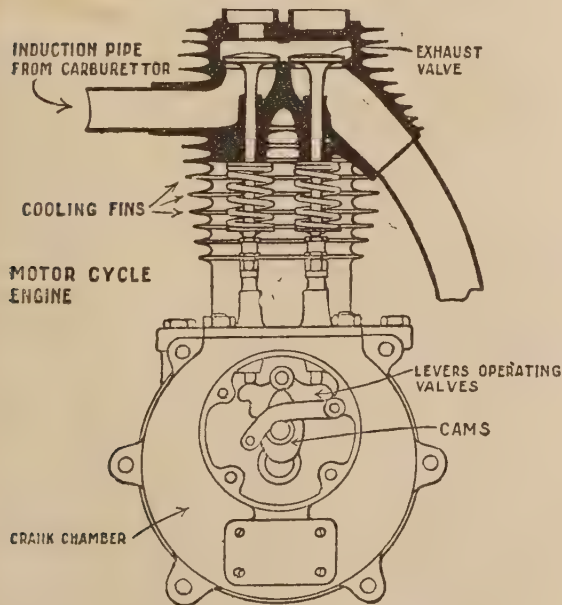
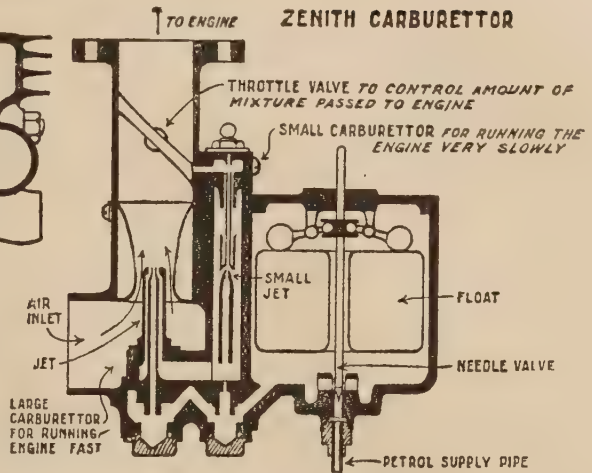
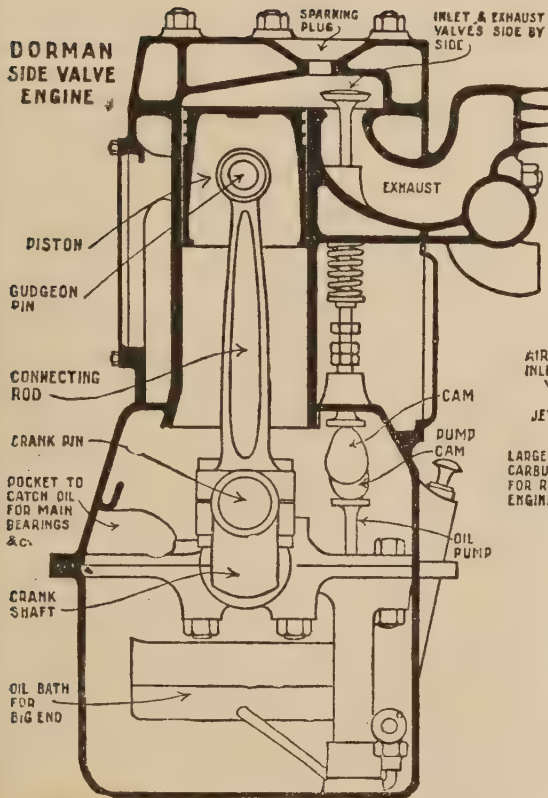
Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 214.)

THE METHOD OF BURNING PETROL — The Carburettor.—The discovery that air passed over or through a spray of petrol would become charged with petrol vapour, and that if such petrol was mixed with a suitable quantity of air the result would be a combustible or 'explosive' mixture, has rendered possible the use of petrol in an apparatus known as the carburettor. The diagram shows a very simple type of carburettor, which, it must be remembered, is really the gas-making appliance used on a motor-car. When the

engine piston is moving outwards on the induction or charging stroke, it draws air through two openings in the carburettor, one being the main air inlet from which the air passes over or round a jet, a tube with one or more small openings to which petrol is supplied. The other air inlet, which is sometimes controlled by hand and sometimes automatically, supplies air to dilute the mixture of air and petrol vapour obtained from the main air inlet to a strength suitable for best combustion. Any one who has read the paragraph in the





early part of this article dealing with combustion will realise that unless the proportion of air to petrol vapour is nearly correct, we shall either have considerable waste of petrol

or the mixture will not burn at all. Do not forget that a mixture which is too rich is as bad as one which is too weak and that a correct mixture only contains about 2 per cent. to

2½ per cent. of petrol vapour. If either much richer or much weaker, the mixture will not burn, while if it is a little richer, petrol vapour may be wasted; hence the importance of a correct adjustment of the additional air inlet which naturally controls the *quality* of the mixture. The float which is shown in the diagram serves the purpose of keeping the petrol level always at the correct height, *i.e.*, nearly at the top of the jet. When the liquid in the carburettor stands at the correct level, it rises and closes the needle valve, which only reopens when the float falls a little.

The Petrol Engine.—We may regard the petrol engine and carburettor as a gas engine, as indeed it is, with its own gas-making plant—the carburettor. The engine may be of the four-stroke or the two-stroke type, but the principles upon which it works are exactly the same as those already explained for the gas engine, from which it differs only in matters of design. Car engines will, in fact, work quite well on Town gas, and were so worked during the war when petrol was in urgent demand for aeroplanes and other war purposes.

The principal difference between the gas engines already described and the car engine is that the latter runs at a much higher speed than the former and can, therefore, be made much smaller and lighter for the power which it generates, a great advantage in a car and still greater in an aeroplane; thus car engines weigh from 7 to 12 pounds per horse-power which they can generate, stationary gas engines from 100 to 200 pounds or even more, while aeroplane engines have been made weighing about 2 to 3 pounds per horse-power, although the weight is generally greater, as very light and high-speed engines rapidly wear out. To attain such high speeds as from 1000 revolutions per minute, which is a usual speed for car engines, to 2000 or 3000 as used in some of the engines for motor cycles and in some aeroplanes, it is necessary that the cams which open the valves shall be very accurately made, the inlet and exhaust ports as straight and wide as possible, and the valves large and controlled by strong springs which will close them quickly in order that the gases may get into and out of the cylinders promptly.

High-speed petrol engines often have the valves situated in the cylinder head itself rather than in 'pockets' on its side. The cam shaft runs along the top of the cylinders and

the valves are operated by rocking levers. This enables the combustion chamber to be made compact in form, so that the mixture of petrol vapour and air burns completely during the very brief period which is available, as all the combustion must be accomplished as early as possible in the working stroke.

The separate gas and mixture valves used in the gas engine are not necessary in the petrol engine, as the 'quality' of the mixture is controlled by the carburettor.

There have to be cooling arrangements for a petrol engine exactly as is the case in gas engines. These usually take the form of water jackets and radiators, but many of the smaller petrol engines are air-cooled, especially those used on motor-cycles, and for that reason have 'fins' cast on the outside of their cylinder walls in order to present a large cooling surface to the air.

The exhaust valve in these small engines is provided with some arrangement by which it can be held open by the driver when he wishes to stop the engine. This releases the compression and also prevents the pumping of further charges of mixture into the cylinder. When the engine is a two-stroke one like that shown in the illustration, a special 'relief' valve controlled by the driver is usually fitted in the cylinder head for this purpose.

Lubrication of the engine, and especially of the cylinder and piston, is just as important as in the gas engine, perhaps more so, as the engine runs at a higher speed.

Sometimes 'splash' lubrication is adopted, *i.e.*, the lower part of the crank chamber is filled with lubricating oil into which the big ends of the connecting rods dip each revolution, oiling themselves and flinging off the excess oil on to the interior of the piston, whence it reaches the 'gudgeon pin' at the other end of the connecting rod and on to the cylinder walls. Some of the oil, in trickling back to the crank chamber, reaches the main bearings.

Many of the best makers fit an oil pump to their engines. This takes oil from a sump or well in the bottom of the crank chamber and forces it to the points at which oil is necessary—the cylinder walls, connecting rod ends and main bearings—through small bore pipes, the excess oil trickling back to the sump to be re-used.

Care has to be taken to regulate the amount of oil supplied, as any excess causes the exhaust

to be smoky owing to oil getting carried over into the silencer with the exhaust gases, and any deficiency means overheating of the engine and rapid wear and, possibly, seizing if the deficiency is very serious. With the explanations here given and those in the earlier part of the article, the reader, particularly if he has a motor-car or cycle for inspection, should be able to follow how the engine operates.

Paraffin or Petroleum as a Fuel for Internal Combustion Engines.—Petroleum, such as is used in ordinary domestic lamps in many parts of the world, forms a very useful fuel for Internal Combustion Engines. It has the advantage that not only is it cheap compared with its lighter brother, petrol, but as a gallon of it is able to produce considerably more heat units than a gallon of petrol (it weighs more and so contains more hydrogen and carbon) it is a more efficient fuel, and it can be bought in practically every part of the world, even where petrol cannot be obtained.

Petrol engines can be made to burn petroleum if their carburettors are surrounded by a jacket, through which the hot exhaust gases are passed, in order that the petroleum and air may be sufficiently heated to form a combustible mixture. Such engines are usually provided with two tanks, one containing petrol and the other 'lamp oil,' and they are started on petrol. The 'additional' air has to be considerably increased when, after the engine is hot, the petroleum tap is turned on and the petrol turned off, unless, as is often the case, two totally separate carburettors for petrol and petroleum are fitted.

(Continued on page 248.)

A TALE OF THE RIVER.

A FINE tide will be running,
All the shallows will be full—
The river would be stunning,
Won't you come and take a pull?

You think that rowing's tiring,
That you'd rather have a punt?—
When your master is inquiring
Never answer with a grunt.

To paddle a canoe appears
The proper thing to you?—
Well yes, I quite agree, and here's
A beauty built for two.

Now steady, stop your larking,
Take a header for your seat;
O Bob, do shut up barking—
Yes, that certainly was neat.

What times we'll have, old fellow,
All day long, just me and you;
With the banks all turning yellow,
And the skies all turning blue.

And not a soul about to jaw,
And nobody to rub
It in that this is breaking law—
But what about the grub?

Ah, well, we shan't be hungry yet,
So push off for a spree—
Perhaps with luck we both shall get
A double whack for tea.

* * * * *
All day the truants trailed about
With boats and punts and smacks,
Then, late for tea, there's little doubt
That one got 'double whacks!'

LILIAN HOLMES.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 227.)

HIS lordship then fell to talking in a very serious manner about our people at home, and made many inquiries respecting Lewes and the neighbourhood. He had never been to Lewes, though he had stayed frequently at Brighthelmstone, and stated that he should take an early opportunity of visiting the town and inspecting the old Castle, and was quite interested to hear about Grandfather and the *Sussex Mercury*.

Whilst I was in the midst of telling him

about the 'Mulberry Tree,' he almost took my breath away by asking suddenly, 'Where did you sleep last night?'

It was mighty awkward; I felt myself blushing to the roots of my hair. I stammered and looked at Dick, and he looked at me. I have read in books about wishing the floor to open and swallow one up. I did then, I assure you. Then I looked up at his lordship, and saw there was a twinkle in his eye.

'Now, then, out with it!' he exclaimed.

'Well, we had to tell all—what else could we do? Of course, there was really nothing to be ashamed of. His lordship must have thought so, too, for he leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

'Now, then, young gentlemen, I am a busy man; I have no more time to spare,' he said. 'You have done me a great service—a greater service than you have any idea of. I want you to do something more for me. You would like to be the means of restoring to me the stolen letter. I have reason to believe that it is of great value to me. To effect this, you must remain in London till Monday night at least, and you must call at this house at three o'clock in the afternoon on Monday. Do you agree to that?'

We readily agreed, and his lordship continued: 'As I am detaining you here in London on my business, it is only right that I should defray your expenses; so I wish you to get a respectable lodging, such as your friends would approve of, and treat that ostler fellow decently; for, remember, there's many a good heart beating under a rusty waistcoat.'

He placed three guineas in my hand and showed us to the door, with the parting words, 'If you go sight-seeing in London, don't get into any scrapes. I am depending on you, remember. Three o'clock on Monday afternoon. Good-day.'

It occurred to me afterwards that in all our conversation with Lord Henry Gordon we had quite forgotten to say 'Yes, my lord,' and 'No, my lord,' as Grandfather had enjoined on us, and had been treating him as if he were an ordinary gentleman.

As our friend the footman let us out at the front door, he said: 'There's been some one inquiring for you—a Mr. Jemmy. He wished me to deliver the message that if you are out first, will you wait for him at the corner; he will not be more than ten minutes.'

When Jemmy joined us, after a very long ten minutes, he informed us, with a jerk of the thumb, that he had been looking round the stables at the back, not only of No. 4, but down the street, and had been talking to one of the grooms—'a very decent cove'—and he thought he might do worse than get such a crib as that.

'There's not the life you get at a really good inn, especially if it's a coaching house,' he said; 'but it's very select, and the 'osses are

lovely critters.' On the whole, he thought 'the tips would about balance—fewer of 'em, but bigger.' We showed him our three guineas, and he exulted with us over the possession of so much wealth. 'There's nothing like the nobility,' he declared. He had had no personal experience of them, but he proved his point by many hearsay anecdotes of a class that did not know there were such things as sixpences and shillings, but had been born and bred in the notion that a guinea was the smallest coin of the realm. Dick was in high feather, and did not fail to recall the tenpence half-penny and my wanting to 'turn tail,' as he expressed it. However, I could afford to let that pass, as things had turned out so well.

It was scarcely twelve o'clock, but nevertheless we went to a first-class chop-house and had a thorough good dinner, and then devoted the rest of the day to seeing the sights of London. We found the sort of place we wanted just off the Strand; not very far from Covent Garden Market. It was kept by a foreign gentleman of very pleasant manners, and, as it was early for dinner, we had the place almost to ourselves. We had chops and fried potatoes, and lettuce and onions, and finished up with apple dumplings and coffee. As Dick and I had had no substantial meal since we left Lewes on the Wednesday, and Jemmy had fared no better since he left the 'Rose and Crown,' we enjoyed it amazingly.

After the apple dumplings, I felt a strong disposition to fall asleep, which, however, I conquered. The proprietor of the chop-house was so affable that I entered into a long conversation with him. He had acquired an extensive knowledge of London which, considering that he was a foreigner, was truly remarkable. I learned from him the way to St. Paul's, the Bank of England, London Bridge, and the Tower of London, and he told me of many other places which did not interest me so much. He was so friendly and so capable of affording information, that I had it in my mind to suggest to Dick and Jemmy the advantages of hiring bedrooms there for the two nights we were to remain in London; but when I saw the bill and made a rapid calculation, I thought it would be wiser to find a cheaper lodging. I think the proprietor had rather taken to us; he looked sorry when we went away.

(Continued on page 242.)



"Jemmy turned on him quite fiercely."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 240.)

WITH the knowledge we had acquired, we found our way about London fairly well. It was no great distance from the chop-house to Temple Bar—one of the gates of Old London. It is an interesting structure, but they do not put the heads of traitors on top of it now. Passing through Temple Bar, one enters Fleet Street, a street well known to every one conversant with literature. As one gazes at it, one naturally thinks of the great Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, and the many wits who trod its pavement.

'Here we are,' I mused, 'in the midst, you might say, of the great authors, accomplished wits and men of letters whose names will be handed down to posterity. Behind those very windows they burned the midnight oil—'

'Yes,' said Dick, who is singularly devoid of sentiment, and affects to be rather proud of it; 'up in the attics, you mean. According to all accounts, many of them never had a guinea to bless themselves with, which reminds me: weren't you saying just now that after that chop-house affair, we ought to think seriously about an economical lodging? Those authors could not have paid much for their lodgings. I should say this ought to be just the place for us. Where's that "Bolt Court" you were talking about with the foreign gentleman?'

"Bolt Court"?—that is where Dr. Johnson lived,' I replied. 'It is somewhere on the left-hand side. If we could get lodgings in the same house where Dr. Johnson lived, it would be something to talk about when we get home—rather surprise them, wouldn't it? To breathe the very air, eh?'

We found Bolt Court without any difficulty. It is a retired nook, paved with flags. There are a few houses that look like the residences of tradesmen of the better sort—plain and comfortable, without any pretensions to gentility, nor, on the other hand, anything suggesting the abode of a man of genius; but that could hardly be expected. Clean whitened steps, leading up to ordinary front doors, brass bell-handles carefully polished, and neat curtains to the windows—all very respectable-looking.

But there was nothing to indicate the possibility of obtaining lodgings.

It was disappointing; but I could not leave so famous a spot without making some inquiries. I asked a man who was passing if he could tell me which was the great Dr. Johnson's house. He seemed very vacant, and replied: 'Johnson—Johnson—you mean Jackson. There's a Doctor Jackson round the corner to the left, in Gough Square, on the right-hand side.' And he hastened away before I could explain.

So I asked another. 'The great Dr. Johnson,' he repeated after me. 'Ah, the great Dr. Johnson, the inventor of the Dictionary. Oh, yes, he lived somewhere about in this neighbourhood, but goodness knows where.' It was surprising to find in a place like Fleet Street such ignorance.

Jemmy had been quite out of all this, as you may suppose; but, thinking to help me, he addressed a neat young servant-maid who stood at one of the doors taking in milk from a milkman. 'Excuse me, miss,' he said, 'this young gentleman wants to know if the great Dr. Johnson lives here, who makes dictionaries.'

'Makes dictionaries,' replied the maid, giggling. 'Lor bless yer, there's nobody here makes dictionaries. Master's in the wine and spirit trade.' The maid laughed, and Jemmy laughed, but when the milkman joined in, Jemmy turned on him quite fiercely, inquired what he was laughing at, and called him 'Chalk and water.' As the situation was becoming undignified, I took Dick's arm and we left Bolt Court.

I was very disappointed with Bolt Court. However, we went a little further along Fleet Street and came to a similar entry; it was called 'Wine Office Court.' I did not like the name, so we did not explore it, but continued our way till we came to 'Shoe Lane'—a narrow street of modest appearance, with an apothecary's shop at one corner and a printing office at the other, the latter giving it rather a home-like appearance, to my mind. We had proceeded but a few yards down this lane when we espied on the left-hand side a coffee-

house. We came to a halt, crossed to the opposite side, and surveyed the house.

We had decided not to be so precipitate as we had been at the chop-house in the Strand, so we surveyed it with some deliberation. It was not extravagant looking—quite the contrary, there being no display in the window, simply a brief notice, 'Beds,' a framed Bill of Fare, and the major part of a steak and kidney pie. We recrossed and made a close examination. Dick remarked that there were no prices marked on the Bill of Fare, and that there were many flies in the window. The former consideration made us a trifle dubious.

I stepped within the entrance and looked through the glass of the door. There were a number of high-backed settles, and a way down the middle between them—over the top of one of the settles appeared the bald head of a man, other occupants there were none. After conferring a few moments we entered.

A stout woman with a full white face appeared from somewhere at the back, and sweeping the crumbs off a table with her apron, inquired, 'What'll you take, young gentlemen?'

The man with the bald head, who had a cup of coffee before him and was reading a newspaper, turned his head and looked at us rather inquisitively. I did not care to enter into details in his hearing, so I said to the woman, 'Can I speak to you a few moments in private?' She seemed a little surprised at my formality, but led us into a small apartment at the back, full to overflowing with plates and dishes and suchlike articles, and there I made known to her our business. I thought it best to be quite frank, so I told her our requirements—three bedrooms or one large bedroom with three beds in it, according to which would be the cheaper.

The woman had an uneasy way of looking at us which was displeasing, and her manners were cold. 'I haven't got three small rooms disengaged,' she said. 'I can do you a big bedroom with three beds in it, leastways there's only two in it now, but I can soon put you up another for 2s. a night, and meals according to the tariff—breakfast, 9d. each; dinner, 1s. without pastry, and supper—cold, 9d.'

I thought it satisfactory, and Dick and Jemmy nodded assent, so I agreed to the terms

and felt relieved at coming to an arrangement so speedily, but I confess I was rather put out when she remarked, 'I should like to see the colour of your money first.'

I replied rather haughtily, 'I suppose you mean to say that you would wish us to pay in advance?'

'Yes, that's exactly what I do mean,' she said.

I don't think she intended to be rude, for when I put down five shillings for the two night's accommodation, she seemed very agreeable.

Thus comfortably settled at the Coffee House, No. 4 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, we seated ourselves in one of the compartments and partook of a slight repast of tea and boiled eggs—the tea at any rate being very good. Having now a fixed address, I took the opportunity of writing a short note to Jo—just a cheerful little note without going into details or upsetting them with an account of the many troubles we had gone through. This finished, as many people were coming in for an evening meal, we sallied forth to explore London further.

(Continued on page 254.)

THE SPIDER IN THE HELMET.

MAJOR LAWRIE was one of the officers who fought so bravely in the Soudan War.

One day, before the battle of Atbara, he found a spider in the ventilator of his helmet, and watched it with some interest. The spider used to come out in the evening, and, having had its supper of flies, would return to the helmet for sleep and rest. Major Lawrie allowed the spider to remain in its strange hiding-place, and even went into battle carrying his friend in his helmet. Men were killed all round at Atbara, but Major Lawrie escaped without a scratch, and the same good fortune attended him at Omdurman, where the spider again accompanied him. When the war was over Major Lawrie packed up his things to be sent home, and amongst them the helmet, and not till it was too late did he remember that the spider had been sent with the helmet. It must die on the road, for how could it find anything to eat in a tin packing-case?

The Major was sorry; he had taken a great interest in the spider, and it was sad to have condemned it to a lingering death.

The first thing he did on arriving in London was to open the helmet-box, expecting, of course, to find the spider dead; but not only was the spider alive and well, but it was the happy mother of two young spiders!

LANDS OF DESIRE.

VIII.—EL DORADO.

FROM the time that Christopher Columbus discovered the West Indies and South America, men's minds were filled with the idea that untold wealth was to be found in the newly-found lands. Some who voyaged to the



The kind of ship the Elizabethan adventurers sailed in.

West were filled with a desire for discovery and for knowledge of far-off lands, like Columbus himself, but others sailed across the seas attracted by the stories of gold to be found there.

For some years it was still believed that the new land was the Eastern side of India and part of the far-off land of Cathay, but in 1513, thirteen years after its first discovery, a man named Vasco Nunez de Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama and looked upon the Pacific Ocean on the other side.

The story of the new Spanish Colonies soon attracted the attention of men of adventurous spirit in other countries. An Englishman and an Irishman had been among the crew on the first expedition of Columbus, and on their home-coming such news would be quickly spread. A Venetian named Sebastian Cabot, in the service of England, had sailed to the North-west in 1498 and had discovered New-

foundland. By the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were in England many brave English seamen anxious for adventure and jealous of the Spaniards and their colonies, which they ruled with such a rod of iron that the natives were fast being exterminated. With their simple weapons they had been unable to make any stand against the firearms of the Spaniards. The need for labour to take the place of the natives had led to the bringing of negroes from Africa; this was the beginning of the slave trade, in which many English sailors owning ships of their own had taken part, as it was found to be a most profitable undertaking.

To Sir Walter Raleigh,* the great Elizabethan who was born in 1552, in Devonshire, was due the first English Colony in America. He was given a grant by the queen of any lands not actually held by Christian princes.

Raleigh fitted out some ships that sailed to



Sir Walter Raleigh.

the Northern Coast of America and the commanders started a settlement in Virginia. In spite of the accounts that were brought home of the riches of the spot, very little help was

* Pronounced 'Rawley.'



given towards the maintenance of the expedition by the government, and eventually, after having gone through many difficulties, a

number of the colonists returned to England. Later, Raleigh himself fell into disgrace with Queen Elizabeth and became anxious to restore

himself into her favour. He was deeply interested in colonisation; he wanted to learn how it was that the Spanish were able to succeed, but not the English. He thought that if he could find a spot where the English could establish themselves among great quantities of gold that could be secured for his country, he might be once more restored to the queen's good graces.

In England just then there was much talk of a land that was spoken of as 'El Dorado,' which means 'the gilded.' From the natives of South America, the early explorers had heard of the mysterious empire of Guiana, as they called it, that lay far inland and which was overflowing with gold. The very ground itself was believed to glitter with veins of gold, and Manao, its capital, was said to be built partly of gold and to stand on a great lake with golden sands.

Already many explorers from Spain had set out to find the marvellous city of burnished gold, but had been driven back by the dense swamps and forest, after encounters with fierce savages, but they always returned with fresh stories of the wonders that had lain ahead, which they had heard of from the natives. One Spanish soldier when dying had declared that he had lived for seven months on manna, that it had taken thirty hours to travel from the outskirts to the centre of the city, and that when he left, the Emperor had given him as much gold as he and his carriers could carry.

Some later historians have thought that Raleigh deliberately invented all the wonderful stories that he told of the masses of gold that were only waiting to be secured. But that is not so. No doubt he made the most of it, as he knew in that way he could get as many men as he wanted, eager to take part in such an expedition.

Raleigh left England on the 6th February, 1595, with five ships and some smaller boats for river exploration. He arrived off Trinidad in March. From the natives he learnt how a Spanish settlement close by oppressed them, and fearing to leave a hostile force at his back—for at that time the Spaniards and English were constantly opposing one another—he attacked the Spanish garrison and defeated them. He captured the Governor, Berreo. From him he was able to obtain much information as to the way to Guiana, but he concealed from the rest of the expedition that it was probably six

hundred miles further inland than he had imagined.

Berreo tried to persuade Raleigh to give up the attempt, saying that they would suffer much misery if they proceeded, that the Indians would fly at their approach, that winter was at hand, and that the chiefs on the borders of Guiana had decided that no trade for gold should be carried on with Christians. This failed to have any effect on Raleigh and he set out in high spirits.

The ships finding it difficult to enter the mouth of the river Orinoco, he set out in the small boats. There were many islands on the delta and the Indian pilot did not know the way, and for many days they wandered hopelessly among the numerous streams till they captured a canoe of Indians, who brought them to the main stream. They had to struggle against a rapid current. The men grew discouraged, although they were told that two or three days would bring them to their destination, and food began to run short.

After a while the pilot told them that they should be approaching an Indian village. Hour after hour passed, but there was no sign of it. The crew were utterly worn out, and it was decided to hang the pilot, when it was remembered that they would not be able to find their way back without him. They did at last reach a village and secured food. For some time after the travelling was easier, but they again ran short of food. The river was full of alligators, one of which ate Raleigh's native servant. Later they encountered four canoes full of native bread to be exchanged with the Spaniards at the coast, and with it were several Spaniards, who, having heard what Raleigh had done to their countrymen at Trinidad, were trying to escape. These managed to get away with two canoes and much gold. Raleigh was shown by the pilot where the gold had been obtained, but he had no tools with him for mining, and was afraid to stay long in the neighbourhood, lest his crew might mark the spot and sell their knowledge of it directly they returned to Europe.

Eventually, after much hardship, they came in sight of mountains which they were told were in the much-desired land of Guiana. The natives were friendly, and Raleigh impressed upon them that he came to deliver them from the oppression of the Spaniards.

(Concluded on page 254.)

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 234.)

TURNING, the boys retraced their steps and went through the opposite doorway. This led once more into a passage, which zigzagged under the building, with several doorways leading out of it—each of which opened into empty cellars. Suddenly, as they turned a corner, Clive noticed a light some way ahead.

'We're coming to something,' he whispered, over his shoulder, and a minute later he struck his shin against a wooden box that lay across the floor.

The boys clambered across it. Their eyes were now getting used to the light, which seemed to come through the roof, some distance ahead. Kenneth noticed a piece of sacking that lay on the floor and another box beside it. Stooping suddenly, he picked up a short steel bar. Beyond the second box stood an electric torch. In a pile against the wall were a number of tins, which the boys recognised as those which had been taken from the larder.

But otherwise there was no sign of the man for whom they were looking.

'Wonder where he's got to,' muttered Godfrey, and then Clive turned to face him.

'This is the end of it,' he cried. 'And this is how the fellow has got away.'

Above Clive's head was a hole, through which they could see the deep-blue sky of the evening and a dim star. A wooden box, turned on end, stood beneath it, and on to this Godfrey clambered. His head and shoulders went through the hole, and suddenly he put his hands against its edges and pulled himself up. A minute later he was kneeling on the ground above and peering down at Clive and Kenneth in the cellar.

'Gone altogether,' he exclaimed. 'Must have heard us coming, you know, and bolted. Not much chance of our catching him, either.'

'Where does that hole lead to?' demanded Kenneth.

'Back of the hotel,' answered Godfrey. 'It's a trap-door. Don't know why we didn't spot it.'

'Do you mean it's close to the hotel?' cried Clive.

'The hotel is right over your head,' said Godfrey. 'I'm standing on that gravel path

that we followed round. And here's the kennel of that dog. Just over there.'

'Give us a hand,' cried Clive, clambering on to the box. 'Let's have a look. I say,' he cried, when he stood beside Godfrey, 'what a sell! Don't you remember? When we found the dog last night we thought we'd settled the whole business, and we went round to the front to find a way into the hotel, without ever coming on here. If only we'd finished what we meant to do and followed this path right round, we should have seen this trap-door and have caught the fellow in a jiffy.'

'Anyhow,' said Godfrey, 'we didn't, and so he's got away. Now we shan't get our money back, and we'll have no end of a job to explain things to that caretaker when he turns up. If we'd caught the man it would have been all right, but now we haven't a bit of evidence that we weren't just skylarking.'

'I vote we bolt,' said Clive.

But Godfrey shook his head. 'Wouldn't help,' he said. 'Where's Kenneth? Suppose you give him a hand in climbing out.'

Clive called down the trap-door, but Kenneth did not answer. Impatiently, Clive swung himself across the hole and dropped into the cellar. 'Come on, Kenneth,' he called. 'It's no use hanging about there.'

But Kenneth was on his knees some distance down the passage. He got up and came towards Clive, holding in his hand something that glittered.

'Isn't this what they call a tiara?' he cried.

'What on earth's that?' demanded Clive. 'I say,' he added, 'where did you get that?'

It was a semi-circle of light metal, covered with sparkling stones.

'It was under that bit of sacking,' Kenneth explained. 'What people wear in their hair, you know. Ladies, I mean. Duchesses and people of that sort. Jolly valuable, you know.'

'They aren't diamonds, are they?' demanded Clive.

'Rather,' said Kenneth. 'Sure to be. And there are ever so many other things over there—bracelets and locketts and all sorts of things.'

'They wouldn't belong to the caretaker, would they?' Clive asked.

'No jolly fear,' answered Kenneth. 'This isn't anything to do with the caretaker. It's the man who took our money, all right, and

these are some of the other things he's stolen. Must have been doing things on a pretty large scale, you know, and using these cellars as a hiding place.'

(Continued on page 250.)

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., M.I.Mech.E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 239.)

ENGINES which are intended to run on petroleum *alone* were in use many years before petrol engines were introduced. In these engines the petroleum is sprayed into a hot chamber called a vaporiser, from which the cylinder takes its supply of 'gas'; sometimes, in fact, the vaporiser forms part of the cylinder itself, and combustion results from the combination of the petroleum vapour in the vaporiser and the air compressed in the cylinder as these mix when compression is complete. These engines require careful adjustment of the amount of petroleum supplied to the vaporiser and some care in running, or the exhaust becomes smoky, due to some of the fuel escaping unburnt, but they are very handy, particularly in remote villages and in foreign lands. The comparatively high temperature required to produce petroleum vapour, or its high 'flash point,' as it is called, while it causes us to have to adopt special means to burn this fuel in our engines is, in one sense, an advantage, for it is much safer to store and handle this oil than petrol. If we remember that the engine is merely a gas engine for which the vaporiser is the gas producer, we shall be able to follow its action.

The Diesel Engine.—A very important development which has taken place in Internal Combustion Engines during the past few years was due to a German engineer and scientist, Dr. Diesel. In dealing with the steam engine it was pointed out that the most economical results were obtained when the difference between the temperature of the inlet steam and that of the exhaust was made as great as possible. The same is true of the Internal Combustion Engine, and in the Diesel Engine the range of temperature is made very great by using a very high compression pressure, usually 500 to 600 pounds per square inch. Earlier in this article it was pointed out that as the gases expand after the combustion of the fuel they are *cooled down* by their heat being

converted into mechanical work. In exactly the same way when gases are *compressed* they become *hot* and when the compression is carried to a very high pressure the gases get so hot that they would fire up of their own accord if the fuel were present. The reader who possesses a bicycle will appreciate that the compression of gas causes its temperature to be raised, for his bicycle pump gets quite warm while he is pumping his tyres, as it takes up some of the heat generated in the compression of the air. In the Diesel Engine, the inlet valve *admits only air* and this is compressed exactly as was described in the case of the Gas Engine. At the end of the compression stroke, the fuel, which in this case is heavy oil, is sprayed into the head of the cylinder by means of a jet of air under still higher pressure than that of compression. The air into which it is sprayed is so hot that the oil spray fires as it enters; thus no ignition arrangements are necessary, but of course, a pump is required to supply the special high-pressure air for injecting the fuel.

Engines of this type are used in most submarines and in many other ships. Many very large new ships are being fitted with Diesel Engines. An interesting problem in connection with such an engine is that of starting. Those who have started motor-cycle or motor-car engines know how difficult it is to pull the engine past the compression, and they will realise that very special starting arrangements are necessary when the engine is very large, as some of these are, and the compression pressure so much higher than that of the motor-car engine. For starting the Diesel Engine, compressed air, supplied by the pump mentioned above, is used. While the engine is running this pump fills two or more steel 'bottles' with air at about 800 to 900 pounds per square inch and keeps them full, the air being used both for starting purposes and for maintaining the oil spray.

(Continued on page 251.)



"I arrest ye on a charge of assault."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 248.)

GODFREY jumped down into the cellar and came to see what was delaying them. He declared at once that the stones were diamonds, and when Kenneth led the way back to where he had made the discovery he stood watching while Clive and Kenneth went down on their knees to sort out a pile of precious stones and jewellery that covered a square foot of the floor and half-filled one of the boxes.

'Must be worth thousands of pounds,' Godfrey declared. 'I say, I do wish we'd caught him. As it is, he has gone away with our eighteen pounds and I don't see any chance now of our getting it back. And instead, we've found all this stuff which must belong to some one, and we shall have to hand it over to the police, so that *we* shan't be any better off. A most awful sell, if you come to think of it!'

'Why shouldn't we take some of this?' suggested Clive. 'Just one of these stones, you know. Then we could sell it and get our eighteen pounds. After all, it would only be an exchange.'

'No, it wouldn't,' said Godfrey. 'This will have to go back to whoever the man stole it from. If we took some of it we shouldn't be taking it from the fellow who has got our money; we'd simply be robbing the owner of the stuff. We'll have to leave this as it is and go and tell the police at Aberguthrie.'

'And get caught for knocking that old caretaker!' said Clive.

'Can't help that,' Godfrey insisted. 'We've got to face that, anyhow. Come on. We will shut the trap-door and get away as soon as possible.'

They climbed out of the hole, set the trap-door in its place, and then dragged the empty kennel across it as a safeguard. Then they went down to the road, and started in the direction of Aberguthrie.

CHAPTER XIV.

'RED JOCK.'

The boys had not got far when they heard the distant sound of an approaching motor-car. A few minutes later they saw its lights through the trees where the road curved in front of

them. Then, as they stepped on to the grass to let it go by, there was a sudden shout, the car stopped, and three men sprang out.

In spite of the darkness the boys at once recognised Thompson, the caretaker of the hotel, as he ran towards them, shouting excitedly. Close at his heels came two policemen, one with the stripes of a sergeant on his arm.

'There they are,' shouted the caretaker. 'Trying to get away. Don't let them. Arrest them, constable.'

The boys stood still, with a feeling that it would be hopeless to try to escape; and, besides, if it came to that, they had their own story to tell to the police, and they might as well tell it now and save the long walk to Aberguthrie.

The sergeant took hold of Godfrey's shoulder. 'I arrest ye,' he said, 'on a charge of assault.'

'I tell you it was attempted murder,' shouted the caretaker.

'Ye can alter the charge a while later, if ye've so the mind,' said the policeman. 'At present it stands at assault, till ye produce your evidence. I arrest ye all three,' he added, turning to the boys, 'and I warn ye that what ye say may be taken down as evidence against ye. And,' he added more quietly, 'I advise ye to say naething.'

'It was just a mistake,' Clive blurted out. 'We were robbed, you know, and we thought he had done it, so—'

'I've warned ye,' the sergeant interrupted, 'and ye will no help yesells by confessing the noo. Ye can tell that in the morning to the magistrate. He's a mairciful ould buid, and it may be he'll no say sae much if ye tell him ye were playing. Ye are but wee laddies and it's aye the laddies that make a game. Sae I tell ye, say naething till ye have to and then say nae more than ye must. Will ye give nae trouble and come quietly to the station?'

'Better do as he says,' said Godfrey. 'Dare say he knows how they do things in these parts, and in the morning we can get them to send to Uncle Rodney's office and get some one to come along and square things up.'

(Continued on page 258.)

THE POACHER AND HIS WAYS.

ONE frequently reads or hears about the poaching which takes place in the wild mountain streams of the United Kingdom. Yet how few people actually have either seen or participated in the pastime, for such it is.

On the upper reaches of the Coquet, from about the end of July to the end of November, fish known as Bull-Trout are taken from their native home in this picturesque moorland stream in such a way as to cause great excitement to the spectator and anger to the 'River Watcher.' This is done in several different ways, the chief of which are called 'gaffing' and 'snatching.'

The former is a simple massacre of the fish which at the time before-mentioned run up from the sea. Why they run up from the sea to the Coquet in particular, I cannot explain, but one never hears about them in any other stream or river in Northumberland, or yet even in England. They vary in size from one pound up to about twenty, which is you will agree a very large-sized fish for a stream not more than six inches deep, save in pools, in the last twenty miles of its length. The apparatus for this kind of poaching is simple poles of ash or similar wood with a large 'gaff' hook placed on the end. The poacher walks along the stream-side until he comes to a fairly deep pool. By peering into the water he is soon able to discern the fish as it lies along some ledge or other. With steady hand he lowers the pole into the water until the fearsome-looking hook of three or four inches in breadth of mouth lies in line with himself and the fish. A sharp jerk and the barbed end is buried in the side of the unfortunate fish. He then simply has to lift the fish out of the stream on the end of the pole and search for the next victim.

'Snaffling' has a much greater element of skill

and sport required to make it a success. A large triple hook, such as is used for 'Mackerel Spinning,' but much larger, is attached to the end of a length of weighted cord. This simple tackle can easily be carried in the side pocket for unexpected use; hence its popularity. The snag of the affair is that one has to guide it across the back of the fish with only the help of gravity and a walking-stick.

Water, scientists tell us, has a refractive index; that is to say it makes things appear to bend when entering the water at certain angles. So the fish appears to be in a different spot from that in which it actually is. Should a breeze be blowing things are even more exaggerated. At this point I may say that the fish remains perfectly still until it feels the hook actually in its side. It makes no movement when the cord falls across its back and whilst the cord is being pulled in order to get the hook into position for the final jerk. A sharp jerk and one of the three sharp hooks is securely fixed. The fish is off like a streak of lightning, the cord runs out fast until the fish turns and races upstream. In with the cord quickly, lest the fish rushes in through one of those submarine passages tunneled out by the passage of water for countless centuries. The fish ceases to resist and is rapidly hauled on to the bank-side.

The spectators think it is the end, but no. Man and fish fight on the mossy bank. The man endeavours to get the fish as far away from the bank as possible whilst the fish tries to jump back into the stream. The fish pauses in its struggling a moment. A stone with the whole strength of a man's arm behind descends, and the fish lies motionless for ever. The man pulls the hook out of his clothes, unwinds the cord from around his legs and washes his hands clean. That night the family of the poor shepherd will have as fine a fish for supper as ever graced a regal table.

'SNAFFLE.'

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 248.)

THE fuel used in the Diesel Engine may vary very considerably, but it is generally the crude oil already referred to, filtered to free it from grit, and distilled to recover the lighter of its constituents.

The lubrication of Diesel Engine cylinders is a matter which requires much more careful attention even than that of other Internal Combustion Engines as the pressure in the cylinders is extremely high, and pistons and piston rings have to fit particularly well.

The heavy mineral oil which is used has to be carefully prepared in the oil distilling and refining works, and to be supplied to the engine under pressure. The writer has seen a large Diesel Engine wrecked by the use of an unsuitable cylinder oil; one of the pistons seized in its cylinder, the crank-shaft was broken and the heavy cast-iron bed plate broken through. The engine was out of commission for nearly a year and cost a large sum for re-building; simply because the person

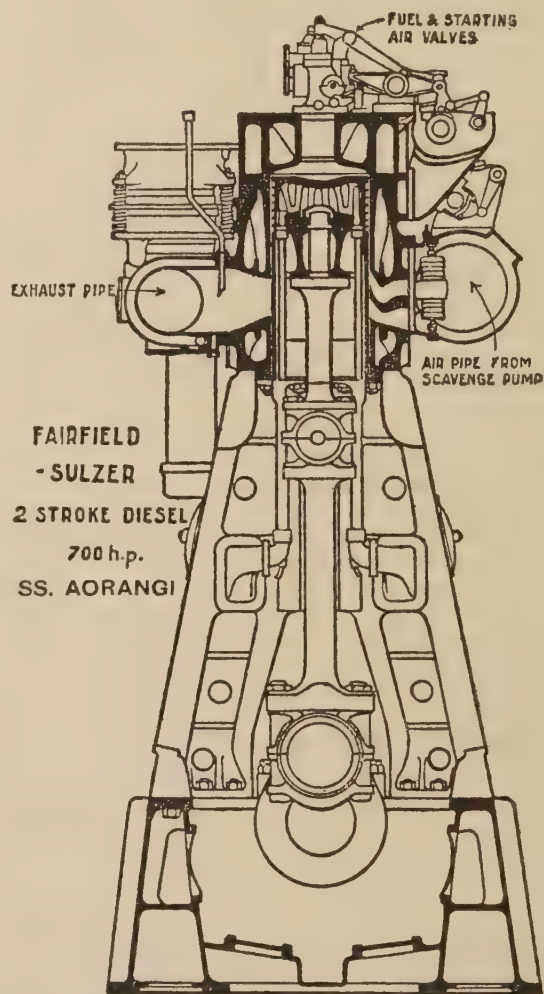
in charge tried to economise by using cheap oil for his cylinders—rather an expensive economy.

The *governor* does its duty in an interesting way in these engines. It controls the length of time the fuel valve or the valve on the small fuel pump is opened so that the quantity of fuel is proportioned to the load.

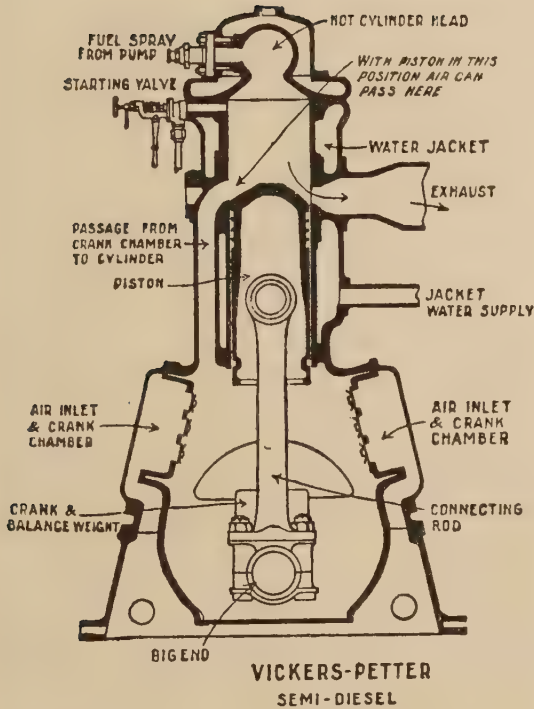
Although the Diesel Engine uses fuel much more effectively than any other forms of heat engine and is, from that point of view, an excellent machine, it has its disadvantages; it is expensive to build and to keep in running order, especially in the larger sizes.

The Semi-Diesel Engine.—In order to overcome some of the disadvantages of the Diesel Engine, its heavy first cost and cost of maintenance, which go far towards outweighing its economy in fuel, engines—especially small ones—are now frequently made which burn the same sort of crude oil as the Diesel, but which do not use so high a compression pressure and have not generally the complications of pumps and air bottles there used. They may, in fact, be regarded as being in some respect midway between low-compression engines and Diesels, and for this reason are frequently called ‘Semi-Diesels,’ although the name is not a good one. We illustrate sections of what is called a ‘two-stroke High-compression engine’ sometimes referred to as a ‘two-stroke Semi-Diesel.’ It is chosen for description because many small engines of this type are being made on account of its simplicity and comparative cheapness. The engine has practically no valves; the flap valve, usually of leather, on the air-inlet being the only essential one, except two small ball valves in the fuel pump. The cylinder is water-jacketed except its bulb-shaped head. Before the engine is started this bulb is heated up to almost red heat by means of a blow-lamp, and it has to remain hot all the time the engine is running. When the piston moves inwards *air* is admitted into the crank chamber, being drawn in by the suction due to the piston’s upward movement, while, at the same time, a charge of air which was already in the cylinder is being compressed into the cylinder head and its hot bulb. When the piston reaches the top of its stroke, a spray of fuel oil is injected by a tiny pump, operated by a cam or an eccentric on the crank-shaft, through the jet shown in the diagram, in such a way that it mixes with the hot air in the bulb, when, if the bulb is hot enough, it immediately

‘fires up’ and the combustion which results forces the piston downwards. During the second or downward stroke, the hot gases are doing work until the piston nearly reaches the end of its stroke, when it uncovers an exhaust port by which the burnt gases escape and, at the same time, an inlet port, so that the air which has been slightly compressed in the crank chamber passes through the passage



shown in the diagram into the cylinder above the piston; thus on every *inward* stroke a new supply of air is pumped into the crank chamber and that which is above the piston is compressed into the cylinder head, and on every outward stroke combustion takes place above the piston and compression in the crank chamber. After the engine has been started the blow-lamp may be removed, as the com-



bustion in the cylinder head will keep it quite hot enough to ensure the mixture firing, when the jet of oil enters air already heated by compression into the hot cylinder head.

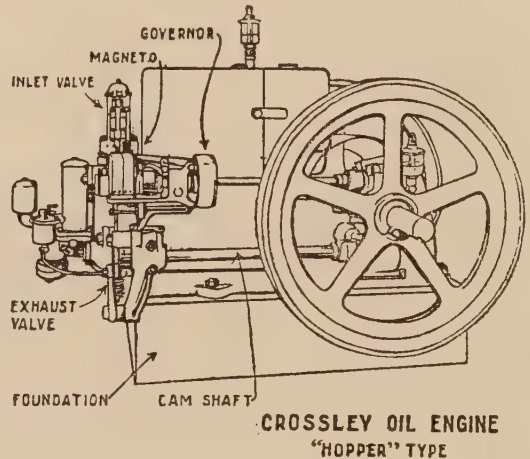
This two-stroke engine is better adapted for use as a Semi-Diesel than as a petrol engine, as the loss which occurs there, due to the mixture compressed in the crank chamber getting mixed with the exhaust, does not arise in this case, as no fuel is supplied until the end of the compression stroke and the loss of a little air does not much matter; in fact it ensures that all the burnt gases have been 'scavenged' out of the cylinder. High-compression crude oil engines can, of course, be made to work on the four-stroke cycle, when they much resemble the four-stroke engines already described, except that they have only a small compression space in the cylinder head, a 'hot bulb' and a small pump to inject the fuel. The differences between the two methods are comparatively small.

Splash lubrication, as already described, is often used in these engines, but in larger sizes an oil pump, feeding all the points which require lubrication, is practically always fitted, as its results are more reliable.

When the 'splash' method is adopted in

two-stroke engines, there is a danger that, if too much oil is put into the crank chamber, the crank and big end may splash lubricating oil into spray across the end of the passage between the crank chamber and the cylinder, and as this oil is thence sprayed into the hot bulb the engine 'runs away' burning its lubricating oil—in circumstances in which it is practically impossible to stop it except by opening the crank chamber drain to run off the oil.

The governor usually adjusts the amount of fuel injected each stroke, either by moving the eccentric on the crank-shaft so as to alter the travel of the pump plunger, or by interposing more or less of a wedge-shaped piece between the top of the eccentric rod and the pump plunger operating somewhat in the same way as the hit-and-miss governor already described.



These engines are not quite as efficient as the Diesel as they consume about 45 pound of crude oil per hour for every effective horse-power which they produce, compared with 40 pound per 'horse-power' hour for the Diesel, because of the lower compression which they use, but they are more easily lubricated and kept in good running order.

Ignition Systems.—Many of the engines here described require ignition arrangements, and of these various kinds are used.

Hot Tube Ignition.—One of the earliest and simplest was to have a tube closed at one end connected to the cylinder head and maintained red hot by a Bunsen Burner. Sometimes a valve was supplied to admit the gas from the cylinder into the hot tube from which it 'fired

up,' but frequently there was no valve as the engine builder relied upon the gas not reaching the hot part of the tube and firing before the piston was at the end of its stroke. In any case, the valve was not very good as its edges usually got 'burnt' by the hot gases. Most modern engines have some form of electric ignition, generally from the magneto.

(Continued on page 270.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

VIII.—EL DORADO.

(Concluded from page 246.)

RALEIGH met the greatest chieftain of the neighbourhood who came down from the mountains to see him. King Topiawari was a hundred and ten years old, and had once been a prisoner of the Spaniards and kept in chains; but he had bought his freedom with a hundred plates of gold. From him Raleigh heard that long ago a nation had come from as far off as the sun slept, with a great multitude, and had slain the ancient people and made themselves lords of all.

But Raleigh could not stay, the winter floods were coming and it would be unsafe for the boats. He took back with him many specimens of glittering stones which turned out to be worthless. It was decided to return with a larger force next year. Raleigh arrived home without any proof of the treasures he talked about, and his stories were received coldly. The tales of golden palaces and

diamond mountains were sneered at. Some people even refused to believe that Raleigh had ever been anywhere near Guiana but had been hiding in Cornwall all the time. The Queen remained frigid to his plans for the conquest of Guiana, and no money was forthcoming for the expedition.

The Spaniards hated Raleigh. He fought them valiantly at the time of the Armada and afterwards. He was still unpopular at home, and there was much plotting against him, and eventually he was sentenced to death for conspiracy with Spain. But James I. did not dare kill him. For thirteen years he was imprisoned in the Tower of London, and while there wrote a History of the World. In 1616, unpardoned, he was released, and he shortly sailed in quest of the Guiana gold-mines. It was an ill-fated expedition from the first. They endured storms and sickness all the time, and Raleigh's eldest son was killed fighting against the Spaniards, who knew of his coming and were prepared to oppose him. At home their ambassador to England was plotting against him all the while. Raleigh returned as he had promised, and was immediately arrested and executed in 1618.

El Dorado was never reached, but that a mighty kingdom had existed among the fastnesses of the Andes is not entirely mythical. It is known now that an earlier civilisation existed there in prehistoric times, and remains have been found of wonderful palaces and temples that were ancient even in the far-off times when the earliest Indian tribes lived in the land.

RUTH COBB.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.L.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 243.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAGIC MIRROR, THE CAPTAIN, AND THE RING.

IT is not my intention to trouble the reader with an account of London and its many marvels. It is a subject beyond my ability, and has already been treated in a learned work recently issued from the Press, entitled 'A Guide to the City of London, with Historical

Notes and some Reflections,' to which I would refer the reader as being alike useful to the casual visitor to the Metropolis, the student of history, the lover of architecture, and all who are able to appreciate an elegant literary style, as may be seen from a perusal of the title-page.

However, I may say that whilst admiring the stately buildings, and being thrilled by the historical associations of the Great City, what

most appealed to me was the enthralling spectacle of London by night, particularly when viewed from its noble river. Its bridges, its maze of shipping, its myriad lights exercised a fascination on me beyond description. I could tell of hours spent on London Bridge, of the impression produced by Divine Service at St. Paul's, of gruesome dungeons in the Tower, of the miracle in stone of Henry the Seventh's Chapel Westminster Abbey, and a dozen wonders beside; but I must return to my narrative, and beg the reader to accompany me to No. 4 Audley Street.

We kept our appointment with Lord Henry Gordon on the Monday, the footman conducting us into his presence as before. Lord Henry was not alone. Another gentleman sat at the table, his back toward us, busily writing. Lord Henry received us kindly, making sundry inquiries as to how we had spent the interval since our last visit, but he seemed preoccupied and took little notice of our replies. He looked at his watch, then drew toward him some papers that lay on the table, and selecting a letter from among them called our attention to it.

'Please look at this very carefully,' he said, folding it into creases and presenting it to us. 'Is this the letter that was entrusted to you?'

The letter was of the same size and general appearance as the lost letter; it was addressed in the same way to Lord Henry at the Royal George, and the handwriting appeared identical, also the tint of the paper was the same. I was about to answer at once in the affirmative, being overjoyed at the thought that at last it had come safely to his hand.

'Do not be in a hurry,' he continued, 'I am trusting to you to examine it minutely.'

Said Dick, 'I had the handling of the letter, my lord; it was entrusted to me. This is very much like it, and the handwriting appears the same, but it is not the letter.'

'What makes you think it is not the letter,' asked his lordship.

'I know it isn't, my lord.'

'Tell me your reasons,' said Lord Henry.

'The letter that was stolen from me had a smear on the outside.'

'Might not that have become rubbed off?'

'No,' replied Dick, 'it was grease. At first I thought it was damp, but afterwards I saw it was grease. It came from the bread and

cheese that was in my pocket. You see—silly like—I put the letter in the same pocket as my lunch. There's another thing too; there was something hard in the corner—this corner—you could feel it with your finger and thumb, it made a small bulge.'

'Well, suppose that small article had been removed.'

'The cover would still have shown the bulge.'

The gentleman seated at the table, writing, looked up and smiled at Dick. 'How big was the bulge, as you call it?' he asked.

'Oh, about as big as a good-sized button, only not so smooth,' Dick replied.

The gentleman smiled again and nodded to Lord Henry, who again looked at his watch, and rising from his chair, said 'Come this way, my lads. Did you ever hear tell of the Magic Mirror?'

'Yes, my lord, in fairy tales,' I replied.

'I am in possession of a Magic Mirror,' said his lordship, smiling. 'Don't you think I look like a magician? Come this way.'

He led us into a small ante-chamber communicating with the room, and setting the door wide open, bade us sit down on chairs near it. Almost opposite us hung a large mirror.

'Now what do you see in that mirror?' his lordship asked.

'The other room, of course,' Dick replied.

'What do you see in the other room?'

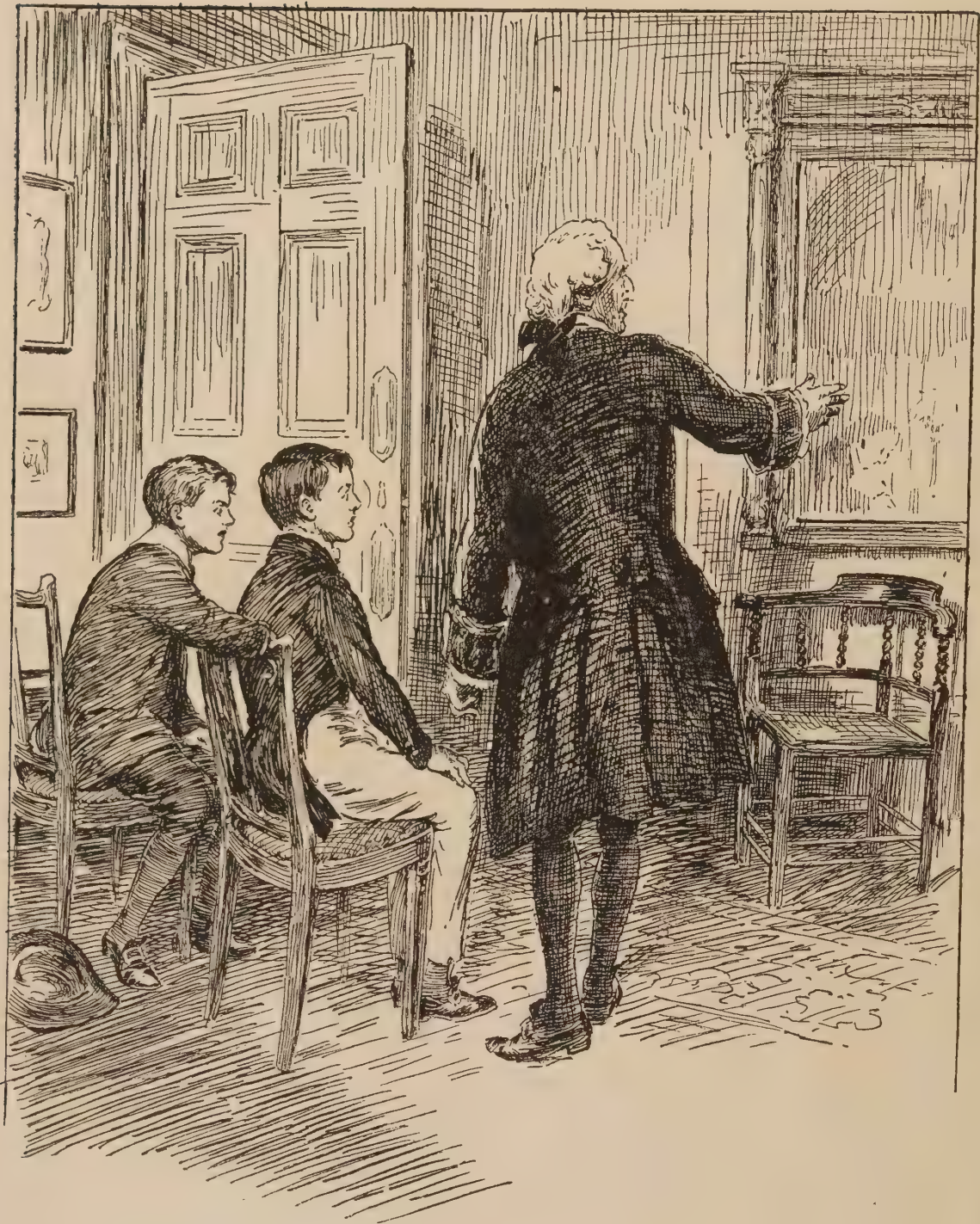
'The table and the gentleman seated at it writing, and the opposite wall, and the two chairs where we have been sitting and——'

'That will do,' said his lordship. 'Do you see a small hand-bell on the table?'

'Yes.'

'Now you are to sit here quietly, for it may be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and occasionally look at that mirror. It is all very mysterious, is it not? But remember I am a magician. Have you ever read the play of "The Tempest"? Well, I am Prospero for the time being. You will see an unexpected vision in that mirror, but you are to remain quiet till I ring that little bell, which will be a signal that I wish you to come to me in the other room. You quite understand?' His Lordship returned to the other room and resumed his seat.

(Continued on page 263.)



“ ‘ Now what do you see in that mirror ? ’ his lordship asked.”



THE LAST MATCH



"Their arrival caused considerable excitement."

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 250.)

CLIVE and Kenneth nodded, and Godfrey turned again to the policeman. 'All right,' he said. 'We won't make a fuss. Only you'd better keep that man Thompson out of the way. He will be at our throats if you give him half a chance. He's pretty fierce, you know.'

'He will no be interfering with the Law,' answered the sergeant. 'He's only a Sassenach like yoursels, but he will no interfere with the law of Scotland. It's a guid law, and there's guid men to hold it, and he will nae go against it.' He turned to look at the caretaker, who was glowering at the boys in turn.

'I'll have my rights,' said the caretaker. 'You take those boys and lock them up so that they can't escape, and if your law's worth a bit of the paper it's written on they'll not get free again for a matter of ten years or so. I tell you it was attempted murder, and illegal imprisonment, and assault and robbery.'

The boys climbed into the back part of the car. Godfrey at once sat down in the middle of the seat, with Thompson on one side of him and the second policeman on the other, while Clive and Kenneth stood in the small space behind the front seats. The sergeant climbed on to the footboard, and it was then that the boys noticed that there were two other occupants of the car: a policeman in the driver's seat, and a man roughly dressed and bareheaded beside him. As the car began to turn in the narrow road, the jolt threw Kenneth forward against the back of the seat, and as he recovered his balance he saw that the arms of the bareheaded man were handcuffed behind his back.

'I say,' he cried, 'who is this? What have you handcuffed him for?' What's he been doing?'

'I tell ye to say naething,' answered the sergeant.

'Yes, I know,' said Kenneth, 'but don't you see—it might be our man! He ran away, you know, just as we were breaking the door down, and if you'd caught him, we might get our money back—Uncle Rodney's money, you know.'

'Did I nae tell ye to say naething?' said the policeman. 'Ye guid fule, do ye no trust me to know who ye are? With posters about ye all over the country, and a reward on your three heads? And the Chief of Police in Edinburgh himself telephoning about ye? And your guid uncle tearing about the country like a mad fule looking for ye? But if ye'll no keep quiet I'll no be able to defend ye from the fule over yonder, who'd have your bluid and send what's left of ye to the prison. And ye'll go along with Red Jock yonder—' and he pointed to the bareheaded man in the front of the car—'and ye'll nae be sae happy in the prison.'

'Do you mean to say——?' began Clive, when Godfrey kicked him on the shin.

'Do as the old chap says, and shut up,' he said. 'If Uncle Rodney has got back and started looking for us, he will square things. The sergeant's all right, only for goodness sake do as he tells you, and keep your mouth shut.'

'You won't get off as easily as that, young man,' said the caretaker. 'I'll have my rights, I tell you. It was attempted——' But Godfrey interrupted him.

'Oh, hold your jaw!' he said. 'I've had enough for to-day, and you can do your jolly old worst in the morning.'

CHAPTER XV.

UNCLE RODNEY TO THE RESCUE.

THE police-station at Aberguthrie was a small cottage in the main street. The arrival of the motor-car containing the three boys, escorted by the police-sergeant, and 'Red Jock,' handcuffed and led by the two other policemen, caused considerable excitement in the village. However, in a very few seconds, they were all indoors, and while 'Red Jock' was taken down to the cellar, which was used as a cell, the boys, with a last word of advice from the sergeant to 'say naething,' were locked in a small room with barred windows on the ground floor.

It was very barely furnished, with a deal table, a chair, and a single bed; but in a few minutes two policemen appeared with an extra bed and a number of blankets. Then came a bowl of porridge and a jug of water; and with

this supper the boys were left to themselves for the night.

It was daylight when they awoke. Kenneth scrambled out of the bed which he had shared with Clive, and started to dress. A policeman

brought in some water and soap and breakfast, and half-an-hour later all three boys were ready for whatever might happen that day. At nine o'clock the sergeant opened the door.

(Continued on page 271.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

Written and Illustrated by H. W. WHANSLAW, Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.

IX.—THE MINIATURE DRAMA.

MANY years ago, a very popular form of street and fair-ground amusement was provided by men who travelled around with a large box, the lid of which could be tilted at an angle. In some cases it was fitted with a strip of looking-glass which reflected the daylight into the box; one side of the box had a row of round spy-holes cut out of it. Inside the box were a number of scenes made of paper and cardboard, almost exactly similar to the scenes provided for the old-time 'Juvenile' theatre now coming into popularity once again.

This was the 'Peep-show,' and there were two distinct varieties of it. There were the 'Back-shows,' and the 'Caravan-shows.' The former type was a simple affair that a man could carry about on his back, as the name implies, whilst the latter class consisted of much larger and more pretentious concerns that required a horse or donkey to draw them around. In the picture of Bartholomew Fair of 1721, already mentioned, there is shown one of the smaller type of Peep-shows with two little girls looking in at the scenes (fig. 1). The showman would stand by, as in the picture, and describe the scenes. As a rule they were very crude affairs. Hone in his *Every-day Book*, 1825, says of one he saw—'It consisted of scenes rudely painted, successively let down, by strings pulled by the showman, and was viewed through the eyeglasses of magnifying power, the spectators standing on the ground.'

Sometimes the show would consist of a series of scenes describing a complete play. In dimensions the scenes would be, perhaps, eighteen inches or two feet across, and fifteen inches high. There might be from six to eight scenes to each play, and in a list of these Peep-show plays published about 1856, there occur such exciting titles as *Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogen*, *The Dog of Montargis*, and *the Forest of Bondy*, *Hyder Ali or the Lion of Mysore*, and *The Forty Thieves*, in addition to *Dr.*

Faustus. No respectable showman's repertoire, however, was complete without a whole lot of scenes of historical and topical interest. If a murder was on everybody's tongue, his little 'room of horrors' managed to exhibit a particularly thrilling version of some of the scenes, with an extra specially hair-raising moment, provided by the sudden appearance of the 'ghost.'

'And there, hup hin the corner,
Stands Maria Martin's ghost.'

But history was the peep-showman's strong point. Biblical history from the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon, to the conversion of St. Paul; from the building of the Tower of Babel to Daniel in the lions' den. Like a film gazette the exhibitor showed all the topical events of his day—The Coronation of George the Fourth, the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon's return from Elba and the Death of Nelson. He was nothing if not educational, and, in his little day and generation, the peep-showman must have done a very good work in the matter of unconscious visual training for the young.

It is a real pity that these delightful old things have passed out of our ken, because, just as everybody likes to look through a hole in a fence at the green fields beyond, so the little round holes of the peep-show have taken away many a pleasant sight when they disappeared.

Another form of miniature dramatic entertainment has also almost passed from the public gaze, the *street* puppet-show, the Fantoccini, the stringed marionettes. Time was when they were the 'rage,' and gallant lords and ladies went far out of their way to see them. Did not Mr. Samuel Pepys record in his diary how on August 30th, 1667, he went 'to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play, *Patient Grizell*!' A year later (1668) he went again to the same

fair and saw the puppets play a piece named after the fair itself, *Bartholomew Fair*.

The marionettes, however, are much older than the days of Charles the Second; they

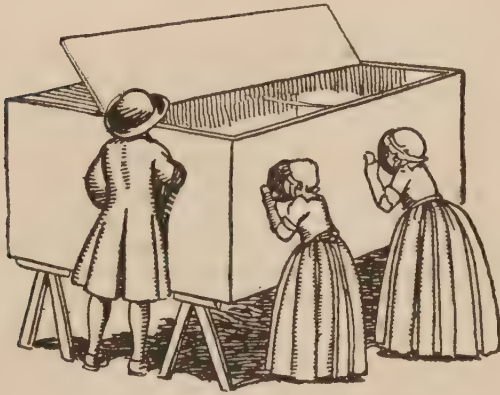


Fig. 1.—A Peep-show of 1721.

were known, originally, as 'motions,' and as such they are mentioned in one of the earliest English plays, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. There is quite a list of famous puppet masters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.* But the names of Pinkethnam and Crawley stand out before the rest of the group as especially famous for their association with booths at a fair.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, and perhaps a little before, puppets made their appearance in the streets of London as itinerant shows. They were known as 'Fantoccini,' and one of the pioneers of these street puppet men was a Scotsman named Gray. He had a set of dolls about nine inches high, and, at a later date, he also exhibited some puppets at Vauxhall Gardens, the dolls in this case were about two feet in height. After Gray came 'Mumford's Dancing Dolls,' and Mr. Seawood's Marionettes, and many others, chief among which was the famous puppet-master, Clunn Lewis, the last of a long line of expert manipulators, and the possessor of some of the finest carved-wood marionettes ever made. Mr. Lewis has passed to his rest, but his mantle has fallen on his widow, who is making

*A more detailed description of these shows will be found in the author's book *Everybody's Theatre*—Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.—much of which appeared in *Chatterbox* in 1923 under the title 'The Toy that Never Grows Old.'

a fine effort to keep alive this wonderful show of 'traditional' dolls and to let the people of to-day enjoy the very puppets that our forbears laughed at a century, and more, ago.

The 'Variety' programme of the old-time street Fantoccini consisted of anything up to about eighteen or twenty 'turns,' and the most popular of which were the 'Hornpipe Dances,' 'Mr. Grimaldi the Clown,' 'The Enchanted Turk,' who changed into a number of smaller figures (this can still be seen on the beach at Southsea), 'The Old Lady,' another trick figure, 'The Tight-rope Dancer,' 'Ramo Samee, the Indian Juggler,' 'The Italian Scaramouche,' with his long neck which stretches to unusual lengths; the Pole Balancer, 'Polander,' and the inevitable 'Skeletons.'

But although the Fantoccini of the streets are now no more, it must not be imagined that



Fig. 2.—The old-time travelling Marionette Show: 'some of the famous Clunn Lewis puppets on their stage.'

the marionettes have passed away altogether. There have been, and still are, many clever puppet-masters to be met with in this land, the De Marion family, the Testo's, Harry Wilding's Marionettes, D'Arc's Marionettes, and Shistl's 'Comical Wonderetta,' to mention only a few of these puppet-shows, all of which display the real stringed mannikins following the best traditions of the art.

In passing, it might be noticed, there may be seen even now, though only at rare intervals, a form of dancing doll marionette attached by a mechanical arrangement to a specially constructed street organ. As the instrument is played the dolls jig up and down, or rotate in little groups, in a whirligig sort of way, that looks like anything but a waltz (fig. 3). Some day the last of these things will be

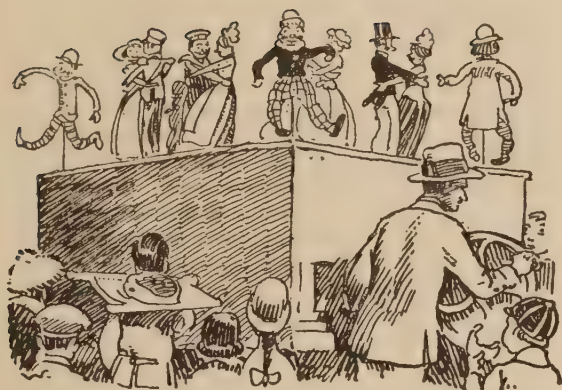


Fig. 3.—Dancing Dolls on a Street Organ.

scrapped, but it will be a great pity if such an interesting relic of the past could not be bought and preserved in a museum.

However, even if both the peep-show man and the street marionette man have ceased to be, there is still one old and well-tried friend to bring us all to a halt at the corner of a street. Mr. Punch still makes his bow, and his wonderful squeaky voice is as captivating as ever it was. Where did Mr. Punch come from? Is he really the little, wooden representation of Puccio d' Arriello, the witty vintager of Acena—or Atella—near Naples, who joined a troupe of strolling comedians, became the 'star turn' of their show, and whose memory was perpetuated, after his death, by one of the comedians wearing a hooked nose and chin, to represent the little man? Or is he called Punchinello or Punch, because of his fanciful likeness to the Italian pulcino, a cock chicken, with his beak and his squeak? Some experts used to think that his name is a corruption of Pontius and that the play refers to Pontius Pilate and his treatment of the Jews, but this suggestion is now discredited. Other students of the subject think that Mr. Punch simply represents a particular type of Italian peasant, and that he is but one of the characters of the old Oscan farces, the *Atellane Fabulæ*, one Maceus, the fool of the play.

So Punch is a man of mystery, an ancient and honourable personage, who is not only a great and popular favourite in the country, but also on the continent, in France and Italy, from whence he came. In France he is known to-day as 'Guignol,' but he was called originally 'Polichinelle.' There is another mystery about Mr. Punch, and that is how he

came into England. He was here in the seventeenth century, and is believed to have come over with William of Orange, though some think he was brought to us by the Huguenot



B



A

Fig. 4.—Two subjects from Hogarth's 'Southwark Fair.'

A. The Little Old Man with the Dancing Doll.

B. The Sign-board of a Punch Show.

refugees at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and others that he came with the Restoration of Charles II. In 1667 John Evelyn saw the 'famous Italian puppets' at Covent Garden Theatre, and two years later Mr. Samuel Pepys speaks of hearing a fat



Fig. 5.—'The Call.' A London Punch of 1860.

little girl called 'Punch' by her parents, which he discovered was a nickname for all who were short and fat. From this time onward the name of Punch appears in connec-

tion with puppet-shows and similar amusements at fairs, the jovial old villain being introduced into the most unlikely scenes and subjects, as a kind of comic relief.

About the end of the eighteenth century, however, an Italian named Porsini is said to have exhibited the Punch-and-Judy show in the streets of London as it is seen to-day. He is believed to have been preceded by a woman with a similar show, but Porsini was the famous man of his day, and earned a lot of money with his show, though he died in poverty.

After Porsini came a man named Pike. He is credited with the honour of being the first to show a live dog as 'Toby.' The operator was accompanied by an assistant, who beat the drum, played the pan's pipes, and acted as general manager of the 'front of the house' and collector at the same time. The drama of Mr. Punch is said to consist of two distinct parts—Part one, from the commencement up to the killing of Judy and the child, and Part two, from Punch's arrest and trial to the end.

From the days of Porsini and Pike up to this very time of writing, there have been many 'professors' who have travelled the country with their Punch-and-Judy shows, but they, one and all, tell the same traditional story, and use the same unvaried cast of characters, and Mr. Punch gives forth his marvellous squeak, which has never failed yet to bring a more than appreciative crowd of 'youngsters' of every age. The squeak, or 'call,' as it was termed in the profession, was produced by means of a small instrument held in the mouth, and through which the words were spoken. Its manufacture was a secret of the Punch men, and perfection in its use often took a considerable time and much practice to acquire, but it is worth all the trouble, for who wants to listen to a Punch without one?

THE ROBBER CHIEFTAIN.

ABOUT the time of the Wars of the Roses there lived in a big cave near Bettws-y-Coed, in Wales, a robber chieftain called David-up-Shenkin. He was a well-known outlaw and much feared in those parts of the country. He used to fight many wild battles among the oak woods and the mountain passes with Howell Evan up Rhys Gethin, who was then living in Dolwyddelan Tower, which guarded the approaches to Snowdon. Both robber chieftains

really wanted to be supreme lord of the fertile Lledr valley. After one of their great fights, David-up-Shenkin found himself left nearly alone, as most of his men-at-arms had been either killed or wounded in the fray, so he fled to the coast and crossed over in a sailing vessel to Ireland, where he recruited many young wild Irishmen and dressed them in green and returned with them to the Welsh mountains. When the Welsh saw these little men dressed in green among the woods of Bettws, they thought that David-up-Shenkin had returned from his travels with an army of green fairies to help him, and they went with great fear to Howell of Dolwyddelan and told him what they had seen in the woods.

Howell, weary of repose and peace and longing for a fight with his old enemy, rose up and, taking fifty of his most trusty followers, took the old Roman road which crossed the glen, loudly proclaiming that he would permit no band of David's, either human or elfin, to dominate the valley whilst he was alive. Howell and his men reached the oak woods about midday, wherein David and his green men were reported to be hidden.

For many hours they searched the woods, but found no sign of the robber band, nor could they discover the cave which was said to be David's headquarters.

Towards evening they came across a young shepherdess seated on a fallen oak-tree, dressed in green, singing in Welsh. Howell asked her if she could tell him where David-up-Shenkin lay hidden with his green men, but the little shepherdess went on singing and gazed fearlessly at Howell; he grew angry and threatened her with his sword if she would not answer truly. Then she pointed to her ears and shook her head, and he realised that the little girl was deaf, and could hear nothing apparently of what he had been saying.

Annoyed, he fell back and bade his men rest awhile in a little green open glade in the forest, which they very willingly did, as they were weary with the heat of the day, and it was very pleasant in the shade of the oaks, lying on the grass and listening to the roar of the river Lledr as it tumbled over the rocks down the valley on its way to the sea. The little green shepherdess still sat on a rock covered with moss near some low bushes of bright golden gorse, which smelt very sweet in the afternoon sun.

Gradually Howell and his band became heavy with sleep, and their eyes closed, and they slept to a man. Then the little green shepherdess slipped silently away into the forest, and all was still in the glade for some hours, till just as the long shadows of twilight were stealing into the glen, an arrow sped on its way and knocked off the cap of the sleeping Howell, who sprang up hastily, arousing his followers. But before they were fully awake,

David-up-Shenkin's green men dashed in among them and took them prisoners with hardly even a fight. Howell alone grappled with David himself and sought to throw him to the ground, but just as the two men were swaying in the air and getting dangerously near the edge of the rocks above a deep pool in the river, the little shepherdess ran out and rushed between them, uttering wild cries of distress.

The two men had to stop fighting for the moment, or they would have pushed her into the river, and neither chieftain could bring himself to deliberately drown the little deaf shepherdess, so they waited till she should go; but the little girl was not so minded, and took their hands in hers and joined them silently together, making it very clear that all she wanted was peace between the robber chieftains and their bands of followers.

Now the little shepherdess was David's daughter and he could not refuse her anything she asked that he could give her, as she was so afflicted by being stone-deaf; so he offered an honourable peace to Howell of Dolwyddelan, who, being unprepared and his men prisoners, was only too well pleased to make peace and be free to return with his men to his own castle. They agreed that if he did this, that they should enter into a pact to dwell in peace in the valley and each remain in his own part of the vale.

M. MOSTYN.

A DAY'S OUTING.

PLUMP Mrs. Beet and twenty happy Beetles,
With Mr. Beet labouring on ahead,
Came hurrying from the underground,
And hailed a motor, southward bound,
'It's crowded,' Daddy said.

'There's no more room, each seat's already taken;
That motor-bus is certainly too small,
Besides it has a leaking roof'—
Each beetle wore a waterproof
And didn't mind at all.

So in they crushed—the passengers were pleasant,
And squeezed up close and made what room
they could;
The babies spread themselves out flat
Beneath the seats, and Mother sat,
And Father Beetle stood.

They reached a pool (the water-butt was dripping),
The beetles really thought they'd found the sea!
They bathed and paddled for awhile
Then crawled beneath a broken tile
And had a gorgeous tea.

The baskets packed, they started for the station,
'We'll go by train, there'll be more room,' said
And as they cuddled into bed, [Dad],
Each sleepy little beetle said,
'Oh, what a day we've had!' L. H.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 255.)

DICK and I sat there in silence; we could hear the gentleman's quill scratching on the paper as he wrote, and nothing else but the ticking of a clock in some part of the house. It was all very extraordinary; we did not know what to think of it. Was his lordship simply making a game of us, or was he—well, a little eccentric, or a good deal eccentric? The other gentleman looked sane enough.

We could see in the mirror all Dick stated, but his lordship was out of view. At first we kept our gaze fixed intently on the mirror till our eyes became tired, and we felt a trifle dizzy, but as nothing appeared, we looked about us. There was nothing remarkable about the room, except that it was rather dark owing to the smallness of the window. There was a bureau, one of the sort with bulging drawers, and on it a candle-lamp and a small bust—there was a pair of fencing foils crossed

on the wall, a very dark picture in a black frame, and some twisty-backed chairs; there was nothing remarkable unless it was the mirror itself, which certainly had a very curious frame. Occasionally we heard the sound of a passing vehicle, but very faintly as though we were in the back part of the house—a church clock chimed the quarter-hour; in the house there was no sound but the regular ticking of the clock and the scratch of the pen, and now and then a little cough from his lordship.

So we sat, as if we were in Church, for what appeared to be an age, listening to the empty air and looking into the mirror till there was a buzzing in my ears like a bee. Dick used his pocket-handkerchief once—it sounded awful. Then something happened—we heard the muffled slamming of a door, then a minute's silence, then came a tap at the room-door which opened and something big came in—a man in a riding-coat, swinging his hat and making a

profound bow, and seeming to bring a gust of wind with him. Our eyes were fastened on the mirror—it was the Captain!

We had a clear view of the room with the exception of that end where Lord Henry sat, and we could distinctly hear all that passed. The Captain's coarse voice was moderated in deference to his lordship's ears, but we could catch every word.

'You are punctual,' said his lordship.

'Military time, my lord,' exclaimed the Captain, with a broad smile and a swagger of the shoulders. 'You remember what Lord Wellesley says.'

'I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance,' said Lord Henry. 'Pray be seated. This is my secretary and business adviser. I should like to say that though it concerns a relative of mine, I regard this affair as a matter of business. Will you favour me by repeating in his presence your communication?'

'With pleasure, my lord, though I am simply the bearer of a letter which I was given to understand would speak for itself. I am a rough-and-ready soldier, more used to the field and the camp than the Council Board or the Office, and in matters of business I am a mere child—a mere child. Every man to his trade, say I. You have the letter, my lord, which, as I understand it, requests an advancement of money—a loan—or something of the sort. I am not acquainted with the amount, but fancy, from what Sir James was pleased to tell me, something in the neighbourhood of two hundred guineas.'

'The letter informs me so far,' said Lord Henry, 'but I wish to know something of the bearer, and the situation of my nephew Sir James Hamilton.'

'The bearer—your lordship's humble servant—is soon disposed of. My name is Bolsover—Captain Horatio Bolsover, late serving with His Majesty's Forces in Spain and France. It was at the battle of Vittoria that I first became acquainted with Sir James Hamilton. It was there—on the field—that I rendered him some services which it is not necessary for me to enlarge on excepting to say that he considered them of value. I only did my duty, and if he set a high value on them, perhaps it was due more to his own good nature than to their actual importance—but there, let that rest. His social position is above mine, but War is a great leveller. We were on very friendly terms, in fact I may say we were comrades.'

'Can you tell me what has reduced Sir James to the necessity of making this request?'

'No, that I cannot, my lord. Sir James seldom mentioned money matters to me—nor family concerns, and I am not one to pry into the affairs of others. As far as I have seen, his habits are not extravagant, and I should scarcely think he is a man to play for high stakes. I have seen him at the card tables the same as other gentlemen of fashion, especially those who wear His Majesty's uniform. As for myself, I object to cards on principle, but I am not one to condemn others. I know from his own lips that he has contracted debts, and I know from the testimony of my own eyes that he is at present under restraint for debt. As to where, I am not at liberty to say—Sir James has placed confidence in me which I must respect. His words to me were simply these—"Bolsover, will you do me a favour?" My reply was, "Anything within reason, my dear sir." Then "Will you deliver this to Lord Henry Gordon and await his reply, but on no account acquaint him with my whereabouts?" Upon which I said, "You know I would do anything within reason to serve you, but I tell you candidly these mysterious proceedings are not to my liking. Why not throw yourself unreservedly on his lordship—much the best course." "I can't do it, Bolsover," he said. "This affair has been a lesson to me, and I will take care it does not occur again. I should like to make my peace with his lordship, but I cannot face him in these circumstances. If he grants my request I shall come out of this place a wiser man." I shall then present myself before him, and place myself in his hands. His lordship has a good heart. At one time he regarded me with affection—almost as a son. There is nothing I desire more than a complete reconciliation, but I could not endure that he should see me here." "Well, I'll go," I said, "but I don't like this mystery—my nature is downright and upstraight. I do not know what reception I, a perfect stranger, shall get from his lordship, but I'll go." "As to that," said Sir James, "Take this ring, show it to Lord Henry, he will at once recognise it, and place absolute confidence in you." Those are the facts, my lord, and this is the ring.'

The Captain took from his little finger a ring and gave it to the Secretary, who handed it to Lord Henry.

(Continued on page 266.)



“The Captain was on his feet, white but furious.”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 264.)

DICK and I listened to this amazing story, and saw in the mirror with astonishment the easy self-assurance of the Captain. We almost felt that he was speaking the truth, and that we ourselves had made some extraordinary mistake. I suppose Dick is not so impressionable as I am, for I heard him grunt—'pack of lies.'

'Who is this Sir James they talk of?' I whispered.

'Why, the wounded gentleman, of course,' Dick replied in the same tone.

But Lord Henry was speaking.

'Your account is quite clear, Captain Bolsover. So my nephew actually placed this letter in your hands?'

'Certainly, my lord, I thought I had made myself understood.'

'Um! I suggest that this letter is a forgery,' said Lord Henry quite calmly.

The Captain sprang to his feet as if he had been stung. 'Forgery,' he cried in his roughest voice. 'Do you mean to insult me to my face? Do you think that because you are a lord you can speak to me in that way? Lord or no lord, I tell you for many a less thing than that I have called out my man and run him through. I demand an instant apology, sir, I'll—'

'Control yourself, Captain Bolsover, and pray do not be theatrical,' said his lordship. 'As I said before, I suggest that this letter is a forgery, and that the genuine letter was stolen by you from two boys to whom it was entrusted. What do you say to that?'

Lord Henry touched the bell.

Dick started up, and I followed him into the room. The Captain was on his feet, his face white but furious. He had just taken a deep breath preparatory to a second explosion, but at our appearance his jaw dropped, and he gave in at the chest like a pricked bubble.

'You have met these young gentlemen before?' said his lordship.

'Yes, the young hounds,' exclaimed the Captain, who had but partially recovered himself. 'Ahem! Your lordship's unfounded suspicions have caused me great pain and made

me forget myself. I am a soldier and my temper is hasty. These lads have caused me some annoyance. Sir James and I in the first place entrusted the letter to them, but I found them later on idling by the roadside, so I determined to deliver the letter in person. They were none too well pleased, and used threatening language. I suppose they have been before me with a trumped-up tale.'

'This scarcely tallies with the contents of the letter which speaks of you as the bearer, and commissions you to receive on behalf of Sir James a large sum of money if I am disposed to grant it—by the way, a very big If; but we need not go into that. I charge you with forgery, with robbery on the highway, and with attempt to obtain money from me by fraud.'

'This is a conspiracy,' cried the Captain. 'I will stay here no longer to be insulted. You will hear from me again, my lord; my friend will call on you to arrange a meeting—this insult must be wiped out—my honour shall be avenged—'

The Captain strode to the door, threw it open, but, unfortunately for him, found himself confronted by two police officers. The Secretary rose from his seat, and shut the door on them.

'Well, young gentlemen,' said his lordship, rubbing his hands together, 'what do you think of my Magic Mirror?'

The Captain had gone off in such haste that he had forgotten the ring, or, to be more correct, Lord Henry had taken good care not to part with it when once in possession of it. His lordship now drew our attention to it. 'Have you seen this ring before, young gentlemen?'

'Yes,' Dick replied, 'it is the ring that was on the finger of the wounded gentleman.'

'So it is,' I exclaimed.

Said Dick, 'I shouldn't wonder if that was the thing in the letter that made the corner bulge.'

'Neither should I,' said his lordship, laughing.

(Continued on page 274.)

THE STOLEN PONY.

DENNIS was sitting on a rail by the roadside, half hidden by the bushy hedge. He lived at a farm right out of the town. He was reading again the letter he had received that day from his cousin, Mary, who lived in Devonshire.

One sentence he paused over :—‘ You remember my dear old Tom, the pony ? Well, some one has stolen him, and I am miserable, for we shall never be able to have our glorious rides again.’ Dennis remembered Mary’s pony well, a black, sleek little animal, with white patches on its head.

Suddenly his day-dream was disturbed by a clattering of hoofs down the road, and Dennis glanced up to see a dozen rough-haired ponies approaching. They were driven by two unpleasant-looking gipsies, on horseback.

Dennis’s eye fell on one plump, black pony. With Mary’s letter fresh in his mind, he was quite startled for the moment ; the resemblance to the stolen Tom was so striking. But there were no white patches on the head—Dennis laughed at himself.

The two gipsies were near now. They were talking loudly, as if they were not altogether sober. ‘ We did good business down in Devonshire ! ’ laughed one man.

A minute later the gipsies were past, and Dennis suddenly sprang from the railings into the field behind. Sprinting at top speed he set off across the grass. A great idea had come to him, and a plan was forming in his mind as he ran.

The quiet country road went round in the form of a horseshoe, and Dennis was cutting off this bend. Five minutes’ hard running brought him again to the road. He had got ahead of the two men ; they were not yet in sight.

At this point the road was fringed by a splendid row of chestnut-trees. Dennis had been up them many times, and knew every branch. Without hesitation he made for one of the largest. He sprang on to the railings at its foot ; clutched a bough, swung his legs up, and the next instant was astride the stout limb.

From here Dennis worked his way out until he sat on a low thick bough that stretched out over the road. He raised his legs and lay flat. Then he peered eagerly up the road.

Soon he caught sight of the playful mob of ponies in the distance, and the rough, unkempt men riding slowly behind. His heart was throbbing. He had resolved on a daring venture.

The ponies were very near, the sturdy black one dancing along with the rest.

‘ Tom ! ’ called Dennis, not very loudly ; and again, ‘ Tom, Tom ! ’

The black pony’s ears suddenly stiffened, and it paused with a whinny of surprise.

‘ Come here, Tom ! ’ called Dennis, tense with excitement, waving an arm to the pony.

Then the black pony broke out in front of the rest and trotted towards the overhanging chestnut-tree. The two gipsies coming along the road had seen nothing.

‘ Come along, Tom ! ’ encouraged Dennis ; and the black pony stood right underneath the bough where Dennis sat, and gazed upwards inquiringly.

One of the gipsies now caught sight of the boy and pressed his horse forward, shouting threateningly. Then Dennis took the big risk. He slid off the bough until he hung with his hands, then dropped cleanly astride the rounded back beneath.

The pony reared, but Dennis, clinging to the mane, whispered encouraging words, so that it became quietened. Then he pressed his heels into its sleek sides and it flashed off down the road at a fine gallop. The astonished gipsies whipped up their horses in wild pursuit.

Dennis lay along the pony’s back like a lizard. Not once did he turn his head,—the pounding hoofs behind told how fiercely he was being pursued.

For some distance the chase thundered down the road—the boy had got a considerable lead. Then Dennis, with a sharp tug of the pony’s head, turned it through an open gateway by the roadside.

He had schemed carefully. This was the field that led to his father’s farm. The enraged gipsies were a hundred yards behind as they too swung into the field, yelling wild threats.

But Dennis kept his lead, the little black pony was wonderfully speedy. Straight towards a huge barn Dennis headed. The great door stood open, but of the interior little could be seen.

Without hesitation he guided the pony in. Then, checking its pace, he rode on and out of another doorway at the far end. Here he stopped and jumped from the steaming pony. In a few seconds the door was swung to and fastened on the outside by the strong iron bar.

Dennis whispered to the pony to remain still, and crept round the side of the barn—for the gipsies were near. As he reached the front end, pressing closely against the wall, his furious pursuers galloped straight through the first big doorway, convinced that at last they had cornered their quarry.

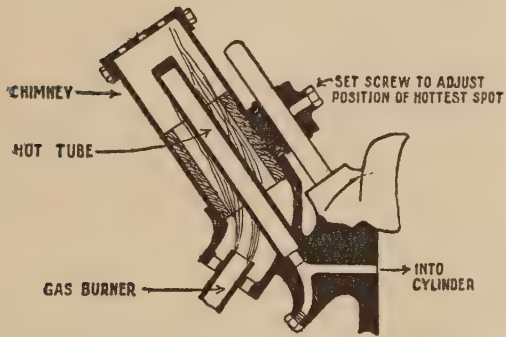
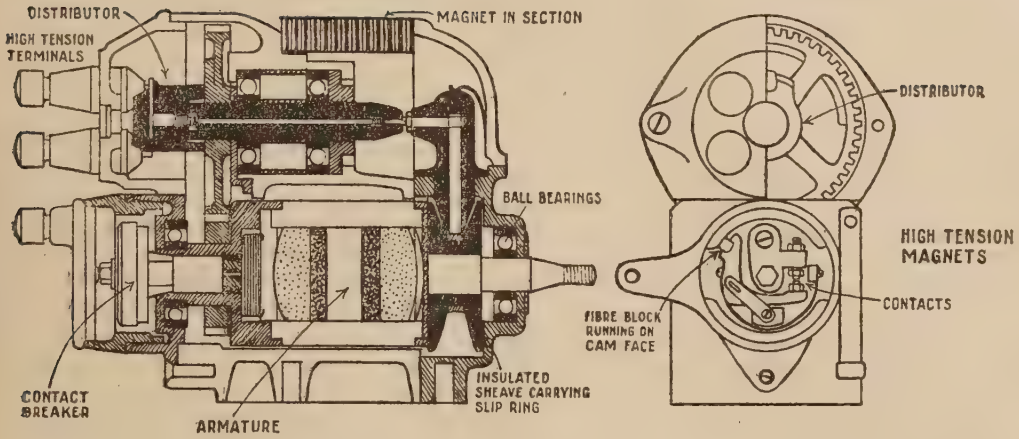
Then Dennis swiftly pushed round the massive door and sent the big outside bar clanging into its socket—effectually imprisoning the two ruffians inside the barn.

Dennis’s father was astonished at his boy’s story a few minutes later. But an oily rag cleaned the black stain from the recovered pony’s head—revealing the white patches of Tom.

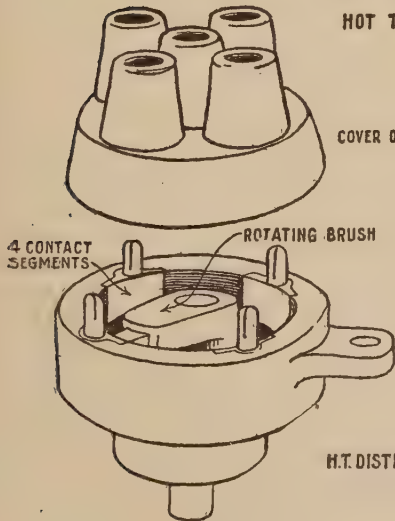
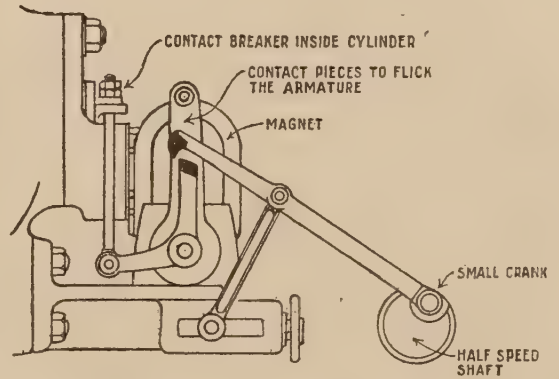
Soon the police arrived and took charge of the two trapped thieves. Later, Dennis himself accompanied Tom back to Brington, and, with his cousin Mary and the little pony, had another delightful holiday.



"The chase thundered down the road."

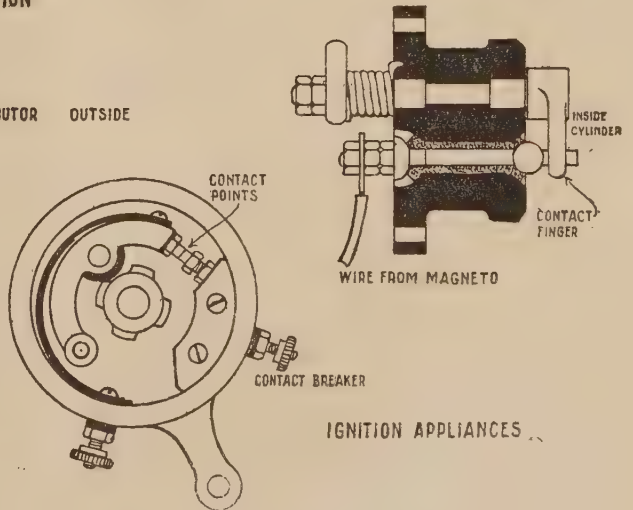


HOT TUBE IGNITION



COVER OF H.T. DISTRIBUTOR OUTSIDE

H.T. DISTRIBUTOR



IGNITION APPLIANCES

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAY.

(Continued from page 254.)

LOW TENSION MAGNETO.—The kind of magneto used in large gas engines is frequently that which is known as a low tension magneto; an arrangement in which we utilise the spark which is produced when a circuit carrying an electric current is broken. This apparatus consists of a number of powerful horse-shoe magnets provided with 'pole pieces' between which an armature is oscillated. The movement of the armature causes an electric current to flow through its windings and so to an insulated pin in the cylinder head. One end of the winding is connected to the frame of the machine, or 'earthed,' as it is called, so that the current flows from the armature through the insulated pin to the finger contact inside the cylinder and thence by the engine frame back to the magneto. At the moment when ignition should take place the finger contact is moved away from the insulated pin, and as the circuit is broken inside the cylinder a spark occurs there, which ignites the gas. This form of magneto is used on many stationary gas engines because the oscillating armature can be made to move rapidly when a spark is required, whatever may be the speed of the engine; a cam on the half-speed shaft moves it in one direction and then allows it to be flicked back by a strong spring so that a spark can be ensured even when the engine is just starting, as the current which causes the spark is produced by this rapid return of the armature.

High Tension Magneto.—For quickly moving engines such as those for motor-cars the low tension magneto cannot be used, as not only is it practically impossible to use an oscillating armature at a high speed, but, although this could be got over by using a rotating armature, it is practically impossible to maintain the finger contact operating satisfactorily at such a speed as that at which these engines run, viz., from one to three thousand revolutions per minute, *i.e.*, one to fifteen hundred sparks per minute in each cylinder and, in consequence, a 'high tension' magneto is used. In this apparatus there are two windings on the armature, which rotates instead of oscillating, as was the case in the machine just described.

One winding consists of fairly stout wire, which normally forms a closed circuit on the armature of the magneto itself. The other winding has one end connected to the frame of the magneto and the other to a sparking plug. When the armature rotates between the magnet poles a current flows through the thick wire winding and nothing happens on the thin high tension winding, but, when ignition is to take place, the low-tension circuit is opened at the contact maker on the magneto itself by a cam, and the sudden stoppage of the low-tension circuit causes a very high-tension current to be generated in the other winding which has sufficient voltage to enable it to jump across the gap of the sparking plug and so ignite the gas in the cylinder.

It used to be thought that the speed of the engine and its satisfactory operation depended upon the spark being an intense one, but this is not found to be the case, so long as the spark is sufficiently hot to ignite the gas, as the speed and power of the engine only depend upon the mixture and compression being correct.

Battery and Coil Ignition.—Another form of ignition which, after having been used for many years and then partly abandoned, is again coming into use, is that which is known as battery and coil ignition. Most of our readers will have seen a coil, but they may not realise how it acts. A coil consists of a bundle of soft iron wires around which are two windings, the 'low tension,' consisting of thick wires and the high tension of many turns of thin wire. Referring to the diagram it will be seen that when the engine cam shaft causes the circuit to be closed, current from the battery flows through the low-tension winding and magnetises the iron wire coil. On breaking the circuit, an operation which is performed either by a vibrating contact maker or by the contact on the cam shaft, the sudden change in the magnetisation of the core causes a high voltage to be generated in the other winding, sufficiently high to cause electricity to jump the gap of the sparking plug.

Both in this arrangement and the high-tension magneto a condenser consisting of a number of tinfoil sheets separated by mica is

connected across the contact maker, as by absorbing the electric discharge from the low tension winding, it prevents sparking at the contacts and also makes the production of the spark much more definite and certain.

The magnetos and coil which have been described are only suitable for single cylinder engines and for this purpose they run usually at the same speed as the cam shaft, that is half the speed of the engine if it is a four-stroke one; but if the engine has more than one cylinder, a distributor, which is simply a rotating switch in the high-tension circuit, and which, of course, has to be particularly well insulated, is provided. Such part of a magneto which can give two sparks for each revolution would run at crank shaft speed, but the distributor rotates at half that speed, so that, as each piston arrives at the end of its compression stroke, the rotating switch arm will have connected the high-tension winding of the magneto to its plug so that when the contact on the low-tension winding opens and produces the spark it takes place in the cylinder which is in the ignition stage of its cycle.

(Concluded on page 275.)

GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY.

1. **A MOUNTAIN** is a hill as high as high can be;
A CAPE, a piece of land jutting out into the sea.

2. When all the land is flat, and stretches wide and low,
 And bears upon it no large hills, 'tis called a **PLAIN**, you know.

3. An **ISLAND** is a piece of land surrounded by the sea;

But if it joined in just one place, a **PENINSULA** 'twould be.

4. A narrow neck of land joining two of larger size
 Is always called an **ISTHMUS**, it can't be otherwise.

5. A **STRAIT** is like an isthmus, but of *water* it must be,
 And the pieces which it joins are larger ones, of sea.

6. An opening wide made in the land by sea then forms a **BAY**,
 Though if the opening's narrow, 'tis a **GULF**, I hear you say.

7. Each river has its **TRIBUTARIES**, whether fast or slow,
 Those countless smaller rivers, which into it do flow.

8. If one should spread far out, and a sheet of water make
 That's like a great big shining pond, then this is called a **LAKE**.

9. Each river has a **BED**, with **BANKS** on either side,
 And if it joins the sea, forms an **ESTUARY** wide.

10. All learn this little verse, and you will surely find
 In Geography at school, you won't be far behind.
 ERNA JACKSON.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 259.)

'YE will come with me,' said the sergeant.
 'And I warn ye to be verra careful with your friend Mr. Thompson. I thought maybe the night would have made him cooler, but he was around here at five o'clock watching to see I didna let ye escape. And it's your bluid he will be having if ye let him.'
 'Are we going to the magistrate?' demanded Godfrey, as they left the cottage.
 'Because you know you ought to speak to Uncle Rodney on the 'phone. He's in Edinburgh. At least, you said he was last night.'

The sergeant looked at him, with a sort of twinkle in his eye. But 'Ye will come with me' was all he would say.

He led the way to a large building close to the railway station, bearing gold letters just below its first-floor windows: 'The Railway Hotel.' Here they crossed the hall, and then the sergeant stood aside as he threw open a door.

Godfrey led the way into the room, and then stopped short. On the hearthrug, with his back to the fire, stood Uncle Rodney. At the table sat Mr. Thompson.

'Come in,' said Uncle Rodney, sternly. 'Come in and sit down at the table. Over there,' and he pointed to the side of the table opposite to the caretaker. 'I suppose,' he added, 'I must hold you responsible, Godfrey, for all that has happened. You disobeyed my instructions to keep both yourself and Kenneth out of mischief. I must say that I did not think it of you. I was under the impression that you could be trusted. One moment,' he added, holding up a hand as Clive tried to interrupt, 'as to you, Clive, I have heard how you came to Edinburgh. It was the one possibility I had not reckoned with. I haven't the least doubt that you originated the idea of leaving Edinburgh. But that does not excuse Godfrey. I made him responsible, and I regret to say that he has failed me.'

'Awfully sorry,' muttered Godfrey, and then Clive butted in.

'It was all my fault,' he said. 'You can't blame Godfrey. He thought we were going back the same night, you know, only I knew we couldn't. You see'

Uncle Rodney stopped him. 'That is enough,' he said. 'We will go into that later. At present there are other people present, and I have no wish to wash our dirty linen in public. There remains the extremely difficult problem of dealing with matters as they are; and that must be done immediately. This gentleman,' and he pointed at the caretaker, 'brings an extremely serious charge against you, and consequently you are all three under arrest by the police and due to appear before the magistrates in little more than two hours' time. An extremely ignominious position, and one in which I very deeply regret to see you. Frankly, I am quite at a loss to know what to do. I think you, Godfrey, had better tell me the whole story, as briefly as possible.'

'You will not be able to "do" anything,' said the caretaker. 'Those boys have got to answer for what they've done.'

'I am afraid that is true, Mr. Thompson,' answered Uncle Rodney. 'Even boys, when they get up to mischief, have to pay the penalty. And I quite understand how you feel in the matter. Still, you know, as their uncle, I have a right to hear exactly what has been happening, and to consider their account as well as yours. I have no doubt,' he added hastily, as the caretaker thumped with his fist on the table, 'I have no doubt at all that the stories will agree exactly as to what actually

happened. What I want to get at, and what only the boys can say, is *why* they treated you in the . . . the shameful manner that they appear to have done.'

Uncle Rodney thereupon offered the caretaker a cigar, lit one himself, and drew up a chair at the end of the table. 'Now, Godfrey,' he said.

Godfrey told the whole story as briefly as he could. He tried to slur over the account of the way they had come to the hotel, but Clive interrupted, and insisted on telling it without excuses for his own share in it. Kenneth came in with details here and there which the others had forgotten, and before long Godfrey reached the story of how he had been attacked as he sat beside the stream in the forest.

'This sounds very improbable,' suggested Uncle Rodney. 'Am I to understand that this is the exact truth?'

'Rather!' exclaimed Godfrey, and he got up to show the bump which was still visible on the back of his head.

Uncle Rodney examined it carefully. 'A pretty severe blow,' he said at last. 'You have certainly not come off scot free from your adventure. But that of course does not excuse the mischief you made. It does not account for your attacking Mr. Thompson. Suppose you finish the story.'

(Continued on page 279.)

ABYSSINIAN DANDIES.

MAJOR HARRIS who, in 1841, visited the southern part of Abyssinia, called Shoa, found that dyeing and dressing the hair were considered of great importance with such of the male population who took the lead in matters of fashion. By the aid of quicklime they stained their naturally jet-black hair to a dull foxy red, and then by frizzing and keeping it stuck out by means of a wooden skewer, which was also used for scratching the head, they made it like a carriage-mop; and so careful were they that this should not be disarranged, that the pillow on which they rested at night was a piece of wood hollowed out like a crutch to receive the neck.

We have heard of a similar contrivance for preserving from disarrangement the highly-dressed peruke or wig of an English dandy of former times, and we see by this how closely barbarism and over-refinement sometimes approach each other.



THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW: IF ____



“What do you say to travelling by coach?”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,**Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 266.)

CHAPTER XIV.

JEMMY AND THE BLACK CAT.

BEFORE we left No. 4 South Audley Street, Lord Henry Gordon held some further conversation with us. The success of his manœuvre to trap the Captain had put him in the best of humours, and he became very confidential.

'Without doubt,' he said, 'the gentleman whom your people befriended is my nephew, Sir James Hamilton. The story told by that precious Captain is not without a grain of truth, as is indeed the case of most falsehoods, or they would not hold together for a moment; he has evidently by some means picked up a certain amount of knowledge of my nephew's affairs, probably when on military service abroad. I have not seen my nephew for nearly three years; there was something of the nature of a quarrel between us—perhaps we both were to blame, and I think we both regretted it, but were too proud and stubborn to acknowledge it. In the letter of which you were the bearers, though I have not as yet seen it, I am persuaded that Sir James has shown himself the better man of the two by making the first advances towards reconciliation; this is evident to me from the fact of the ring being enclosed. This ring has been a heirloom in our family for full two hundred years, and on it turned certain matters that there is no need for me to mention. The sending of this ring means a great deal to me, which you would not understand without a lengthy explanation. At its least it means the outstretched hand of friendship. I wish I had the letter, to see the wording of it, and I will have it yet from that rascally Captain. I have still another rod in pickle for him, and, as he has no further use for the letter, he will doubtless deliver it up—that is, if he has not destroyed it. I will explain. From information I have received, and from what you have witnessed on the way here, it is clear that this Captain has been hand-in-glove with Chatsworth, the notorious spy and informer. This man, who is as cunning as he is unscrupulous, has been playing a double game. He was deputed by the Government to make a private

inquiry into the Luddite troubles and the causes of the disaffection among the manufacturing classes of the North, and, later on, in the agricultural districts, with a view to finding some remedy; but he has gone far beyond his commission, having secretly stirred up a spirit of open revolt, at the same time supplying information to the Government to enable it to crush the movement, and so gain credit for his sagacity and vigilance. He has doubtless used this Bolsover as a rough tool. That is what I mean when I say that I have another rod in pickle for the Captain. His game being now played out, he will doubtless deliver up the letter willingly, in hopes that matters may be made a little lighter for him.

'Now to turn to a less unpleasant subject,' continued his lordship. 'I suppose, young gentlemen, you are getting tired of London, and are eager to be home again. How do you think of returning?'

'Walk,' replied Dick, in his blunt way.

'If we remained in London till Thursday morning, we could ride with the waggoner as far as Carshalton, my lord, but we cannot wait so long; we must walk, and perhaps we may get a ride by the way,' I added.

'I have a better plan to propose,' said his lordship. 'What do you say to travelling by coach?'

'Coach?' we both echoed in surprise.

'Yes, coach,' said his lordship. 'It is an agreeable way of travelling, is it not? Now listen: this is how matters stand with me, young gentlemen. I want to see my nephew. He is laid up at Lewes, and so cannot wait on me. If the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. Your people have been very good in taking in the sick stranger, so I am going to bring back to them their two prodigals. You understand? I shall book seats by to-morrow's coach. I am, in a measure, answerable for your safe delivery at the sign of the "Mulberry Tree." As you are young and lively, I shall book outside places for you; I ride inside. You must be at the "White Horse," Piccadilly, at nine o'clock precisely. So that is settled. I suppose you have not much luggage?' he added, smiling.

We were delighted at the prospect of such an adventure. We thanked his lordship, but could not find much to say—at any rate, until we were outside. We had not forgotten Jemmy in our interview with Lord Henry; about that you will hear later on.

We left South Audley Street bubbling over with excitement. The idea of travelling in a stage-coach was delightful; such a thing had never fallen to our lot—a glorious ride of sixty miles through the southern counties and a triumphant entry into Lewes. Visions of rattling through the High Street, a focus for the eyes of all observers; pulling up at the 'Star,' among a small crowd of idlers, more than one or two of which would recognise us; the sensation we should cause at the 'Mulberry Tree'—bringing a real lord with us; Grandfather's astonishment; Aunt Phil speechless; Jo lost in admiration. These delightful pictures kept jostling one another in our brains on the way to Shoe Lane.

(Continued on page 286.)

SNAKES—AND OTHER THINGS.

I WAS out blackberrying the other day with a number of friends, when a little boy among the party suddenly disturbed with his foot a grass snake, which, enjoying the warm autumn sun, was coiled up in the long grass under some bushes. Rudely awakened, the little snake darted into the undergrowth, while the child screamed with terror. I assured him that the snake would not harm him, when his mother excitedly exclaimed: 'But it might have been an adder, and then if it had bitten him it would have killed him.'

That mistake about the common viper (or

adder) is almost universal among people unacquainted with snakes. The viper's bite is not fatal—in fact, it is no more dangerous than the sting of a wasp. My little friend's mother remarked that people have been known to die after the bite of an adder, though not as frequent an occurrence as rumour and superstition declare, and I think we can find a reason why.

Have you ever heard the old fable of a traveller who met the Plague along the road? When asked where he was going, the Plague replied that he was on his way to Bagdad to kill fifty people, just by way of amusement. The traveller decided not to go to Bagdad after all, and turned aside on another route. Several weeks later, on meeting the Plague, he upbraided him for not having kept his word, and for having killed two thousand people.

'Oh, no,' said the Plague, 'I only killed the fifty; the rest died of fright.'

Now that is a very old story, and a very true one, whether it refers to a plague, an epidemic of influenza, or a snake-bite. So if you do happen to get bitten by accident, and see a swelling begin to come up, don't terrify yourself into believing that something terrible will happen to you, but just apply the ordinary precautions that you would in a wasp-sting, such as common soda, or household ammonia. A better remedy still is that invariably used by viper-catchers: heated olive oil applied to the wound and well rubbed in seems, from all accounts, to act as a certain preventive of any harmful effects. But, above all, do not behave in the silly way some people do at the very sight of a snake. Remember that they will never strike you unless you touch them, and that, with the forest teeming with wild life, we must learn that they have their place as well as ourselves, and have a right to live without ill-treatment from man when he is sharing with them the bounty of nature that God meant as a blessing to all. M. W. H.

INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES.

By P. M. BAKER, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I. Mech. E.

Illustrated by BERNARD WAX.

(Concluded from page 271.)

GENERAL CONCLUSION.—To sum up our description of the Internal Combustion Engine, the lessons taught by our present experience—we do not know what the future may bring forth—show that for comparatively small engines, gas, oil, and Diesel engines are greatly superior to steam engines of corresponding size in respect to their utilisation of the fuel which is supplied to them, but that for very large engines the steam turbine is the only one which is possible and economical.

The difficulties of the starting of gas engines have been got over by supplying special arrangements for starting by means of compressed air, as described in connection with the Diesel Engine.

Many inventors are still at work trying to improve the Internal Combustion Engine. The most fruitful kind of invention is that which tries to save the heat usually wasted in the cooling water or the exhaust, and in one engine, called after its inventor, the 'Still' engine, as

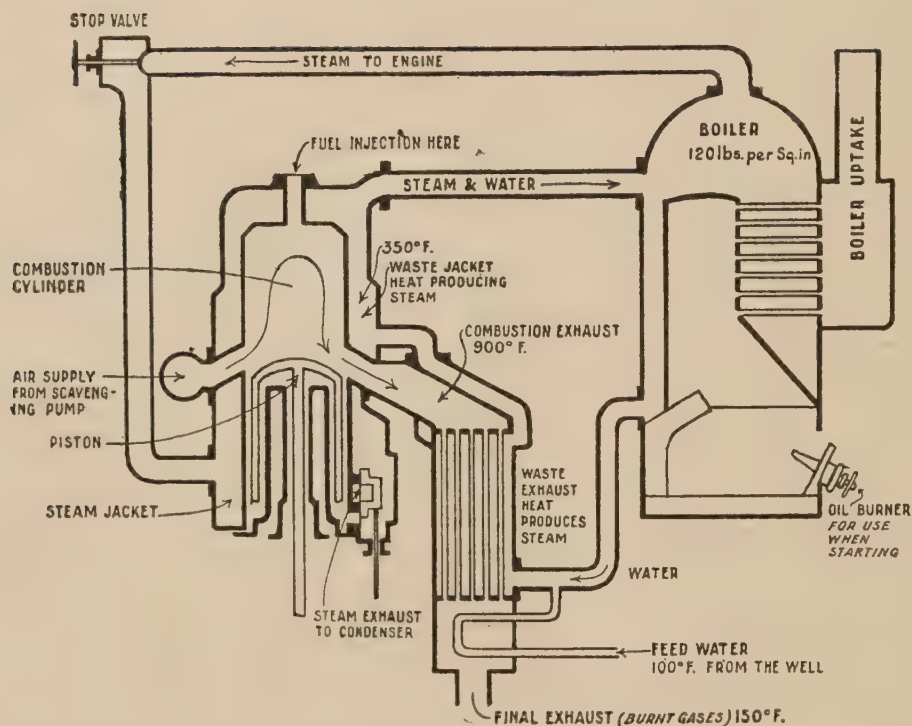
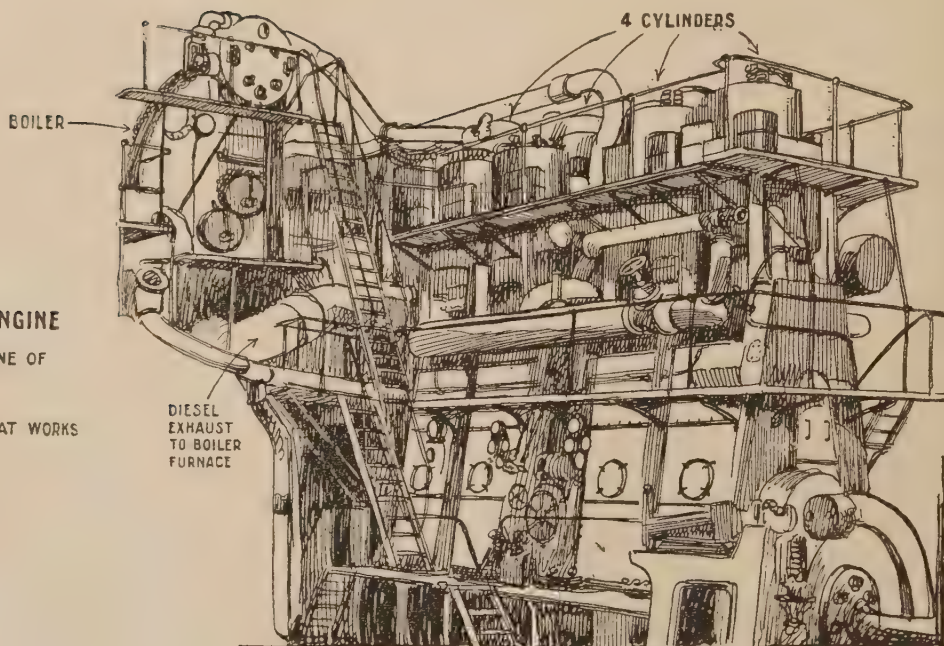


DIAGRAM SHOWING
HOW THE "STILL"
STEAM-DIESEL
ENGINE WORKS



THE "STILL" ENGINE

STARBOARD ENGINE OF
S.S. DOLIUS.

2500 h.p. ON TEST AT WORKS

much of this heat as possible is used to generate steam, the engine acting partly as a high compression Internal Combustion Engine, the fuel being burnt in the 'Diesel' engine part of the cylinder, and partly as a condensing steam engine.

The engine is still in its infancy, so that there are not many examples to be seen by those interested, but it indicates the direction in which useful inventive work is being done.

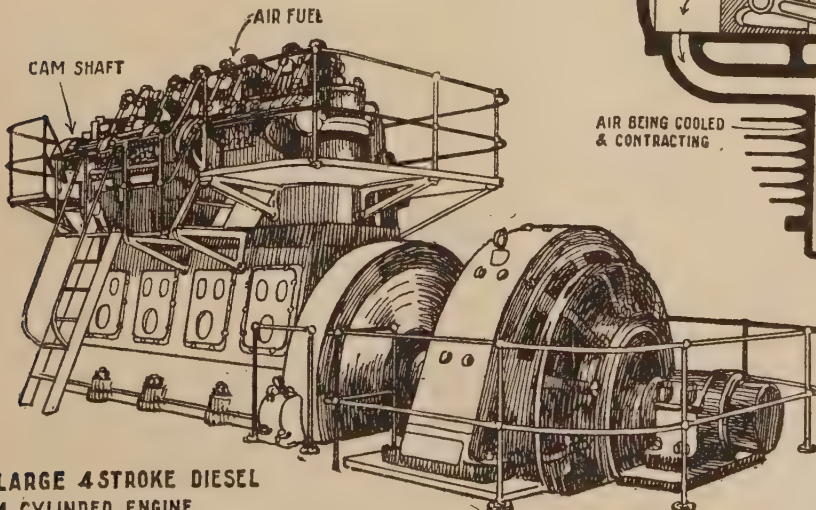
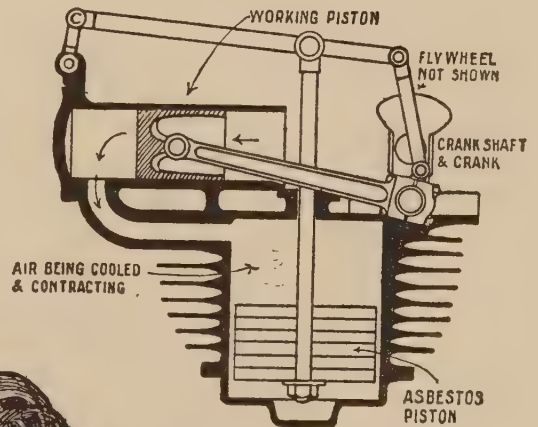
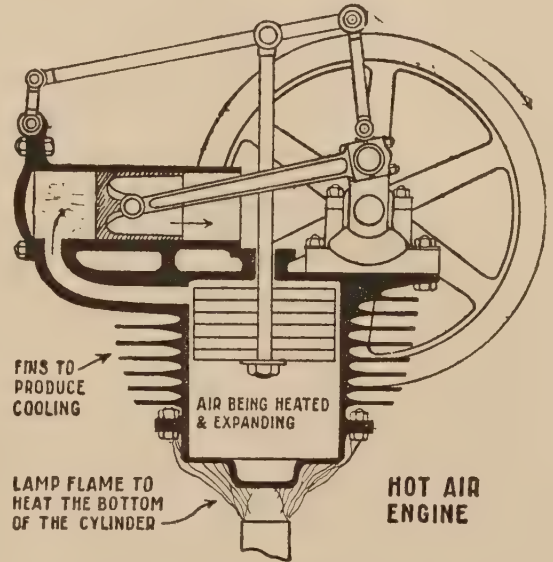
The Hot Air Engine.—The illustrations show sections of an interesting type of heat engine which is frequently used when very small amounts of power are required, and we are including them because many boys have 'toy' engines working in this way. This sort of engine has two cylinders, a small one with an accurately fitting piston and connecting rod driving a shaft by means of a crank, and a large one with a loosely fitting piston consisting of a pad of asbestos, a material which does not conduct heat. The large cylinder is heated by a lamp placed below it and its upper part is kept cool by means of fins cast upon it. There are no valves.

When the engine is in the position shown, the air inside the large cylinder is heated by the hot bottom of the cylinder and, therefore, expands, forcing the small piston outwards. This causes the asbestos piston to move downwards and the air to move above it to the upper part of the cylinder where it is cooled and so contracted, causing the piston to move inwards.

This type of engine is used, generally slightly modified in form, to drive fans, or do other light work, but it is unsuitable for work when

large amounts of power are wanted, for it is not economical. A few moments' consideration will tell you why. An engine is only economical in its fuel consumption when the highest temperature reached by the working material—air in this case—is far above the lowest. In this engine there is only time during each stroke for a *small* change of temperature to take place.

THE END.



TOYS TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

WOULD you like to see some toys and games which are more than two thousand years old? Two thousand years ago is rather a long time you know. If you wanted to find out what relation the people of those days were to you, you would have to say great, great, great—for about eight thousand times; and that would be a very tedious business.

But if you would like to see these toys which are the great, great, great and so on—grand-fathers and grandmothers of our toys to-day, go to the British Museum and into what is called the room of Greek and Roman Life.

The very strange part of it all is that those little Greek and Roman boys, who lived in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries before Christ, liked very much the same kind of toys as we do.

There are all sorts of dolls, mostly jointed ones. I can't say I think they're anything like as pretty as our dolls, but then mothers always think their own babies are bonniest, don't they? There is one particularly fine lady doll with jointed arms who wears a high crown and very thick-soled shoes. I also saw one rag baby who has certainly lost her beautiful complexion and is decidedly the worse for wear. This isn't strange when you consider that the dolls are about one thousand three hundred years old.

You're sure to like the dainty doll's house furniture shown in the same case. The tiny chairs and tables look so well made.

If you're not interested in dolls, probably you'll like the ancient toy animals better. A boy in a sort of red bonnet is having a gay ride on a swan. You'll notice, too, a mule carrying a large panier. But what is inside it I, for one, can't guess. A man on a toy mule is doing his best to make it gee up. I suppose mules were just as mulish in those days. There's a soldier on horseback with a shield, a ram, several birds, and a nice fat tortoise.

As well you'll see a whipping-top, a two-horse chariot, and the head of a tiny toy soldier, who went to many a sham battle long before the days of Julius Cæsar. What a lot of real battles the little fellow has survived! The Greek and Roman children must have had all sorts of games, for their marbles, draughtsmen and knuckle-bones are there to tell us so.

But life was by no means all play for them. If you go to the far end of the case you'll find things used at school. There is an object which looks very much like the slates children used to have not long ago. It isn't really a slate, though—it's a wax tablet upon the soft surface of which the children wrote with a sharp pointed thing called a style or stylus. Of course, there were no such things as india-rubbers, but if you made a mistake you could erase it with the broad surface of the

other end of the stylus. On one of the wax tablets a boy has been writing out his tables. He started out with 1 x 1 and ended with 3 x 10.

The pictures on the vases tell stories of their own. You will see a substantial lady swinging, two old men on a see-saw, and a boy with a hoop. On one vase two little girls with hands on hips in the approved fashion are being taught the graceful steps of a Grecian dance. A wine jug shows you a girl all dressed up in an embroidered dress and a funny hat, holding a jug in a very careless way in one hand. In the other she is holding an unfortunate tortoise by means of a string tied to its leg and dangling it in front of a small but eager spaniel.

There are heaps of interesting things in this room, but I'm not going to spoil your pleasure by telling you about any more of them. I'll leave you to discover the rest of the things yourselves.

MARGARET S. HUSKINS.

THE HEDGEHOG.

TUCKED in a tussock of the grass
I see you lurking as I pass,
Half covered by the lily-vines.
I stop to touch your pointed spines,
But as I stoop you curl yourself
Under your shield, shy as an elf,
Making yourself quite roundabout,
Hiding your eyes and blunted snout.

I wish you were not so afraid of me;
I don't mean any harm, but want to see
The whole of you, not just a spiky ball
Which doesn't move—that's no fun at all.

GUY RAWLENCE.

FABULOUS MONSTERS.

EVERY reader of *Chatterbox* has read, or ought to have read, *Alice in Wonderland*. They will know that a 'fabulous monster,' delightfully drawn by the late Sir John Tenniel, is an important character in the book. It is called a Gryphon, and nothing like it ever really existed. Griffins probably never existed either—they are a winged creature, not much unlike a Gryphon, and they are used in heraldry.

But neither of these strange monsters must be confused with the Griffon, which is an attractive little Belgian dog. The Griffon has a coat that stands up on end in a way that rather suggests the fabulous Gryphon. You must take care to spell them in the right way, according to the beast you wish to describe.

There is also a vulture which has the name of griffin, and this has the same fierce appearance as the real and fabulous creatures which are referred to above.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 272.)

GODFREY explained how they had discovered that there was some one in the hotel beside themselves, first by the disappearance of the food, then by the light in the window in the tower; and how they had been convinced that the owner of the dog must be the man who had taken the money and that the owner of the dog must also be the caretaker of the hotel. He told the story of the trap that had been laid and of how they had captured the caretaker.

Godfrey was careful now to refer to him always as 'Mr. Thompson' and to put into his narrative as many apologies and explanations as he could manage. It was obvious that Uncle Rodney was trying to soothe him as much as possible, the only thing being to play the same game. And Godfrey decided not to say too much about the damage they had done.

'Then,' said Uncle Rodney, 'I gather that you began to realise the possibility of your having made a mistake: and accordingly you gave Mr. Thompson the opportunity to escape?'

'We didn't feel so sure, you know,' Godfrey explained, 'when we had a look in—in Mr. Thompson's room, and couldn't see any sign of the money. And then all the rest of the food suddenly disappeared while Mr. Thompson was in the billiard-room. So we decided that there might be some one else all the time.'

'And,' Kenneth put in, 'we thought we ought to give Mr. Thompson the benefit of the doubt and make him a lot more comfortable.'

'I see,' said Uncle Rodney. 'I don't suppose he was any too comfortable even then. I'm afraid they treated you extremely badly, Mr. Thompson, and I can only say that I am very glad you took the opportunity to escape.'

'Not likely to stay there longer than I could help,' said the caretaker, 'with these young ruffians around. They want looking after, they do. So I made sure they weren't in the way while I used the telephone in the hall, and fetched a party of police from Aberguthrie.'

'Quite the right thing to do,' said Uncle Rodney. 'The pity is,' he added, turning to Godfrey, 'that you didn't have the sense to find that telephone and consult the police before you made such fools of yourselves. However, perhaps I can help you out with the rest of the story—with the sergeant's assistance.'

He turned to the police sergeant who was standing with his back to the door. 'I understand,' he continued, 'that on receipt of Mr. Thompson's message you procured a car and proceeded to the hotel. On the way you picked up Mr. Thompson, who was coming to meet you. And that a mile or two farther on, as you turned a corner, you saw a man running very rapidly down the road in a way that aroused your suspicions. Is that right?'

The sergeant nodded.

'Accordingly,' continued Uncle Rodney, 'you and one of your men left the car and chased him through the forest, eventually capturing him. You then recognised him as a criminal character well known in this district under the name of "Red Jock," whom you wanted in connection with certain burglaries. Is that correct?'

'It is, sir,' answered the sergeant. 'A verra dangerous man, sir.'

'And last night,' Uncle Rodney went on, 'he was searched at the police station?'

'Yes, sir,' said the sergeant. 'He was found to be in possession of a diamond pin which we recognise as having been stolen at Castle Guthrie, the big house over yonder. A verra big business, sir.'

The sergeant took from his pocket a printed circular, and laid it on the table.

'I did not know of that,' said Uncle Rodney, 'I am more interested in something else that was found on the man. This,' he said, and he put down on the table three five-pound notes.

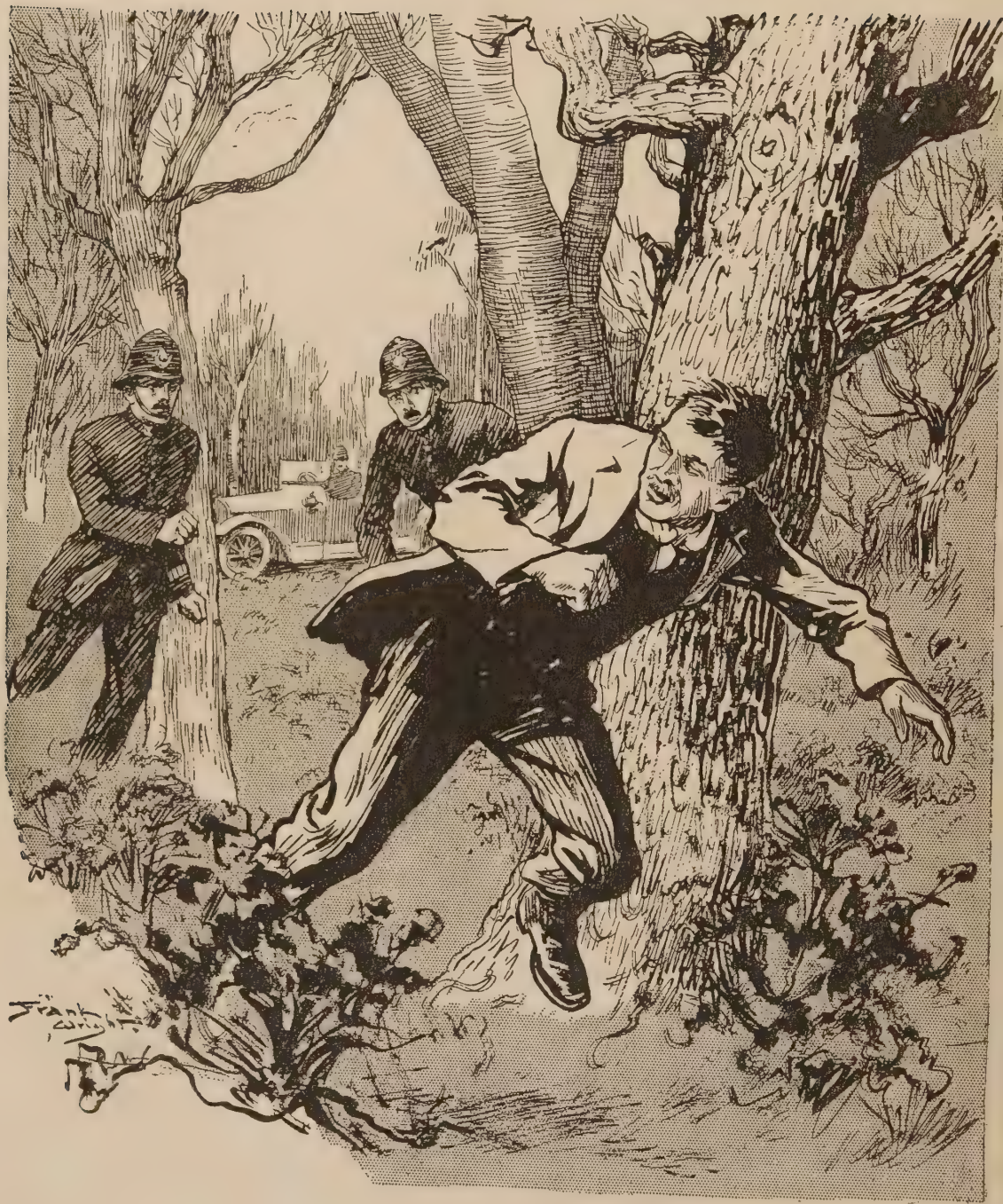
'I say!' cried Kenneth excitedly.

'Are those ours?' cried Clive.

'Well,' said Uncle Rodney, 'I think it would be better to call them *mine*! As you know, banknotes can be traced by their numbers; consequently I know that these are three out of the four that I put into Godfrey's charge. They were found in "Red Jock's" pocket, so there can be little doubt as to who it was that attacked Godfrey and took the money. The only thing there that is not clear is how he came to be accompanied by Mr. Thompson's dog.'

'It's a friendly old beast,' said Kenneth. 'Might go around with any one.'

(Continued on page 282.)



"'You and one of your men chased him through the forest.'



“‘I am not in a position to pay any such sum,’ said Uncle Rodney.”

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'Island Adventurers,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 279.)

'**T**HAT dog would follow any one who called it,' said the caretaker. 'But look here, sir, I didn't come here for all this talk. Those boys have got to answer the charge against them. All the talking in the world won't alter that, and the sooner they are locked up again the safer they'll be.'

Uncle Rodney put down his cigar and turned towards the caretaker.

'You really think that's necessary?' he suggested to Mr. Thompson. 'Supposing I undertake to see that they are severely punished, don't you think you might withdraw your charge? After all, you know, it is clear that they were justified in thinking that they had been robbed by some one who was still in the district near them, which in some measure accounts, although it does not excuse, their lamentable mistake in suspecting you. I gather from what has been said that they may have disturbed your property somewhat while they were searching for the money. That, of course, you must allow me to pay for. As for the more serious matter of their attack on yourself, I want you to realise that it was a foolish and clumsy mistake, for which they sincerely apologise. I know they are very sorry for what they have done. Don't you think the matter might be left at that?'

But Mr. Thompson was very far from being pacified. With a good deal of heat, thumping the table as he spoke, he declared once more that he must have the property defended, and that the boys would have to pay the penalty for behaving like a set of young criminals.

Uncle Rodney looked very serious. 'I see,' he said. 'In that case, in the few minutes that remain before they appear before the magistrate, I want you to be good enough to leave me alone with them. I will give you my word that they shall not leave this room, and if you would like the sergeant to remain in the passage in sight of the door I have not the slightest objection.'

Grumblingly, the caretaker left the room,

and when the door was shut Uncle Rodney turned to Godfrey.

'You have certainly got yourselves into serious trouble!' he exclaimed. 'If that man insists on prosecuting you the consequences will undoubtedly be very serious. You would be committed for trial and, although as first offenders you might eventually be let off, the whole proceedings would be extremely unpleasant.'

Godfrey stood with his hands deep in his trouser pockets, while Clive looked glumly out of the window. 'Couldn't you bribe him?' he suggested.

'That,' Uncle Rodney admitted, 'seems to be the only possible chance. You may have realised that I was hinting at it just now when I offered to pay for the damage you have done. But he did not rise to the bait, and it is obvious that he will persist unless he can be promised some very large sum. I think it would be entirely useless—and it might even make matters worse—to offer him anything less than the sum of fifty pounds. A very considerable expense, of course, and I want to warn you, now, that even that may not be successful. He is obviously a very obstinate man.'

Kenneth had remained sitting at the table, his head on his arm and his fingers rumpling his hair.

While Uncle Rodney had been speaking he had drawn towards him the piece of paper that the police sergeant had laid on the table a few minutes before.

Suddenly he looked up, excitedly.

'I say, Uncle Rodney,' he cried, 'do you think he would let us off if we paid him something really big: two hundred and fifty pounds, you know?'

'That,' said Uncle Rodney, 'is absurd. I am not in a position to pay any such sum. Nor, of course, is your father.'

Kenneth jumped to his feet, waving the paper over his head.

'We can, though,' he cried. 'It says so here!'

(Continued on page 295.)

LANDS OF DESIRE.

Written and Illustrated by RUTH COBB, Author of 'The Magnificent and his Times,' &c.

IX.—THE IDEAL COMMONWEALTH.

TWO great Englishmen, both of whom became ambassadors to foreign countries and rose to be the Lord Chancellor of England, were fascinated by the same idea, that of an Ideal State. It was an idea that had fascinated many since the time of Plato. These two men each wrote a story embodying his idea. The first was Sir Thomas More, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and was afterwards beheaded by him, and the other, Sir Francis Bacon, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Thomas More called his book *Utopia*, which is the Greek name for Nowhere. When he wrote it, at the age of thirty-seven, he had already held high office; and as the characters in the book had many different ideas as to customs and government, from those of More's own country and under the government of which he was serving, it was not possible to publish his book in England while Henry VIII. was still on the throne. It was written in Latin and printed at Louvain in the Netherlands, in 1516, but was not translated into English until much later, in the year 1552, some time after More's death.

Sir Thomas More lived in stirring times, and men's minds were awakening to many things. He was a young man of twenty when Christopher Columbus first reached the West Indies. Many adventurers followed Columbus, attracted by tales of untold gold. On one of these expeditions sailed a Spaniard named Amerigo Vespucci. He did undoubtedly reach the western continent, but it is thought now that he did not do as much as he made claim to have done. By a strange turn of fate his name was given to that land rather than that of the great explorer to whom was owing its re-discovery.

More must have read Vespucci's account of his voyages, for he makes his chief character, who is named Raphael Hythloday, meaning 'Knowing in trifles,' one of the party that had sailed on the last of Vespucci's voyages. Hythloday did not return with the rest, but wandered further in search of the unknown. He found an island which was called 'Utopia.' It was in the middle two hundred miles broad, shaped like a crescent, and was so fortified that it needed only a small number of men to defend

it. There were fifty-four cities on the island, and the manners, laws and customs of each were the same, but each city sent three senators to Amanrot, the chief city, to consult on their common affairs, once a year. Dotted about the country were farmhouses, and the inhabitants from the cities were sent in turn into the country to live in the farmhouses and cultivate the land. In the towns the streets were wide, with gardens behind the houses. The doors opened easily and any one had the right to enter, as everything was common property. People were compelled to change houses every ten years, choosing their new house by lot.

In Utopia every one had a trade; all trades were held in equal esteem, no one was idle. The women chiefly dealt in wool and flax, leaving the heavier trades for the men. The fashions never altered, every family made its own clothes and they were always the same shape. The days were divided into certain sections—there were six hours for work, three before dinner, three after; the rest of the day could be used for eating, sleeping and extra work, according as each fancied, but not for luxury or idleness. After supper diversions were allowed, music and talking. Only two kinds of games were known, both something like chess; no game where dice was used was known to the Utopians.

They lived in large families or groups, the oldest member acting as governor. There was a market in the centre of the city, where the goods were brought manufactured by the different families. The things were sorted on arrival, each family taking what it required, no money passing in exchange. Money was only used in payment for the very few goods that were obtained from neighbouring countries, for lending to other countries, and for paying foreign men who fought for them in war. They do not fight themselves, unless for purposes of actual defence. The Utopians detested war as a brutal thing, but they trained both men and women alike in military exercises and discipline.

They valued iron more than gold and silver and jewels, the use of which was thought to lead to distrust and jealousy. It was only used for the commonest utensils and for fetters



"The ambassadors made their entry."



Sir Thomas More.

for slaves. Pearls were found on the coast of Utopia and diamonds on the rocks, but these were given to children for playthings, and cast aside directly the children grew big; they were ashamed to be seen using such things when they were no longer little. When Hythloday was in Utopia, he saw the arrival of some ambassadors from a foreign country. Wishing to impress the Utopians, the three ambassadors made their entry clad in cloth of gold and adorned with jewels. Wearing such things was to the Utopians a mark of slavery. The crowd that had come out to welcome the ambassadors took them for slaves, paid little heed to them, and gave them no reception. The children laughed to see them covered with the jewels they regarded merely as playthings.

Sir Thomas More was far-sighted. He saw many of the evils of his own time and on this imaginary island that he wrote of, an ideal state, the people had laws and customs that we in our own day are only just seeing the value of and are trying to carry out.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his book which is called *The New Atlantis*, also lays the scene on an island, and describes how some voyagers, after sailing from Peru for China and Japan, were lost among the South Seas and had given up all hope of finding land again. Then one day, rising out of the mist, they saw distant land, and the next morning, after an

hour-and-a-half's sailing, entered the harbour by a well-built city. When they attempted to land there was opposition from the inhabitants, who, by signs, seemed to be warning them from approaching. Finally eight people came off in a small boat and handed to the nearest of the travellers a parchment. To their surprise the scroll was written in ancient Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Spanish, and it said, 'Land ye not and begone from this coast in sixteen days. If you want fresh water or help for your sick, write down your wants and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy.'

Being anxious to land their sick, the travellers endeavoured to negotiate farther, and finally were allowed to disembark, after taking a public oath that they were not pirates and had shed no blood for the space of forty days.

A gorgeously - attired official, who they found to their surprise had visited Europe, took them to the Stranger's House, where they had to wait for three days' quarantine. They were treated with great consideration, in spite of their first hostile reception.

They found that they were on an island called Bensulem, a name that was quite unfamiliar to them; and from the governor they learnt that nineteen hundred years ago it had been ruled by a great king named Salomona. This king tried to make his people happy and



Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans.

self-sufficient. He framed laws against the admission of foreigners, but as he wished that his people should have every advantage, he ordained that every twelve years two ships should set forth to gain knowledge of other countries, their ideas and inventions, and to bring back books and instruments. He ordered that his people should disguise themselves as natives of the country that they were visiting, and that they should stay in the foreign lands till the next two ships should arrive. They were given enough money to support themselves, but were not allowed to trade, merely to bring back knowledge.

Bacon was interested in science—he believed it to be the civiliser of the world. On this island that he had invented was a Society of wise men called Saloman's House; the members of this order made all kinds of scientific investigations and experiments, about light and colour, medicines and armaments. They had flying-machines and many other things not dreamt of by most people in Bacon's time, but which we have been able to realise in our own day.

They had museums and galleries with statues of our famous men whom they revered, especially Christopher Columbus, and Monk, the inventor of gunpowder.

Bacon places his island, his New Atlantis, in that sea where it was supposed that there was a great Austral Continent, although Australia had not yet been discovered. The American continent is evidently associated in his mind with the lost Atlantis of the ancients, for he makes the inhabitants of Bensulem talk of an earlier civilisation there, which is now known to have been a fact, from the discoveries of its remains in the centre of South America, and to say that Atlantis was not destroyed by an

earthquake, but by an inundation of only forty feet of water. Some birds and a few of the inhabitants survived in the mountain tops. The principal traffic of Bensulem was with this lost Atlantis, and when it disappeared the New Atlantis also had vanished from the knowledge of mankind. Like Sir Thomas More, Bacon makes his people live in large families, and they celebrate its growth to thirty members by a great feast. He is not concerned with simplicity of clothes for his officials; the members of Saloman's House are always gorgeously attired, but the two men have this in common, that they both saw that much should be altered in the government and customs in their own country for the real welfare of the people, and felt that the easiest way to embody their ideas, for others to know, was to portray an Ideal Commonwealth in an imaginary land.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER croons a lullaby;
The little pools are sleeping,
The dormouse and the dragon-fly
Are safe in Winter's keeping.

White gulls above the whiter snows
The stormy winds are breasting,
While tender violet and rose
In Winter's lap are resting.

December brings a pillow white,
A covering soft and downy,
A snow-flake mantle, pure and light,
For every elf and brownie.

Then fold your wings, all tired things,
And dream in rick and rafter,
Nor sink too deep in winter sleep,
For April follows after.

LILIAN HOLMES.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,

Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 275.)

JEMMY had already returned after a day spent in seeking a situation to his liking, and was engaged in the usual occupation which lightened the tedium of his spare moments at the coffee-house, which was none other than killing flies—a useful occupation in No. 4 Shoe Lane, where spiders were few and over-fed.

I suppose the light of anticipation still lit up our faces, for he remarked: 'You look as if you'd been dining off strawberries and cream. What news from his lordship?'

But Jemmy did not wait to hear the news. 'Who do you think I've seen?' he asked. 'An old friend of ours.'

'Don't know anybody in London,' said Dick. 'Some one up from the country?'
 'Yes, he's up from the country.'
 'The waggoner?' Dick ventured.
 'No; guess again.'
 'Can't,' said Dick. 'Give it up.'
 'You might try from now till to-morrow morning, and you'd never guess—the Captain. Two police-officers were getting him out of a post-chaise and bustling him into the magistrate's office near Covent Garden Market. He looked as if he'd been disappointed in love.'

We both laughed.

'We've seen him, too,' said Dick.

'Where?'

'In the "Magic Mirror,"' Dick replied.

'I'll give that up, too,' said Jemmy. 'I don't know the names of all the inns in London.'

So we gave Jemmy a full account of the afternoon's proceedings, on which he made some lively comments, and concluded by declaring that he could have given half his last week's wages to have been there—a not very extravagant assertion, seeing that his earnings were nil, owing to the fact that he had sacrificed his four days' wages at the 'Rose and Crown,' on leaving without giving notice, and had earned nothing since. As an account of his day's quest, he remarked that he had 'two places in his eye,' but did not know which was 'the best opening'; but, as we were going to desert him, he should 'close with one of 'em.'

'I shall miss you,' he continued. 'We've had some good times together, haven't us? But I'm not one to be down-hearted. What's more, a black cat followed me all the way down Fleet Street, right up to this very house, and that's a sign of good luck, you know.'

'Well, Jemmy, here's your good luck,' I said, handing him a note from his lordship.

Jemmy opened the note and read:

'If James Lintott is still requiring a situation as groom, will he please call at No. 4 South Audley Street and inquire at the stables for Mr. Wood, who may wish to engage him, provided that he is well acquainted with his work and is honest and industrious.'

'Hooray!' cried Jemmy. 'I always did say there's nothing like the nobility. You see, that black cat was right; I'll bring him in and give him a bloater.'

Unfortunately, Mrs. Bates, the keeper of the coffee-house, objected to the black cat being brought in. Her views on black cats differed from Jemmy's; she had had an extensive experience of cats, and held to a contrary view; so Jemmy took the bloater outside.

There was joy that evening in the corner-box of the coffee-house, and the flies were left unmolested.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN AT THE SIGN OF 'THE MULBERRY TREE.'

You may be sure we were early at the 'White Horse,' Piccadilly, the next morning. Jemmy had come to see us off before making his application at No. 4 South Audley Street. He had some curiosity to obtain a glimpse of his future patron, for such he now considered Lord Henry, it never having entered his head to doubt his qualification for his lordship's service. With this intention, Jemmy took up a position within the stable doorway, where he could see without being seen, and here he watched with a severely critical eye the horses being harnessed and put in, whilst the luggage was being stowed away on the coach. He had begged us, as we walked from Shoe Lane to Piccadilly, to execute a commission for him, concerning which he had some misgivings. It was on his mind that he had left the 'Rose and Crown' at Brighthelmstone without giving due notice, but it weighed the more heavily because he had left at the inn his box containing his personal effects, and he was not without some anxiety lest a certain Mrs. Stringer, who presided over that establishment, might, as he expressed it, 'turn nasty.'

He frankly confessed that leaving without notice was not the right thing to do. 'But see,' said he, 'I've given notice six times before, and I've always said the seventh time I should go; but that doesn't make it quite right, for I didn't give notice the seventh time. However, Mrs. Stringer's got my four days' work from Saturday to Wednesday night for nothing, and she ought to cry "quits," but there's no knowing how she'll take it. Now, if you don't say anything to the old lady, but see Miss Charlotte, I think she'll make it all right, and you can send the box on by the coach as soon as I let you know my new address. Thank goodness, I shall have a man to deal with this time—at any rate, a lord.'

(Continued on page 290.)



“‘Hooray!’ I always did say there’s nothing like the nobility.”



"We were off in grand style."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 287.)

FIVE minutes before the time of departure Lord Henry made his appearance, attended by William, the footman, who was in charge of two travelling trunks and sufficient rugs and wraps for an Arctic voyage. His lordship at once took his seat in the coach as if he had forgotten our existence, but coming to the door a moment after, shook hands with us cordially and said: 'It is all right about the letter; fortunately, that rascally Captain had not destroyed it, and had the sense to surrender it at once. So that is satisfactory. The contents are very much what I anticipated. You will not see anything of me during the journey: I shall get a little sleep, if this ramshackle old coach will permit. I am a poor sleeper at night and have to make up for it when I can. William comes with us, and is riding on the box-seat next you. I thought you would like to ride in front. If you are disposed to take any refreshment, William has his instructions to look after you. There's half-an-hour's wait at Crawley, where you can have lunch—I shall remain in the coach.' His lordship retired to his corner seat, took out some official-looking papers, adjusted a pair of tortoise-shell-framed spectacles and made himself comfortable among his rugs.

Dick and I mounted to the box-seat—it did not seem a high perch. We were the two outsides and William sat next the coachman. Jemmy, down below, was making queer signals to us, which I hope his lordship did not observe from the window, or he would have reason for thinking his future groom an odd acquisition.

As the coachman took the reins in his hand, and with his long whip pushed off a fly from the hind-quarters of one of the horses preparatory to a crack of the whip, like a pistol-shot, Jemmy made a trumpet of his hand, and we caught the words—'Don't forget the box, and ask for Miss Charlotte.' The guard blew a blast on his horn, and we were off in grand style.

It was a fresh morning. A grey sky above, but with signs of the sun breaking through. As we rattled over the bridge, alive with busy folk hurrying to begin the business of the day, we gazed our farewell to London. A haze lay on

the river, barges and boats were bathed in it at the water's edge, the buildings rose ethereal into the sky, and in the faint distance a glint of ivory light fell on the dome of St. Paul's—the city of a million toilers looked clean and sweet: it seemed as if the stains of yesterday's sins and sorrows had been washed out by a merciful hand, leaving the unsullied beginnings of another day.

Can anything be more exhilarating than to be seated beside the driver of a stage-coach on a fine morning, with no anxiety about horses or vehicle, no responsibility, fare paid and nothing to worry about to the journey's end, perfect confidence in the hero who holds the ribbons, and, as the wayfarers turn and look, a share in his glory? The stage-coach creates a good-tempered stir all the journey through. Through the City—through the suburbs—out into the country—past roadside villas—through straggling hamlets—cosy country towns—up hill—down hill—towering above waggons, carts, and the nimble post-chaise—acknowledged by riders on sleek horses—held in reverence even by the proud huntsman in pink with his yelping pack—none can resist the sound of the horn—the stage-coach is monarch of the road.

What a commotion when we pull up in the centre of a country town—passengers alighting—travellers with wraps and baggage eager to take their places—ostlers and hangers-on at inns, who have been idling for an hour, suddenly galvanized into activity. What a good-tempered crowd gathers round to see the smoking horses taken out and the fresh ones led round from the stables—what a crackling of rustic wit, and if the stop is for lunch, what a stampede!

The reader may judge of our feelings when we came to the spot where, on the previous Thursday, our motley crowd of three hundred, under the leadership of the Captain, held up the stage-coach. Oh! the picture of it—Dick and I footsore in the dust and clamour—Mr. Featherstone on the piebald pony—a melancholy figurehead with the banner of Freedom behind him. As we came over the little rise and bowled down to the identical spot where the howling Bulldogs seized the bridle-reins

disputing the right-of-way, and received their answer from the coachman's whip—could it be possible that this was the same coach, I asked myself. Was this the same coachman? I looked up doubtfully at the driver's ruddy face, then looked at Dick, who made a knowing grimace, and when I heard the driver relating the incident to William with great gusto, and illustrating it with his whip, I shrunk into myself, and, to tell the truth, turned up my coat-collar, as if I were cold, for fear he should recognise me. If William did not know all the details of our adventure, he had put two and two together; however, he listened to the coachman's story as if he heard it for the first time, only showing by a sly look at me out of the corner of his eye that he knew our part in the affair.

We had a good lunch at Crawley, but it was a rush, owing to there being another coach in from Horsham and the inn besieged by hungry travellers. I doubt if we should have got anything to eat had it not been for William, who, though not one to fluster, knows how to get served. We had cold ham and chicken and salad, with cider to drink, but the cider was

very sour; I felt the effects of it all the way to Cuckfield, and had a twinge or two as far as Pyecombe, owing to which I failed to take notice of the landscapes, which are considered very fine in this district. When we arrived at Brighthelmstone I was, however, able to make an excellent tea. The cider did not have the same effect on Dick, who seemed rather disposed to sleep, and, as he had the outside seat, I was rather anxious on his account. After tea at the 'Royal George' we felt wonderfully invigorated, and no wonder, for apart from the good meal, the fact that we were but eight miles from home and another hour would see us spinning down the High Street of Lewes, was enough to make our spirits rise. His lordship alighted at Brighthelmstone to stretch his legs; I should think he required it after six hours in that stuffy coach. William had placed a small basket under his seat when we started, so I suppose he had not been without something to eat. He was smiling serenely: he had had no cider to contend with, but I fancy he must have had something else, for he was very cheerful.

(Continued on page 302.)

PEDLARS OF PLEASURE.

Written and Illustrated by H. W. WHANSLAW, Author of 'Everybody's Theatre,' &c.

X.—MENAGERIES AND FAIRS.

TRINCULO (sees Caliban). 'What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish? He smells like a fish. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver! Legged like a man, his fins like arms!'—*Shakespeare* ('The Tempest,' Act ii. Sc. ii.).

IN the 'good old days' no fair of any size or importance was considered quite complete unless it had amongst its side-shows at least one, if not more exhibitions of wild animals. From the earliest days of adventure and travel sailors and others had brought home specimens of the wonderful animals and birds to be met with on foreign shores. In many cases these strange beasts excited an immense amount of curiosity and were often made the subject of a public exhibition, and ever-inquisitive crowds gladly parted with their hard-earned shillings to view some marvellous and curious beast that the elementary school-children of to-day could write a long essay about entirely from memory.

Of course, *permanent* collections of wild animals have existed in England for many hundreds of years. The famous menagerie at

the Tower of London was originated by Henry I., who kept some lions and leopards at his palace of Woodstock, and Henry III. added to the collection, and moved it after a time to the Tower, where it remained until 1834, when the whole collection of animals was transferred to the Zoological Gardens. An interesting fact about this menagerie is that in the days of Henry III. the first elephant seen in this country since Roman times was housed in the Tower.

Our object here, however, is to deal with those concerns which are by no means stationary, the mobile menageries that form part and parcel of the great business of the travelling shows, so it is hoped that the author may be pardoned for making but scanty references to the fixed collections of animals, such as the old-time Exeter Change menagerie, the show at the 'Adam and Eve,' Euston Road, and the most wonderful congregation of birds and beasts in the world, the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and keeping directly to the passing shows.

To-day, practically every big travelling circus has its menagerie, but the forerunners of these great shows were the 'monstrosity' men, the gentlemen who had their little booths at the country fairs, and exhibited to gaping rustics 'surprising Creatures of different sorts,' such as those shown by John Bennet at Peckham Fair in 1726, who advertised a 'He-Panther' from Turkey, allowed by the curious to be one of the greatest rarities ever



Fig. 1.—Interior of the Menagerie at Exeter Change, about 1825. The elephant went mad and had to be destroyed.

seen in England, on which are thousands of spots, and not two of a likeness,' 'two fierce and surprising Hyænas,' an 'Eagle of the Sun,' and a 'Pellican.'

The quotation from Shakespeare's 'Tempest' at the head of this article may be taken as good evidence of the existence of this kind of side-show in Tudor times, and the description of fairs as given by various writers through the centuries nearly all contain references to some sort of wild animal exhibition or 'curiosity' show. When William Hone, accompanied by his artist friend, visited 'Bartholomew's' in 1825, they made it their special business to notice 'every side-show in the fair. Amongst these twenty-two shows they found four menageries, 'Atkins' Royal Menagerie,' 'Nero'—a lion, and a leopard, 'George Ballard's Caravan Menagerie,' and last, but by no means least, the far-famed 'Wombwell's,' which show, as 'Bostock and Wombwell's' is still to be seen.

The story of the origin of George Wombwell's great menagerie is one of the most

interesting in all the annals of the showman's world. Wombwell was a shoemaker by trade and kept a shop in Soho, London. One day he was strolling round the London Docks, and, by chance, he happened to see some of the first Boa Constrictors that were introduced into England. He had a great liking for wild animals, and especially serpents, so he purchased a pair of these huge reptiles for £75. He placed them on exhibition, and in three weeks he had got back more than he gave for his snakes. The great success of this venture encouraged Wombwell to extend his sphere of operations, so he launched out as a regular travelling showman, and toured the land in a caravan. Prosperity followed him wherever he went, and he made a great fortune with his shows, and at the time of his death was the owner of no less than three big circus menageries.

Somewhere about the same time, or perhaps a little earlier, Wombwell took the road. Polito's menagerie was also a great attraction. Its fame has been perpetuated in a remarkable piece of china, on which is to be seen Madame



Fig. 2.—A Menagerie in the early part of the eighteenth century.

Polito herself, the band, and the painted 'sheet' with all the wild animals and birds carefully depicted.

One of the chief assistants at this menagerie was Harry Richardson, who, after thirty years' service at Polito's, became head keeper at the Manchester Zoological Gardens, which were opened in 1838 and existed until 1842, when the collection was sold. Polito's menagerie visited Bath in 1810, and was on exhibition in a yard

in Walcot Street, and amongst its curiosities were an ostrich, a lion, a 'Most Noble Panther,' 'A Pair of those Most Singular Quadrupeds, Large Kangaroos,' 'An uncommon animal recently discovered in the interior parts of Bengal,' the Ursini Sloth, and a whole host of other rare, curious, and extraordinary animals and birds 'all alive.'

Leadbeater's Menagerie, shown at the Crystal Palace from 1908 to 1910, has now passed out of existence, and there have been many other



Fig. 4.—Barnet Fair to-day.

'Statutes' and 'Well Dressings'—names that tell of quaint old ceremonies and customs of a bygone day—are all fairs in the real meaning of the word. Established centuries ago, they began their existence as huge annual open-air markets, in which some particular branch of trade, or class of goods was the object of a great and special 'sale.' Thus 'Bartholomew's' was for the sale of cloth; hence the name 'Cloth Fair' in the street near by; 'Smithfield' was



Fig. 3.—A London Fair of the past—Brook Green (after Rowlandson).

collections of animals that to-day are no more. But there remain still quite a number of collections both small and great, Bostock and Wombwell's circus and 'Noah's Ark' being probably one of the greatest of all the British shows.

Now, while these words are being written, the roads and lanes of the towns and villages all over the land are echoing the sounds of the tractors and lorries and caravans passing on their way from one fair-ground to another. These pedlars of pleasure are ever moving and never still for more than a day or so at a time. Dwellers in London see but little of the real life of the fair, for the old-time London fairs, Southwark, Bartholomew's, Peckham, and the rest have long since passed away, and ceased to be. Barnet Fair and Mitcham still hold their own, and Bank Holidays still keep alive the traditions of Hampstead, Blackheath, and one or two other places.

But the country towns of the Midlands, and the North and South, are the places where the travelling showmen pitch their tents to-day. The 'Hirings,' the 'Mops' and 'Wakes,' the



Fig. 5.—"All the fun of the Fair"—a Turkish idea of the seventeenth century.

devoted to horses, the Birmingham Onion Fair, which is held still, for onions, and so on, whilst at Oxford Fair, and St. Giles', Winchester, all kinds of merchandise and agricultural produce were exhibited. The 'Hirings' were fairs at which domestic servants and farm hands would stand and offer themselves for service, so that people who wished to hire them could go to the

fair and choose for themselves such as they took a particular fancy to.

But all these fairs, whether they were meant for trade or hiring, speedily became more of a joyous assemblage than a serious one. The fun of the fair soon took the chief place in the public fancy and, although an enormous amount of business was, and is, usually done at fairs, they are in reality huge jollifications where, if the weather is good, and 'parni,' as the showman calls rain, keeps well away, a rare lot of money is spent, and the 'travellers' reap a rich harvest.

It is interesting to note, too, that one of the great 'features' of the fun is the part played by Cupid or one of his agents in the gentle sport known as 'teasing,' in which the bucolic Strephon chases his Urania and squirts water in her face from a leaden tube, much as did his father, or grandfather before him with a peacock's feather, and his male offspring after him with a bag of confetti. *This* business which, after all, is the business of the fair, is as old as the fairs themselves, and the remarkable picture of a Turkish fair already mentioned, gives a still more remarkable proof of this age-old sport by showing some frivolous Turkish gentlemen actually engaged in this pleasant pastime, squirts and all, with what appears to be a group of ladies (fig. 5).

In the majority of cases the fair is opened by the mayor of the town in which it is held, or by some interested celebrity, and the opening is accompanied by much ceremony and reading of proclamation containing divers rules and regulations concerning the conduct and carriage of both traders and patrons. In days of old perhaps these forms and ceremonies were duly observed, but so many fairs, especially the London ones, developed into lawless and riotous occasions that they became more of a nuisance than a pleasure, and so one by one they were 'struck off the rolls,' so to speak, and the places whereof knew them no more.

In the country, however, the fairs live on and are loved and looked forward to by thousands of men, women, and children, to whom these days are red-letter days, long and eagerly awaited and a never-fading memory when past. The real old country fair is a joy for ever, and, if only as a place where the pedlars of pleasure can come, like Arabs of the desert, and find a rest, then may the fairs live on, until the Scythe of Time be worn to the wood, and his beard drag a mile behind him.

FROM HELMET TO APRON.

SOLDIERS are very fond of pet animals, and when a regiment has to change its quarters there is always mourning amongst the men for some favourite cat, or dog, or parrot which has to be left behind.

Miss Robinson (the Soldier's Friend) tells a story in her 'Life Record' of a soldier who tried to smuggle his pet kitten on board a troopship.

This man was standing with the others in the dockyard, and the officer was inspecting them before embarking, when the soldier's helmet was noticed as being a bad fit.

'Take it off,' said the officer.

So the soldier had to take it off, and there in the crown was his pet kitten, which he had hoped would have passed unnoticed.

The officer was very angry and said sternly, 'How dare you, sir? Throw it into the water!'

But the poor soldier loved his kitten, and could not drown it in that cold-blooded way. He looked round in distress, and at the coffee shed, a little distance off, he saw one of the ladies who had been busily serving out coffee to the men. She understood his difficulty and held out her apron. The soldier threw the kitten into the apron and Kitty was saved. It was taken home to the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth, and grew up a fine cat, and the pet of the house.

SOME DUCKS AND A GAUGER.

AN old lady whose memory goes back many, many years, has a good story to tell which was told to her by her father when she was a little girl. It was about a man in the days of the smugglers who was chased one day by a gauger or excise-officer whose duty it is to gauge or measure the contents of casks and to find out when people are making or selling drink illegally. He was riding upon a horse and had a keg, or cask, or small barrel of whisky along with him. The gauger was also on horseback pursuing him and was gaining upon him.

Realising that he would ultimately be caught, just as he was passing a small pond by the road-side where a number of ducks were paddling, he seized the keg and threw it away into the pond. As it fell, it struck a stone. The bung or stopper fell out and all the contents of the barrel flowed into the pond. The ducks did not seem to mind at all. In fact, they thoroughly enjoyed—being stupid creatures—the strange mixture and it went to their heads.

When the gauger, who had seen from a distance what had been done, arrived at the spot, before he could dismount from his horse, the ducks were tumbling all round about, and flapping their wings over his horse.

In consequence of this the poor beast got a fright, made a right-about turn and galloped back the same way by which it had come, with the gauger on its back. In this way the excise-man's quarry escaped him.

BABY'S GEOGRAPHY.

SAID Babs, 'This atlas is so dull,
Of stupid towns and countries full;
Though Lapland does sound rather nice,
'Tis strange it lies in snow and ice.

'The Land of Nod is hid from sight,
Although I go there every night.'
Then Babs put on her thinking-cap—
'Pray, where is Heaven on the map?'

M. I. K. C.

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Continued from page 282.)

TEN minutes later, Uncle Rodney opened the door, and called the sergeant into the room. He came to the point at once.

'Sergeant,' he said, 'I have just been told that when you arrested these three boys they were coming in the direction of Aberguthrie, and that they made no attempt to escape?'

'That is so, sir,' answered the sergeant.

'And,' continued Uncle Rodney, 'that they at once attempted to make a statement to you. You apparently refused to accept that statement.'

'I did, sir,' said the sergeant. 'I recognised the laddies from the pictures, and I didna want to make more bother than need be before that fool that's outside the noo.'

'Very kind of you,' said Uncle Rodney, 'and I appreciate it. But a breach of your regulations, all the same, sergeant. Any one is entitled to make a statement to the police, and prisoners especially so. It seems to me, sergeant, that with the best of intentions you made a serious mistake. It happens that these boys at the time when you arrested them were coming to Aberguthrie for the express purpose of making a statement to you which would have been of great value in the administration of justice. You had no right to prevent that.'

The sergeant looked uncomfortable and aggrieved.

'It was for the laddies' own sake, sir,' he said, at last.

'I know,' said Uncle Rodney. 'Still, they were entitled to be heard. Now tell me, have you taken any steps to follow up the arrest of the man "Red Jock"?''

'No, sir,' said the sergeant; 'the constables will be attending the court the morning.'

'Very well,' said Uncle Rodney. 'Then the best thing you can do is to take down the boys' statement now. And of course, any action you take afterwards will be the result of information received from them—as of course it would

have been if you had taken the statement yesterday, when it was offered. Is that so?'

'It is, sir,' said the sergeant, with his eyes on the paper in Kenneth's hand and the beginning of a smile on his lips.

'Right,' said Uncle Rodney. 'I think *you* had better tell the story, Kenneth. Suppose you fire ahead.'

As briefly as he could Kenneth related how they had discovered the hiding-place of 'Red Jock' in the hotel cellars, how they had broken in the door, and then (while the sergeant wrote rapidly in his note-book) how they had discovered the diamond tiara and the other jewels.

'You see,' Uncle Rodney interrupted, 'there seems to be little doubt that, as you suspected, this man is responsible for the burglary at Castle Guthrie, and, what is more, that, thanks to the statement which these boys have made, you will be able to recover the whole of the missing property—for which, by the way,' and Uncle Rodney took the paper from Kenneth's hand, 'for which information I notice that a reward is offered of £250.'

The sergeant smiled. 'I think it can be arranged, sir,' he said. 'Verra usefu' information. Verra usefu' indeed. If the laddies will sign the statement, I will forward it to headquarters.'

'And,' Kenneth explained, 'they will pay us the reward.'

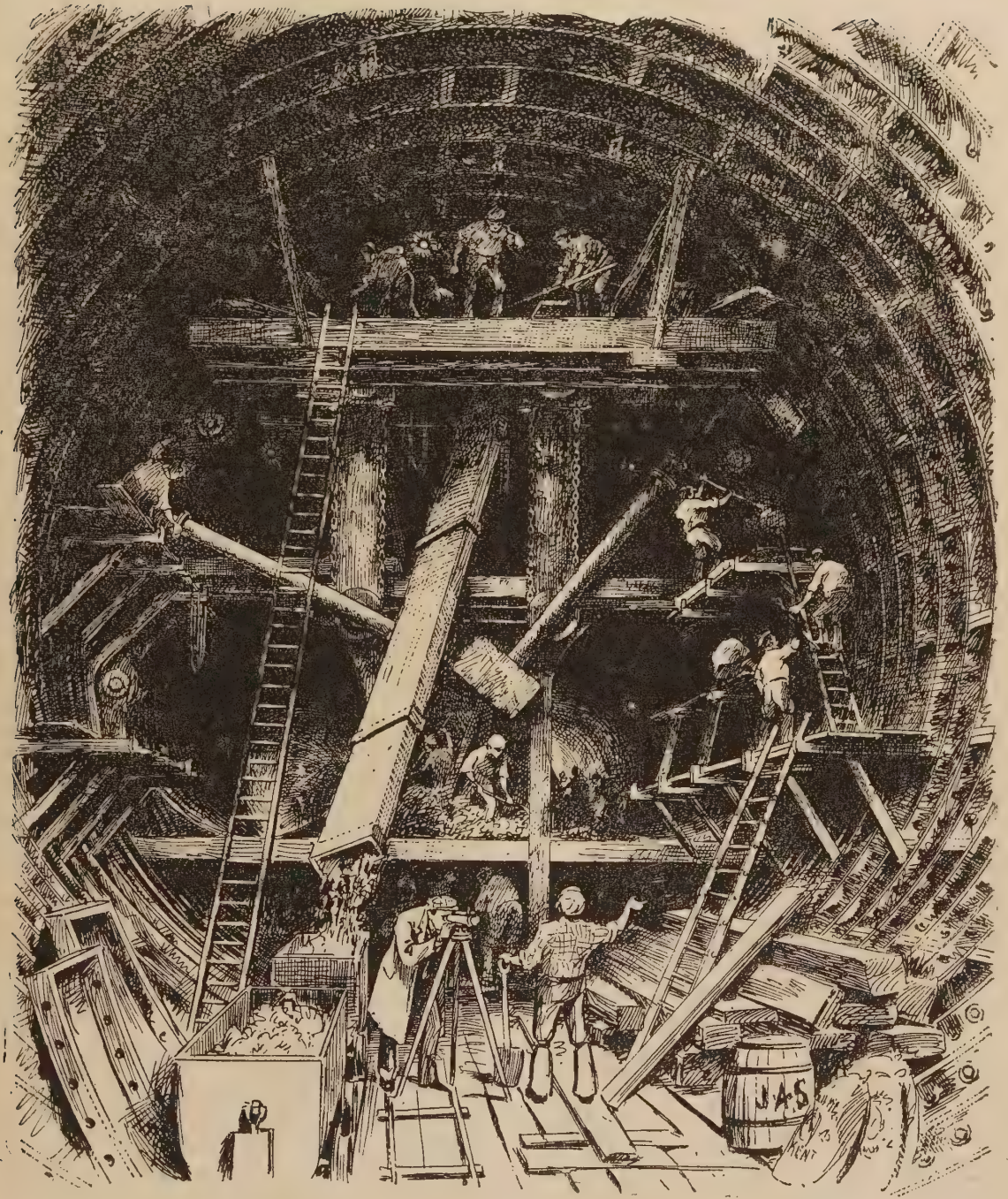
'That,' said Uncle Rodney, 'we can safely leave in the hands of the sergeant. I, at any rate, am prepared to count on it, and I shall write a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds at once and then see if I can persuade Mr. Thompson to accept it.'

'Now,' he continued, as, a few minutes later, he got up from the table with the cheque in his hand, 'you had better remain here with the sergeant, while I go outside to conduct this interview alone.'

(Concluded on page 301.)



"I think you had better tell the story, Kenneth"



Building a London Tube Station Tunnel.

THROUGH LONDON CLAY.

THOUGH, without doubt, those readers of *Chatterbox* who live within the boundaries of Greater London have at one time or other travelled on that wonderful network of deep level railways known as *The Tube*, and probably all have heard of them, yet few know anything about the way in which they are designed and built. Now that so many alterations and extensions to existing lines (together with much new work) are in progress, it may be interesting to give a short description of how the work is done.

You all know, of course, that a tunnel is a hole, driven more or less level through the earth, which, except in the case of mining, is made for one purpose only, namely, transportation: either of persons, vehicles, or any solid, liquid, or gaseous matter. The surface of the earth is the natural place on which to transport matter, but sometimes an obstacle may be in the way, such as a hill, a crowded city, or a waterway.

In the first instance, a tunnel is the only solution of the difficulty; in the two latter, the traffic may be carried above the surface on a bridge or raised structure, or below in a tunnel. Our present purpose is to describe the last-named method—that of tunneling, beginning with a short description of the various kinds of tunnels in general use. Of these the most common are those shown in fig. 1 (p. 300), having a circular section with a flattish floor (A), chiefly used for railway work, or with an egg-shaped section (B), used for drains and sewers. These two are *true tunnels*, inasmuch as they are driven under the earth without disturbing the surface, and have soil or rock all around them. But there is another kind of boring which is really not a tunnel at all, though when finished it has all the appearance of one. It is known as ‘Cut and Cover’ (fig 1, C), and is so called because it is always built just under the surface, and is made by sinking a trench from the top, and then putting on the lid or cover, which is generally formed of steel girders, supported on brick or stone abutments, with small arches between, and lastly filling all over with earth or concrete. You will now see the reason for its name.

Some of the best specimens of this class of work have lately been completed on the great alterations at Chalk Farm, for the L. M. and S. Railway, where they are used to carry different

sets of rails over each other and in *close proximity*.

Returning now to the ordinary type of tunnel, and its method of construction: it is begun by digging a trench into the side of the hill or obstacle, and working deeper and deeper in, until there is sufficient depth of material for the actual tunnel to be commenced. Now one of the chief difficulties of tunneling is to support the face (that is the ground where the men are actually working) during the time that elapses between taking out (excavation) and putting in the permanent lining which supports the weight above. This is usually done by means of huge balks and planks of wood, so arranged as to bear the stress or pressure of the earth above and around where the men are digging. When a sufficient length has been cleared out and timbered, the permanent brick lining is commenced.

One of the chief disadvantages of brick-lined tunnels is that the brickwork goes up very slowly, and when it is nearing the top of the arch it has to be supported by a timber framework, called ‘centring,’ which has to be kept in position for a long time, until the brickwork is thoroughly set; otherwise it would fall down. Another drawback is that excavation and timbering go along much quicker than brickwork, so that the former part of the work is often kept at a standstill for the completion of the brickwork.

Taken altogether, this is not only a slow process, but the patching, taking down, and wastage of timber costs a lot of money, which is a great consideration in any undertaking. Still, in the early days of railways it was the only way, and remained such until the invention of the ‘shield.’

This invention, which quite revolutionised tunneling, consists of a very strong steel cylinder of nearly the same radius as the intended tunnel, and is pushed forward by powerful rams or jacks at the same rate of speed as the excavation of the tunnel face. It thus acts as a temporary support to the sides and top until the permanent lining is placed in position.

To Sir Marc Isambard Brunel (to whom there is a memorial on the Thames Embankment) belongs the credit of inventing the first shield in 1818, which was used by him during the construction of the famous Thames Tunnel.

The specification describes it as a 'casing or shell intended to be forced forward before the timbering to receive the work,' and it is safe to say that this specification covers all subsequent developments in the building and working of tunnel shields. Although, since the time of Brunel, the rapid progress of mechanical science, particularly in the use of electric, pneumatic and hydraulic machinery, has placed in the hands of the tunnel engineer sources of power altogether unknown to the original inventor, still the fact remains that the shield of to-day, with all its complicated design, is worked on exactly the same principle as his; and this not only as regards the shield itself, but also in the use of cast-iron segments for tunnel linings, which for the first time were recommended by him as a substitute for brick.

Following on these innovations in tunnel building, there came, after the lapse of twelve years, the equally important patent of Lord Cochrane, which introduced the application of compressed air to shaft-sinking and tunnel-driving in ground saturated with water. It is these two methods, used together, that have made possible the great tunnel enterprises during the past thirty years.

That you may the better understand what the two inventions are, and how they are worked, we will describe them in detail. Taking the shield first, if you will turn to the diagram (fig. 2) you will see that it consists of (i) a circular mantle or envelope (A) called the 'skin,' covering the whole of the circumference of the tunnel and forming a protection under which the excavation can be carried on, and the lining built, without the need of any temporary timbering; (ii) secondly, an internal stiffening structure 'B,' called the diaphragm, to keep the envelope from collapsing, and provided with platforms for the men to work on, by which means digging can be carried on at all parts of the face. Then (iii) behind the envelope is an extension (C) called the 'tail,' which projects beyond the last sections of tunnel lining, and under cover of which this is erected. Lastly, are (iv) the hydraulic rams (D) used for pushing the shield forward. These four parts constitute the essentials of a tunnel shield; we will, therefore, now turn our thoughts to the other great invention, that of compressed air.

Cochrane, the inventor, working on the knowledge that every foot in height of water

exerts a certain pressure per square inch, came to the conclusion that if he could introduce air under a greater pressure than that of the water, he would be able to keep the latter from flowing into a tunnel at the face, and so enable the work to be carried on just as if the ground were dry, instead of being laden with water.

An everyday example of how this principle of compressed air acts is furnished by the air-tube of a bicycle tyre, which as you know, when pumped up tightly, makes the tyre so firm and solid that scarcely any impression can be made upon it, however hard one presses. Well, it is this same principle of the bicycle tyre that is carried out in a tunnel, except that, whereas the compression in the tyre is only by means of a hand pump, the compression in the tunnel is by means of powerful machinery. To effect this it is necessary that the tunnel itself shall be air-tight. At the face this is effected by the solid earth, whilst, at the other end, a strong wall of thick brickwork and cement, called a bulkhead, effectually keeps in the air pressure.

If this were all, it would be a very simple matter, but means had to be contrived so that men and material can be taken in and brought out of the tunnel without lowering the air pressure inside; to overcome this difficulty, Cochrane invented and patented his device of the *air-lock*.

To understand this, let us again consider something roughly similar, with which I suppose you are all familiar. I mean a water-lock on a river or canal—by means of which a boat is transferred from one level to another, through the use of a middle basin or dock, where the boat floats, whilst the water therein is raised or lowered, until it reaches the same level as the upper or lower levels of the waterway—as the case may be—when the boat moves out and proceeds on its journey without in any way altering the level of the stream itself.

If you will now look at fig. 3 you will see how this idea is carried out in the air-lock. You will notice that A is an iron cylinder with air-tight doors, B and C, one at each end, the one opening inwardly, whilst the other opens outwardly. The space between is called the lock-chamber; and it is most important to bear in mind that under no circumstances, when the lock is in work, must both doors be open at the same time.

On the outside of the cylinder there are projecting pieces or flanges, D, which are for the purpose of fixing it securely into the bulkhead.

Now let us see how this apparatus works. Let us suppose men or materials are going into the tunnel, where of course the air is at high pressure, and the door C is closed. As soon as they have entered the lock-chamber the outside door B is also tightly closed, and compressed

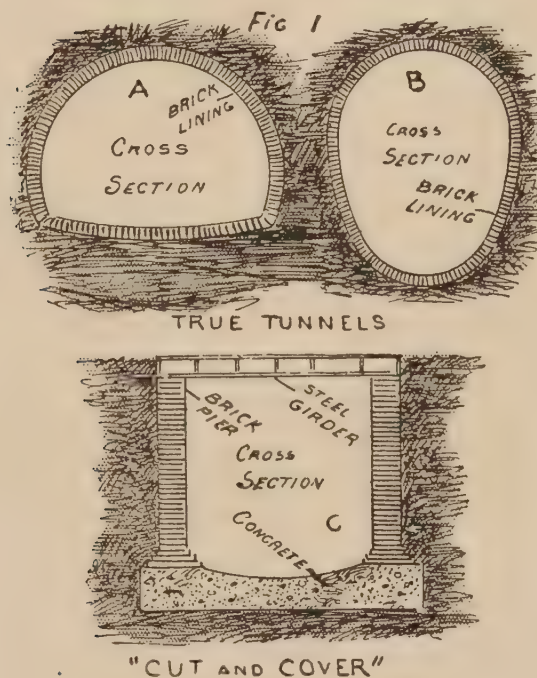


FIG. 1.—Types of Tunnel.

air is driven into the chamber—where the men or materials are—until the pressure inside the chamber is raised to the same level as that inside the tunnel; when the door C is opened (indeed it is impossible to open either of the doors unless the pressure each side is the same) and the occupants enter the tunnel. On coming out of the tunnel, of course the reverse process is followed.

In the case of materials alone, this is the sole use of the air-lock; but when men are going in or coming out, it performs another all-important function. As you are well aware, the weight of the atmosphere at the earth's surface exerts a great pressure upon the human frame, and,

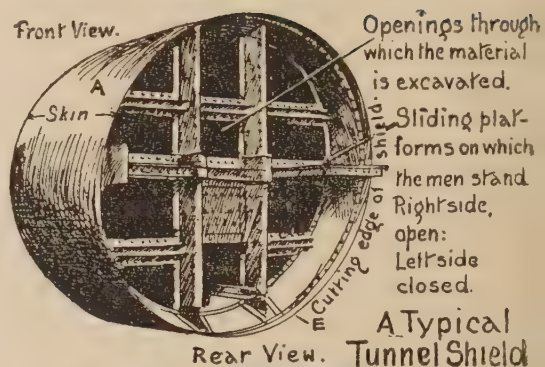


FIG. 2.

but for the fact that our bodies are built up of multitudes of tiny cells, each of which contains air at the same pressure as that outside us, we should all be crushed by the weight of the air above us. As it is, however, we do not feel any

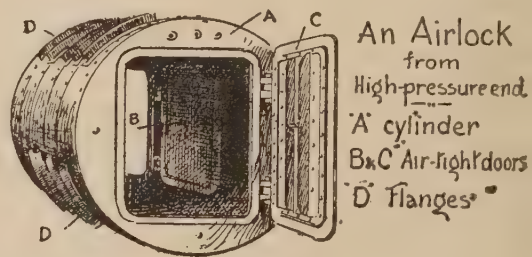


FIG. 3.

weight at all at an ordinary height or depth. Now this law acts in the same manner in relation to men working in compressed air, it being absolutely necessary that the air inside their bodies should be of the same pressure as that outside, and this pressure can be raised or lowered, provided it is done gradually.

It is in this that the all-importance of the middle chamber of the air-lock comes in, as it enables the air-pressure to be slowly altered

until the cells of the human body are charged with air at the same pressure as that either inside or outside the tunnel, in accordance with the way the occupant is going. If a man went direct through the air-lock, either into or out of the tunnel, he would be killed at once by the difference of the air-pressure.

The time occupied in this alteration takes from about four to forty minutes, according to the difference of pressure. When compressed air was first used, as in the Hudson River Tunnel, about one quarter of the men died in a year; now there is little or no danger to men of normal health.

We will now describe the different processes necessary in initiating, designing, and constructing iron-lined tunnels, and as the greatest number in the British Isles are comprised by the famous London Tube Railways, cut through

London blue clay, we will turn our thoughts to these.

Assume that it has been decided to make a tube railway in some quarter of the metropolis. The very first thing the promoters (that is those who have originated the idea) do, is to get sufficient money to carry out the project, by issuing a prospectus of the scheme. This usually takes the form of an advertisement published in the principal newspapers, stating what is intended to be done, with the advantages arising therefrom, together with the probable costs and profits: on the strength of which the public are invited to lend their money. When a sufficient sum has been obtained, a company is formed of all those who have lent money, and the project is proceeded with.

(Concluded on page 307.)

TWENTY POUNDS FROM UNCLE RODNEY.

By G. BELTON COBB, *Author of 'Stand to Arms,' 'The Secret of the Island,' &c.*

Illustrated by FRANK WRIGHT.

(Concluded from page 295.)

THE boys waited impatiently for their uncle's return. Clive insisted on talking excitedly about what would happen if the caretaker refused to let them off, but neither of the others wanted to listen. Godfrey walked up and down the room with his hands pressed deep in his trouser pockets, while Kenneth stared out of the window. After some minutes, the door opened, and they all turned eagerly towards it.

Uncle Rodney stepped into the room. 'Sergeant,' he said, 'I shall be obliged if you will come outside for a minute. I think you can assume that the boys will not escape, and in any case——' But there Uncle Rodney broke off, saying no more before the sergeant shut the door.

'Wonder what that means?' demanded Clive.

'I bet it's all right now,' said Kenneth. 'I believe that Uncle Rodney meant that it wouldn't matter now if we did escape, because we are going to be set free.'

Kenneth was right. A few minutes later, Uncle Rodney returned alone. The cheque was gone, but in his hand was a piece of paper.

'This,' he explained, 'is a signed paper, which I have extracted from Thompson,

definitely agreeing to withdraw his prosecution, and not in any circumstances to renew it.'

'Hurrah!' cried the boys together.

'He has gone,' Uncle Rodney added, 'with the sergeant to go through the necessary formalities, and meanwhile I have the sergeant's authority for setting you free—free, that is, from arrest, although you may be quite sure that I shan't let you out of my sight till we are many miles away from here! Your adventure might have ended a great deal worse,' he added, 'but it's over now, and I think you realise the seriousness of it, so I won't attempt to preach. Only, you might all of you remember that it is part of police regulations not to put anybody under arrest without making some attempt first to collect evidence against him. A pity you didn't follow that rule yourselves. A pity, also, that you didn't report matters to the nearest police and leave it to them, instead of taking the law into your own hands.'

'Still, as I said, the matter is finished now, and we may all be thankful for that. Only,' he finished with a smile, 'if ever you come to Scotland again, I shouldn't advise you to stay at the Ben Guthrie Hotel!'

THE END.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Continued from page 291.)

WE were off again. Dick and I were hilarious, we kept nudging one another at the thought of the surprise we should occasion at the 'Mulberry Tree.' William smiled indulgently as he gave us the information that his lordship intended putting up for the night at the 'Star Inn,' in the High Street, where the coach stops, and inquired what sort of place it was, and if they kept a good table, as his lordship was mighty particular.

On that point we were ignorant and could say nothing as we had never been inside, but we thought it would be a strange thing if the 'Star' could not equal anything in Bright-helmstone, although it did not make so much display as the 'Royal George.'

We were well on the road now and began to look out for the first glimpse of Lewes, and presently, from the high ground, we caught sight of it in the distance—Mount Harry on the left and Mount Caburn and Firle Beacon straight ahead.

Down hill and up again, hurrying on past St. Anne's, the grey ruin of the Priory below, and we were rattling down the High Street, through the miniature bustle of a country town, till we drew up smartly at the 'Star,' and a little crowd closed in around us.

We were so excited that we could scarcely wait quietly till his lordship alighted, which he did with great deliberation.

'Here we part for the present,' he said; 'you are all impatience to get home, I do not doubt. Tell your esteemed grandfather and Sir James Hamilton that I trust I may be allowed the pleasure of calling at the "Mulberry Tree" this evening after dinner.'

We gave his lordship directions for finding our house, and hastened off, bubbling over with anticipation. We turned the corner into King Street, and there was the old 'Mulberry Tree,' the same as ever.

'Let us go in at the office door and give Grandfather a surprise,' said Dick. We pushed open the swing-door and entered the press-room on tiptoe. The room was the same, but Grandfather was not there—a stranger in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing Grandfather's big

apron, was bending over the press, whilst Jo removed a freshly-printed sheet. Jo gave a little scream when she caught sight of us, and shouted through the half-open door into the house: 'Here they are, Aunt—they've come,' and instantly pounced upon us, giving us such a hug as almost to take away our breath. 'You naughty boys,' she cried, 'you naughty boys, aren't you ashamed of yourselves?'

In a moment Aunt was in the printing-room repeating the same treatment—kissing us and calling us all manner of names. Tears were in her eyes—I had no idea she would take our absence so much to heart. It seemed as if we had committed unpardonable crimes, and yet they were delighted to have us back again. It was an odd reception, Dick and I were grinning with joy and bewilderment when I asked: 'Where's Grandfather?'

Jo's face changed in a moment and her lip trembled: 'Didn't you get my letter—didn't you know? Grandad's in prison.'

'In prison!' we both exclaimed, aghast.

'Yes, in prison for publishing infamous libels.'

'Libels?' we repeated.

'Yes; don't you know what libels are? Infamous libels on the Government, calculated to——' and Jo burst into tears.

I had to hold on to a chair, my head was giddy, and Dick turned pale and stood like Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt.

'And was committed to prison by the magistrates of this town,' Jo blurted out between her sobs.

My head was going round and round, but I could hear Aunt saying, 'It will all come right in the end. You are forgetting your manners, Roger. This is Mr. Hamilton; he has helped us and been most kind; we should indeed have been miserable had it not been for him.'

It then dawned on me that the stranger in the apron was the wounded gentleman—Mr. Hamilton—Sir James Hamilton. Dick and I straightened our backs as best we could, and shook hands with him.

'Your letter has been delivered all right, and the ring too, Sir James,' said Dick.

Aunt Phil and Jo gave Dick a quick look when he said 'Sir James'; they thought he had gone a little crazy with the shock.

'We must not be downhearted,' said Sir James. 'The boys have come back safe and sound, and we shall soon have the master of the house back again, doubtless finding fault with our work. Tell the boys what we have been doing, Jo. Isn't that kettle boiling, Miss Phil? I, for one, am thirsty—printing is dry work. Let us have a cup of your best to celebrate the return of the prodigals.'

Jo told us all about Grandfather's arrest with tears of grief and indignation—it was a doleful hearing. Grandfather in prison was a terrible thought. It seemed to me to be the end of all things, but Sir James insisted that he would be back in a day or two—that at the latest he would eat his Sunday dinner at the 'Mulberry Tree.'

A comforting tea did us a world of good; Dick and I became accustomed to the thought that had struck such a chill into us, and we were carried along by Sir James's cheery hopefulness.

Dick kept up his 'Sir James' and 'Sir James,' much to the astonishment of Aunt and Jo, who still thought him a little dazed in the head, till I bethought me of his lordship at the 'Star Inn,' and delivered his message. This caused another commotion on the part of Aunt Phil and Jo—positive consternation. How were we to receive a lord in our humble household? Its effect on Sir James was to make him silent and grave.

His lordship arrived about eight in the evening. Aunt and Jo did not find him nearly so formidable as they had feared; he was quite fatherly in his manner, and they soon became at their ease with him.

Lord Henry and Sir James greeted each other both quietly and soberly, but I could see that his lordship was bubbling over with kindness, although a little formal in his manner. They went together into the little back parlour, and there they remained the greater part of an hour; no doubt they had much to say to one another after being parted for three years.

Aunt and Jo told us what they had done with the help of Sir James to keep the *Mercury* going—it was truly wonderful. They showed us the proof-sheets all ready for the printing-off on the morrow. The leading articles were models of clearness and literary style—Sir

James must be a very clever man—the business prospects were astonishing, owing to the public interest roused. There had been fifty-three new annual subscribers added to the list, and from the applications received it was reckoned that the circulation would run to two thousand or more for the current week. It was, indeed, wonderful. Dick and I felt grieved that we had been away when so much needed, and resolved to work like plantation negroes the next day, printing the copies for Thursday's publication.

We soon became aware that their reconciliation had not entirely engrossed the thoughts of Lord Henry and Sir James; the happy event had been cemented by a serious consideration of Grandfather's affairs. After a careful perusal of the *Mercury*—not only the offending number, but those also of earlier date—Lord Henry threw himself with vigour into the work of clearing Grandfather and obtaining his release.

The task before him seemed very much to his lordship's mind, and fitted in with his political convictions. He differed from the advisers of the Government in regard to placing such arbitrary power in the hands of the Justices of the Peace throughout the country—powers which enabled them to arrest and imprison without bringing to trial writers in the public Press, who, for expressing views obnoxious to them, were branded as libellers and incendiaries. In Grandfather's case Lord Henry found not the slightest foundation for such charges, and, being of a combative disposition, he buckled on his armour.

The next morning when we were all busy turning off the sheets of the *Mercury*, his lordship made it his duty to call on the Chief Magistrate and the Justices of the Peace, and we saw him no more till the evening. Meanwhile we printed an early edition of six hundred copies which were delivered in the town by mid-day, and completed our second edition of two thousand by eight o'clock in the evening. The early edition was an innovation which justified itself, the arrest having awakened much interest in the town.

Early in the morning Sir James had printed a large bill—a copy of the notice appearing on the front sheet—which he had placed in the street outside the office door. This attracted great attention, passers-by carefully reading it, and groups discussing it throughout the whole day.

(Continued on page 305.)



"Jo burst into tears."



O. H. M. S



“Have you heard the news, Master Roger?”

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
 Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.

(Continued from page 303.)

ABOUT eight o'clock in the evening Lord Henry came to report progress. He had seen the Chief Magistrate at Stanmer, also the Constable and Justices of the Peace. He found, as Sir James had suspected from what passed between him and Chatsworth at the 'Mulberry Tree,' that the informer had had a hand in bringing about the arrest. His lordship had placed before them copies of the *Mercury*, and they had to confess that there was little to support the charge. It was with consternation I learned that my poor little poem on the 'Destruction of the Bastille' had been looked upon with suspicion, being regarded in the light of a veiled attack on the Government. This was too ridiculous, but his lordship said that if I was disposed to try my hand at poetry again, I had better let politics alone. He went on to relate that he had given the Magistrates a little information about Chatsworth, which had caused some surprise, and left them far from comfortable, especially one of their number, who had a personal interest in the suppression of the *Sussex Mercury*. Lord Henry said he should give their Worships every chance of climbing down gracefully before he brought up his heavy artillery. There was to be a meeting of the Magistrates on the morrow, and he thought we might count on hearing good news. He had been admitted to the House of Correction, and had seen Grandfather, who he found in very good spirits. Some days before Grandfather had received a note from Sir James telling him that all was going well with the *Mercury*, and now he learned from his lordship of our safe return. These were the only matters that had caused him anxiety. Lord Henry found him immersed in Mr. Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson, which he informed him he was reading for the third time. 'I really think he was more interested in the Doctor and Mrs. Thrale than in his own affairs,' said his lordship. We were in the printing-room slaving away at the press—our coats off, sleeves tucked up, and aprons round our middles, Aunt folding the last batch of papers, and Jo addressing them, and Sir James as busy as any, although he still hobbled and had to rest his leg occasionally. His lordship with his hands behind him paced to and fro,

getting in our way as he made his heartening report.

What a blessing it was that two such supporters as Sir James and Lord Henry should be raised up for us in our time of need.

We were quite merry as we sat at supper, the last of the two thousand copies folded and ourselves tidied up. Sir James was full of his jokes. He said he had not enjoyed himself so much since peace was signed and Bony placed on the shelf; the mischief of it was that just as he had found his mission in life, which was undoubtedly to be editor of a newspaper, he would be deprived of it after one short week. He told us some stories of the war in Spain—how he was taken prisoner, and how he spent his time in confinement, but made fun of it all.

'It was about that time,' he said more seriously, 'that I met your friend, Captain Bolsover: I fancy if it had not been for me matters would have gone badly with him, and he would have finished his course in a very summary manner. He was one of those hangers-on of an army who bring discredit on it, who are very much to the front when there is no fighting going on, especially if there is a chance of pillage. However, he did me one good service by cheating me so abominably at cards that I gave up playing in disgust, and have not touched a card for a twelvemonth. And I must not forget that he has done me another good service, for, had it not been for him and the fact that he carries a sword when every one else has discarded them, I should not be seated here at the "Mulberry Tree" sipping Miss Phil's excellent tea.'

'What!' I exclaimed. 'You don't mean to say——'

'Yes, I do mean to say,' Sir James interrupted, laughing; 'I had chastised him with my riding-whip, and he replied with cold steel. On the other hand, if it had not been for Captain Bolsover, Miss Phil would not have had the bother of patching me up.'

'And we should not have had you to pull the *Mercury* through,' said Jo.

'And the boys would not have got mixed up with the Bulldogs, and spoilt their Sunday clothes,' said Sir James.

'And we should never have seen the City of London,' said I.

'Or had the ride back on the coach,' said Dick.

'Or Lord Henry and Sir James to take up Grandfather's cause,' said Aunt in a quiet voice.

'What a chain of Ifs!' exclaimed Sir James. 'I wonder if there are any more to put to Captain Bolsover's account.'

Aunt was quieter than usual. I inquired what had become of Master Downer, but got no answer except a frown and a shake of the head from Jo behind Aunt's back. Although prospects were so much brighter, Aunt Phil did not seem so lively as when we first returned. I expect the strain was beginning to tell on her, and she was overtired. I mentioned this to Jo later on, but she put on one of her supercilious airs and muttered something about boys being as blind as bats. I don't see where the blindness comes in; I can see plainly enough that this carrying on the business of printing and publishing with the worry about Grandfather is too much for Aunt. When Grandfather comes back she must have a complete rest.

CHAPTER XVI. THE RELEASE.

THE next day was publishing day, and with our increased circulation, we had almost more than we could do; Master Downer used frequently to give us a little assistance on Thursdays, but I had seen nothing of him since our return. Strangely enough, as I was thinking

this over on my way to the stamp office, I met him in the High Street. He simply nodded, said 'Good-afternoon,' and passed on. 'Strange behaviour,' I thought—he must have known that Dick and I had been away for some days, and there had been some commotion about it—not a word about Grandfather—nor did he inquire after Aunt Phil. Perhaps Aunt has been giving him a little of her mind, I thought; she has done so on one or two occasions, I know. But he need not be so disagreeable—not that I was ever very fond of him. All of a sudden it came into my mind—perhaps it is because Grandfather is in prison, and he does not care to associate with us. Oh, well, if that is the case, he can go his own way—I don't think much of fair-weather friends. We are good enough for Sir James and Lord Henry, at any rate—that's one consolation.

There was quite a small crowd in the stamp office; William the footman was there on some business for his master. He greeted me with a knowing smile and said, 'Have you heard the news, Master Roger? Just a word in your ear then—Master Harryott is to be released to-morrow.' I was incredulous. 'Fact,' he said; 'had it on the best authority—his lordship himself—at twelve o'clock—his lordship has gone round to your place post-haste.'

You may fancy how I flew over the ground, round the corner into King Street, and burst into the 'Mulberry Tree.' Lord Henry was there marching up and down the room discoursing in a loud voice, and tapping the floor with his walking-cane.

(Concluded on page 314.)

THROUGH LONDON CLAY.

(Concluded from page 301.)

ON obtaining the sanction of Parliament to build a tube railway, the next step—the work of civil engineers—is the making of correct surveys, preparing plans, and obtaining estimates from firms of contractors for supplying all the materials and labour required for carrying out the work.

In making surveys there are four instruments used, namely, the level, theodolite, plumb line, and measure.

The first of these, as its name implies, is used to measure vertical distances or difference of level, which are always taken in reference to a *bench mark* which you will no doubt have seen

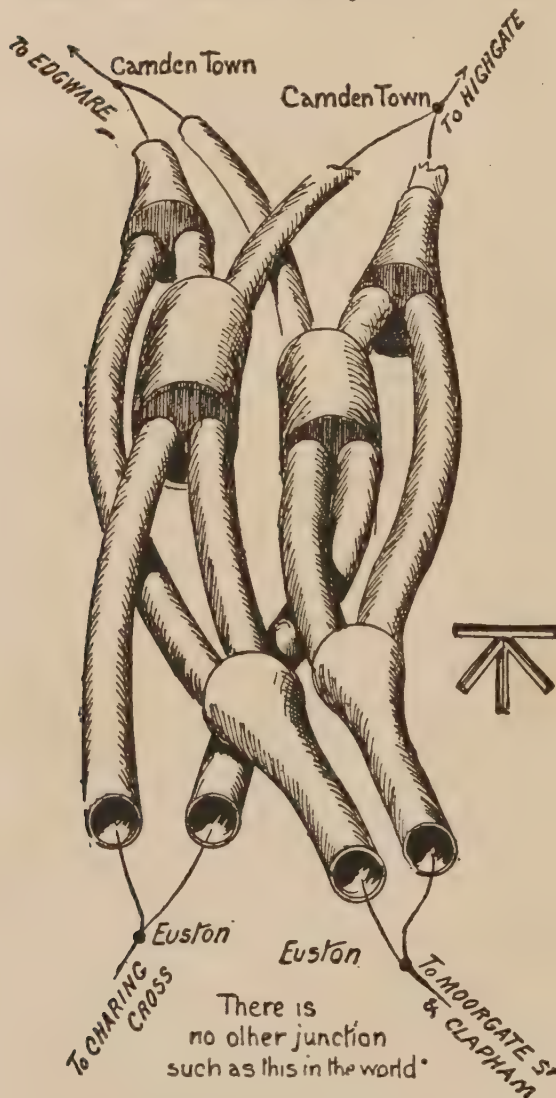
cut on walls, gate-posts, sides of buildings, &c. Bench marks belong to the Ordnance Survey (the Government survey of Great Britain), and are used to show the exact height of that spot above mean sea level at Liverpool. The particular mark selected for the survey is called the datum line, and all measurements and calculations are made in reference to it.

The second instrument, the theodolite, made with the utmost exactitude, is somewhat complicated, and is used to measure angles, from which the relative positions of different points are acquired.

Then the third instrument, the plumb-bob,

which most of you will have seen, consists of a line, attached to a heavy leaden weight, and is used for the vertical measurements.

As for the measure—well, you all know what



An Underground Wonder.

These intricate tubes (near Mornington Crescent, London, N.W.) were so accurately laid that when they were joined up (after being started from each end) they fitted within a quarter of an inch. A hundred and sixty trains pass through them in an hour between North and South London.

that is! In the case of a civil engineer's measure, however, it is generally a steel ribbon of fifty or a hundred feet long, or else a long steel chain, each link of which measures exactly one foot.

The making of a survey in fairly open country is not attended with any great difficulty, but in a large city such as London, where buildings and street traffic prevent one from getting a clear view, it is a most formidable business, and can only be done at night, when the streets are fairly clear and it is possible to obtain an unobstructed sight; of course, observations at night-time are always taken by means of artificial lights.

Then again, and it is most important to bear this in mind, in making a survey for a tube railway, although all the observations are taken *on the surface*, the results have to be used from *sixty to one hundred feet below ground*, so that every device and precaution have to be used to get the utmost exactness; indeed, the accuracy of such a survey is secondary only to that of the great triangulation of the British Ordnance Survey, which is the most exact in the world. Following the completion of the survey are the making of scores of plans, and the working out of hundreds of the most delicate mathematical calculations which are to be used in setting out the various shafts, tunnels, stations, stairways, lifts, escalators, shields, and all other details of the undertaking, all of which have to be prepared before any actual excavation can be begun.

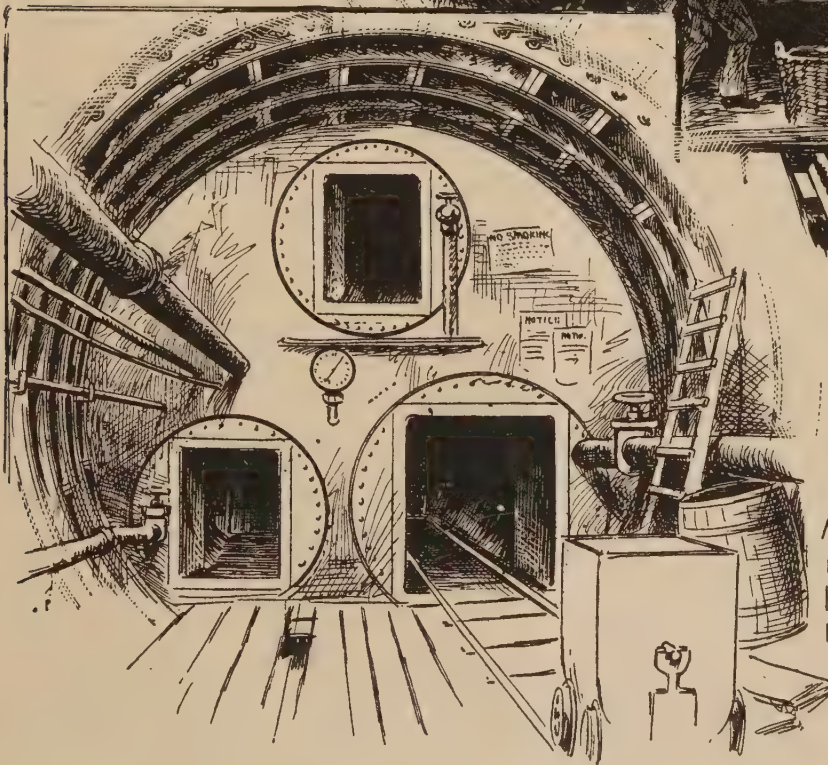
As soon as this is finished, the manual work is started with the sinking of a number of pits or shafts, from which to begin driving the tunnels, hoisting the excavated earth or 'muck' to the surface, and at the last for the entrances to the stations.

As soon as the shafts are sunk to the required depth, the line of direction, in which the tunnel is intended to be driven, has to be transferred from the surface to the bottom. This is done by means of two thin steel wires hung—as far apart as the width of the shaft will allow—from two points on the surface, which have been most carefully determined by the survey. As this is the most delicate and precise operation of the whole scheme, it is necessary not only that the points themselves should be dead true, but also that the wires shall hang perfectly vertical. This is secured by having heavy leaden weights at the ends immersed in vessels containing oil or molasses, so that once the wires have ceased swinging they shall remain perfectly rigid without vibration. From the two wires, the sights which mark the direction of the tunnel are taken with the theodolite and require the utmost care and accuracy, as the

ENLARGING A TUBE.

Re-erecting
iron rings
by hand

These are the rear
ends of shield rams
-withdrawn to allow
the iron rings to be
put in place again.



The Low Pressure
Side of an Air-lock
Bulkhead Wall.

Material lock at bottom
right side, man lock at
left side, emergency
lock at top

slightest error at the beginning may result in the tunnel being yards out of its required position when finished, and all the labour and material spent upon it completely wasted.

Not only, however, has the tunnel to be started aright, but every day the direction both horizontally and vertically has to be checked with the level and theodolite—that is called

putting in lines and levels. To show the great degree of precision obtained, the readings are sometimes repeated fifteen times, with the result that the computed probable error would be only 1 in 700,000. To show how this marvellous exactness works out, take the case of the Primrose Hill Tunnels on the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, where the calculations were all so carefully made that, when they were completed, they came out to within half an inch of where they were intended to be, and in this case, the tunnels were not straight, but were curved horizontally and vertically!

When the line and level are settled satisfactorily, the next operation is making a chamber wherein the shield is erected and from which it pushes off on its long journey through the dense blue clay before it. This we will now describe.

Let us just look back at a diagram of a shield already given (p. 300) and suppose that its rams 'D' are drawn in, and resting against the last ring of iron segments put in place (which we will deal with presently), and its cutting edge 'E' deeply sunk into the clay face: it is therefore now ready for the miners to excavate the clay thus enclosed. This is done by means of pneumatic spades, instead of the ordinary spades and pickaxes formerly used. In the old days this was really hard work, for it required a strong arm to drive a pick into the compact blue clay of the London area; but the use of the pneumatic spade has changed all this, for it works so easily that, without any effort on the part of the miner, as soon as its edge is placed against the clay, it eats its way in and in a moment or two down comes a huge chunk to be quickly loaded into the muck truck.

A still further advance in this direction was the shield used on the new Morden extension of the City and South London Railway, which entirely does away with manual digging, by means of a number of revolving cutters, which, as it advances, pares the clay down and passes it along the chute into the trucks. A shield of this kind, when once it starts on its journey, goes along night and day, never stopping, except to withdraw the rams, to allow new iron segments to be placed in position.

As soon as all the soil enclosed by the shield has been thus cut down and cleared away, it is 'shoved' forward by means of the rams, which resting against the last ring of iron lining already put in, thrust the shield along, under the pressure of water pumped into the ram

cylinders by powerful machinery. As soon as it has moved as far ahead as the rams will reach, the excavation is repeated as before.

The rams are now again withdrawn into the cylinders, and the space thus left is filled in with one more ring of the iron segments, which, after being placed in position is securely bolted together and grouted up—this latter process consists of forcing liquid cement under heavy pressure into the space between the back of the iron rings and the clay. Thus, as soon as the cement has set, the whole structure becomes one strong solid mass, with no chance of slipping: indeed, there is probably no structure so strong or less liable to collapse than a properly built iron-lined tunnel through the London clay.

The average time taken for the full round of operations of excavating, shoving the shield, erecting and grouting the iron rings, is about two hours, so that the rate of progress for a shift of eight hours would usually average four rings, equalling a distance of about seven feet.

In the construction of the London deep-level tubes, the shield is only used, as a rule, in what one may call the running tunnels and the stations, with their large diameter of 21 ft. 2½ in., and length of about 350 ft. The subways, escalators, &c., are driven by hand with the old method of timbering, as the building and erection of a shield would not be worth while for such short lengths and small diameters.

As soon as the iron linings of the tunnels and stations are completed, the lower parts of them are filled in up to the level where the rails and platforms are intended to be laid, for of course they are not laid on the actual bottom of the tube. Our diagram of the cross section of the Blackwall Tunnel shows how this is done.

With this, the work of the civil engineers ends, the Permanent Way men then taking charge. They begin laying the rails, electric cables, &c., which being similar work to that on an ordinary railway, we shall not deal with.

Now, so far, we have been describing the ordinary straight-forward work, through dry solid clay; as, however, these conditions are not always present, we will look at some of the difficulties that may be met with; as for instance in the recent work on the City and South London Railway.

As this was the first deep-level tube built, and a new departure from all existing railway

construction, it was, to a great extent, in the nature of an experiment, and therefore you will easily understand that all the tubes since built are a great improvement, not only in the design of the motors and coaches, but chiefly in the greater size and better lay-out of the tunnels themselves. Consequently, the great difference of the size of the tunnels on the City and South London, averaging about 10 ft. 6 ins. compared with 11 ft. 8½ ins. on all the other tubes, proved such a drawback that at last it was decided to enlarge and bring them into conformity with the other lines, so as to take the larger up-to-date rolling-stock that is now necessary.

As it was considered advisable, whilst carrying out these alterations, to interfere as little as possible with the traffic on the line, the engineers were faced with a most difficult problem.

To get over this a special type of shield was built, which, whilst keeping up the working face, would allow the trains to run through it during the day: at the same time the actual working hours were limited to between 8 p.m. and 5.30 a.m., during which time the traffic was stopped. Therefore as soon as the last passenger train went through in the evening, large gangs of workmen, and forty muck trains—used for carrying the materials, &c., required on the job—went into the tunnels, when, as soon as the electric current was cut off (for of course they could not work whilst the *live* rails were in action) they set to work with feverish activity to pull up the rails, unscrew and take out sufficient of the old iron rings, to allow the shield to be shoved forward. As the great steel cylinder moved ahead, it was most fascinating to see the ease with which it pared down, in huge chunks, the solid clay intervening between what had been the rim of the old tube, and that of the enlarged one, so that it was only needful to fill it into the waiting trucks.

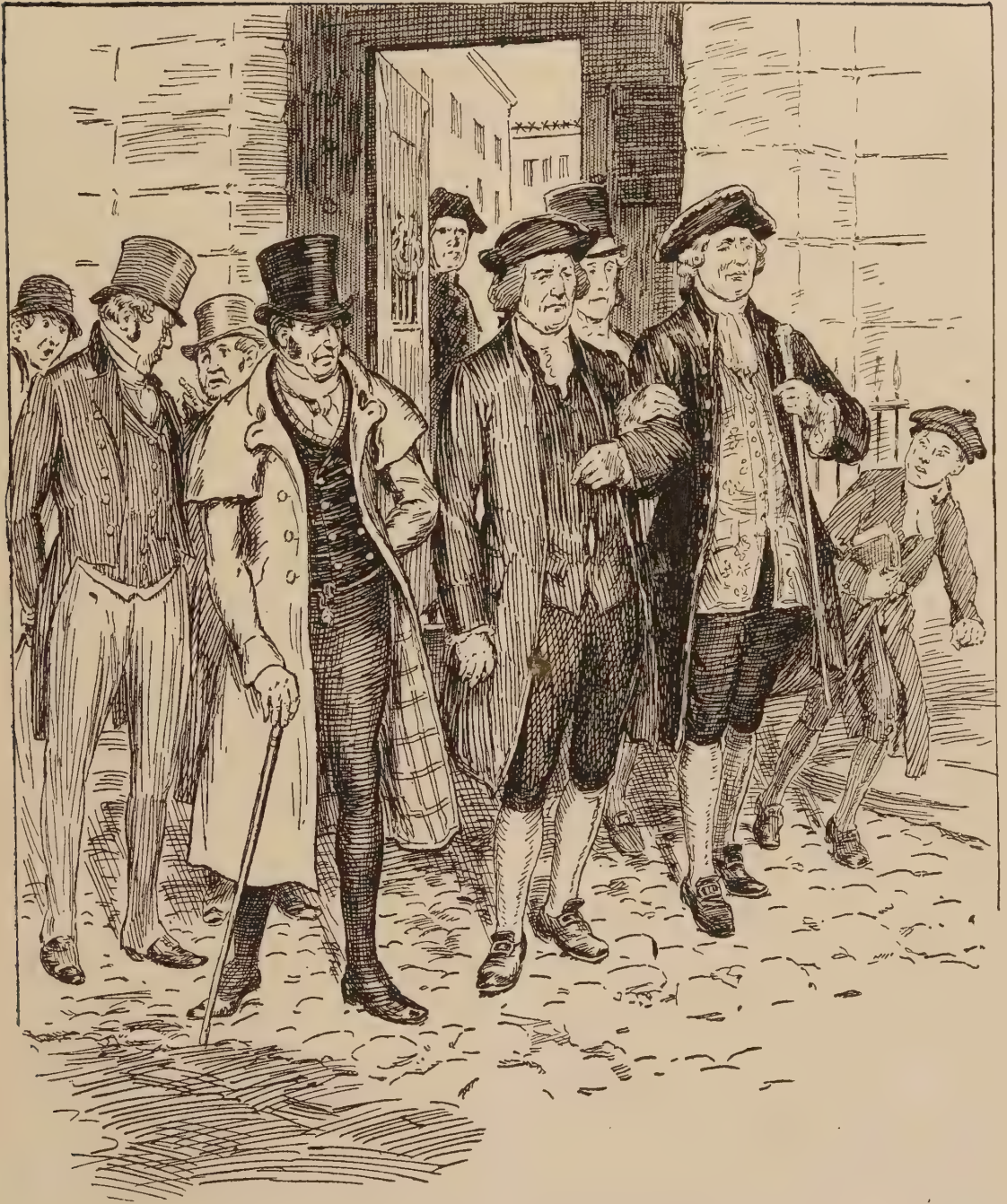
As soon as the required length had been shoved, new iron springs were put up, bolted together, caulked and grouted up: then the same round of operations was repeated until about 4.30 a.m., when the rails were put back into position, and all plant and materials cleared away, to leave the line free for the regular traffic to begin running again at 5.30.

During the progress of this work, what might have been a most serious accident occurred at that section of the tube underlying

Newington Causeway, at a point where trouble had arisen, during the building of the original tunnel, owing to the treacherous nature of the ground. Knowing this, the engineers had taken special precautions, by putting in extra timbering, to keep the crown of the tunnel up. Unfortunately, however, one of the pieces of timber, called a poling board, had slightly slipped during the day, just enough to strike the motor of one of the last trains going through in the evening. Feeling the shock, the driver sent his train along at top speed, so that all but the last coach, which was luckily empty, had cleared the danger, when the earth began to pour down and instantly filled the tunnel with thousands of tons of *débris* and leaving a huge cavity in the busy roadway above, which at the moment, again by great good fortune, happened to be free from vehicles; this was most remarkable, for ordinarily a constant procession of trams and buses passes over the very spot of the subsidence. As it was no lives were lost and no one was injured, either below or above; the damage being confined to the immense crater in the road, and to broken gas and water mains. When the hole was filled in and work resumed below, it was decided, in order to prevent a similar recurrence, that compressed air should be used.

For the manner of using this, we will leave the South London Railway for the moment, and turn our attention to the Backwall Tunnel, which, like the one at Rotherhithe, and the one it is proposed to build at Gravesend, is used as a highway, and was constructed by means of compressed air, exactly like those parts of the South London City and Waterloo Railway, and Bakerloo tubes which underlie the Thames. It crosses the river through beds of open gravel, lying between Blackwall on the north, and Greenwich on the south, and is 3116 feet long, the greatest depth between high-water mark and the bottom of the tunnel being eighty feet, whilst the smallest natural covering over the tunnel is five feet of gravel, directly under the river.

With such a thin stratum as five feet of water-bearing gravel, it would have been impossible to keep water out of the workings, but for Cochrane's invention of mining in compressed air. Provided that the pressure is great enough, and the ground so stiff that the air cannot escape through it, excavation under compressed air can be carried out under the same conditions as when driving through



"His lordship took Grandfather's arm and they moved off."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MULBERRY TREE.

*Written and Illustrated by W. RAINEY, R.I.,
Author of 'The Mystery of an Ancient Papyrus,' &c.*

(Concluded from page 307.)

'I TOLD them,' Lord Henry was saying, 'that the magistrates were set for the punishment of evil-doers and the reward of them that do well, and that they had reversed it.

'I told them that Chatsworth was a scoundrel, and they had played into his hands.

'I told them I could bring a dozen witnesses to prove it.

'I told them that the man who spoke the truth or wrote the truth, without fear or favour, with moderation and good sense, was a pillar of the State, and not an enemy.

'I told them that any town should be proud of such a man, instead of putting him in gaol.

'I told them if they had made a mistake, as may happen to the best of men, they could do no less, as gentlemen, than make an apology. And I told them that as the disgrace inflicted was public, the apology should be public too.

'Whether the magistrates will make a public apology or not, I intend to go to the prison doors and receive this man with due respect, and shall have the honour of conducting him to his residence.

'I trust I am expressing your sentiments, as well as my own, Sir James, and that you will accompany me. If you are unable to walk so far, we will have a carriage for you, but I prefer to walk with Master Harryott. I am talking like an arbitrary old man, but I feel strongly in this matter, and consider it my duty to make no disguise of my feelings.'

His lordship continued to pace up and down the room, and to tap the floor with his cane, whilst Sir James expressed his intention of walking if he had to lay up for a week afterwards. Aunt and Jo were ready to cry for joy, and Dick and I, knowing no way of expressing our feelings in a becoming way in the presence of his lordship, retired into the printing-room and danced a war-dance.

At ten minutes to twelve on Friday morning, Dick and I were standing at the corner of North Street, where it turns into Lancaster Street. We were looking up at the grim old House of Correction—its grey stone walls, its

barred windows, its forbidding doors—waiting for the minutes to pass. At five minutes to twelve Lord Henry, attended by William, and Sir James walking with the aid of a stick, arrived. One minute after some four or five gentlemen appeared, among whom I recognised Sir Thomas Chester, the Chief Magistrate, and Mr. Stubbs, of Holly Bank; they greeted Lord Henry courteously, and he introduced Sir James.

By this time a group had collected on our side of the way, which rapidly increased in numbers. I fancied that William must have whispered the news into more ears than mine, but did not know at the time that the notice of the arrest posted outside our printing office had been supplemented by another, announcing the coming event. I was really surprised at the rapidity with which a crowd collected; they came down Lancaster Street and North Street, and stood for the most part in silence, looking at the great doors of the prison.

The first stroke of the hour from St. Martin's Church fell on a dead silence. All eyes were fixed on the great doors. At the second the small wicket slowly opened, and as the third was striking Grandfather stepped forth; then the sound of the clock was drowned in a loud cheer, which was repeated again and again, and was taken up by late arrivals, who came running down Lancaster Street. Grandfather was now shaking hands with Lord Henry and Sir James; the Chief Magistrate came forward raising his hat, and greeted Grandfather cordially—apparently making a short speech on behalf of himself and his colleagues, of which we could hear nothing, for the crowd was again cheering. His lordship took Grandfather's arm and they moved off. There was more hat-raising at the corner as the Magistrates separated. Then we were in High Street—the crowd still increasing. The boys just out of school, streaming down Lancaster Street, flooded the rear, and pushed their way in among the crowd with little idea of the cause of the commotion, but eager to be in it whatever it might be. Such a crowd I had never seen in High Street, except when

the Prince Regent came to the Lewes Races. King Street was blocked; it was with the greatest difficulty that Lord Henry and Grandfather could reach our front door. Sir James had found it too much for him, he had dropped out of the crowd and taken refuge in a shop in High Street, and we got into the house the back way, over our neighbour's wall.

Grandfather had now some reason to exclaim, 'Save us from our friends!' A deputation waited on him from the local branch of the 'Hampden Club,' with a proposal to hold a meeting in the Assembly Room at 'The Star,' to which invitation he gave a most emphatic negative. He said:—

'Lewes has had her band of Noble Martyrs—men—aye and women too—who have given their lives for the truth and for Liberty of Conscience. I bow to them, and do them reverence, but I have no wish to masquerade as a burlesque martyr, and I have a strong objection to being used as a political battering-ram. A mistake has been made—it has been publicly acknowledged—and is, as far as I am concerned, wiped out. I am a plain man, and wish to do my duty soberly for the few years that remain to me. If I have been unjustly imprisoned, it has been but for a short period, thanks to the intervention of generous friends and the goodwill of my fellow-townsmen, for which I heartily thank them. In the changes and chances of life many better men than I have found themselves under lock and key. As the poet says:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

But there! I am becoming confused. It was not till the following day that the deputation waited on Grandfather. They found him far too wise and prudent to be made the tool of disaffected men who would stir up further strife, so, receiving no encouragement, they left us in peace.

So Grandfather ate his Sunday dinner at the 'Mulberry Tree' as Sir James had predicted, and heartily did he enjoy it—it was just our little family party and no others, as his lordship had taken Sir James to dine with him at his hotel. Aunt Phil carved, and Grandfather simply sat and beamed on us.

On the Monday his lordship returned to London by the coach, and much to our regret carried off Sir James with him. It was the last we ever saw of Lord Henry; he was a busy man in the Government, and of course moved in a very different sphere of society from ours; it was not to be supposed that he would continue the intimacy which extraordinary events had brought about. However, he became a regular supporter of the *Sussex Mercury*, and never forgot us at Christmas-tide. The case was different with Sir James: he came frequently to Lewes, and called at the 'Mulberry Tree.' No doubt he had a very great regard for Aunt Phil—but that is another story. Why she refused to marry him, I don't know—some stupid sort of pride on her part, I suppose.

Jo would have liked to have written another chapter all about this, but as I tell her this is not a love story, and has become far too long as it is, although I have said nothing about the fate of Captain Bolsover, or the trouble I had in obtaining possession of Jemmy's box—the landlady of the 'Rose and Crown' being very angry, and far from polite to me, declaring that if Jemmy wanted his box, he'd have to fetch it himself, and in the same breath threatening that if she found him hanging about the premises, she'd 'box him.' However, I did get it, and sent it off by coach. I believe Jemmy is doing very well at 14 South Audley Street, and there is a chance that we may see him again, for Dick and I have received an invitation from Sir James to spend the Christmas-tide in London if Grandfather gives consent.

THE END.

A DOG PATIENT.

NOT long ago a large collie dog limped into a country hospital and held up one of its paws. Examination showed that the left foreleg was broken.

A doctor set the leg and put it in splints, and the dog then settled down and made itself comfortable at the hospital. The authorities did not know to whom it belonged, but they kept it and cured it. In the morning after its first night as a patient it found its way to the kitchen and was given breakfast.

Nothing was discovered to show how it had found the hospital. It may have been pure chance—a turning into the first open door in search of aid and pity.

D.



"The collie held up one of its paws."



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3rd PRIZE.—BOOKS to the value of £1 11s. 6d., to be chosen from the winner's local bookseller.

The Competition is simply to make words out of the letters in the title

CHATTERBOX.

The Editor has made more than 110 words.—Can you make more than this?

THE RULES OF THE COMPETITION ARE ON THE BACK OF THIS—READ THEM CAREFULLY.

Entry Form—"Chatterbox" Competition.

Attached hereto is my list of words for the Competition in the 59th volume of "Chatterbox." I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final. The number of words I have made is

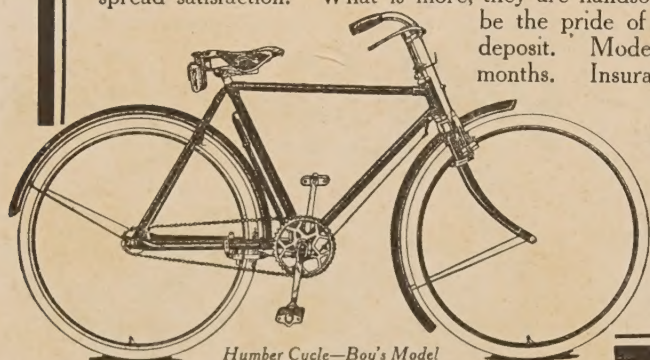
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The Editor has made more than 110 words.—Can you make more than this?

No single letter may be used twice in any word in the Competition. In "Chatterbox" there are two T's—this is the only letter that can be used twice in any word in the Competition. A single letter does not count as a word; "Chatterbox" should be included in the list, and will count, but is the only Proper Name allowed. All words must be arranged in alphabetical order.

The Entry Form on the back of this *must* be filled up as directed and attached to the first page of your list. The number of words which you have made must be entered in clear figures on the right-hand side of the Entry Form. If your list exceeds one page, only one side of the paper should be used, and additional sheets should be securely fastened to the first sheet and Entry Form.

All entries must be *received* at the Offices of "CHATTERBOX," Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd., 3 Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. 4, by January 30th, 1927. The decision of the Editor of "Chatterbox" is final.

The many thousand readers of "Chatterbox" outside Europe cannot send in their entries for this Competition by the date fixed for European competitors. To enable those readers even as far off as Australia and New Zealand to compete, evidence that entries outside Europe are posted by February 15th will secure them an equal opportunity of winning a prize. By the date these Overseas entries reach the Publishers, the Prizes will have been awarded the European competitors, and in the event of an Overseas competitor exceeding or equalling any European prize-winner, the Prizes will be duplicated, and a Prize similar to that awarded to the English competitor will be given to the successful Overseas competitor.

The result of the Competition will be announced in the March issue of "Chatterbox" for European competitors, and in the May issue for Overseas competitors.

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